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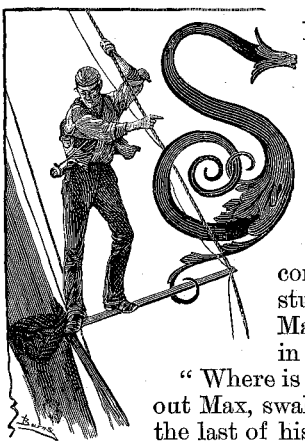
IN THE STEAMERS' TRACK.

By William Perry Northrup.



"SMOKE—O!" called the man at the mast-head.

"A steamer, sir," shouted the man at the wheel, and up the companion-way stumbled old Max, the pilot in command.

"Where is she?" choked out Max, swallowing down the last of his supper, and reaching for the ship's glass.

"Dead ahead, sir," responded the man at the wheel, and dead ahead pointed the man aloft.

The pilot-boat David Carll, bearing on her mainsail a huge figure 4, was thirty-six hours out from Sandy Hook, making her way slowly to the eastward in the steamers' track. At this time she was about off Martha's Vineyard, with light wind, but fair. She had on board, beside one passenger, seven pilots, joint owners of the boat, and known as the "Company." These occupied the cabin aft. In the forecastle lived the "boat-keeper," or mate, and his four sailors, known, at whatever time of life, as "boys." Somewhere forward lived the non-combatant, the steward.

"Number 4" was a keel boat, painted black, eighty-six feet long, eighteen feet abeam, drawing ten feet four inches of water, schooner-rigged. She was broad forward, and hung well over at the stern. Her ballast was bolted to her keel in part, part was made into her oaken framework, and all located amidships. Her bow and stern were light, making her safe and dry, exceeding quick in her motions, and trying to sensitive stomachs. Such craft, especially those of the Gloucester fishermen and the Sandy Hook pilots, are considered the best sea-boats of their size ever sailed. In thirty years no pilot-boat has been lost through stress of weather.

Immediately on coming aboard, at Staten Island, the pilots "chucked the dice" for order of turns. Max scored eighteen, and took his first. He was thenceforth officer in charge till he found a ship. He acted as pilot out of the bay, standing at the wheel himself. Having passed the Hook, he gave the wheel to a "boy," who received his orders and steered by compass. In these contests the laugh is always on the pilot whose turn comes last. He must wait, without murmur, anywhere from a week to twelve days. In that time he has nothing to do but stand his night-watch; has not a word to say about the management of the boat; must eat salt meat if the fresh gives out, and forbear giving points to the man who's "got the turn."

The first twenty-four hours at sea are usually spent in sleep. It is not necessary for all pilots to sleep that much, but a good, long sleep after the gayeties of a few days ashore is wholesome, and some need it. Thoroughly rested,

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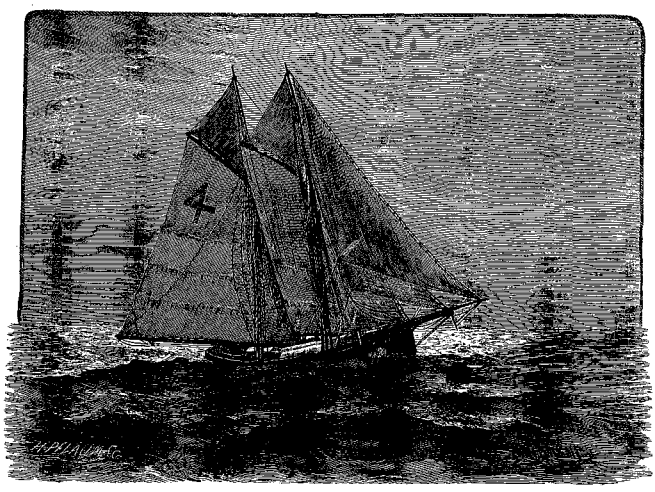

Pilot-Boat "Number 4."

there soon comes a time when inactivity begins to affect the spirits and tempers of the men. If, by chance, the boat crawls along to the eastward three whole days and no man is put aboard a steamer, individual characteristics begin to crop out. Business is dull, and there is no way to enliven it. First there is banter and discussion, then loud bluff and browbeating and vehement altercation. You will hear more loud talk and see less fighting than in any other spot outside of France. But the same would follow if they were college students, shut up together in idleness, and the same if college presidents.

In the stage of loud discussion the "Company" of the David Carll found themselves off Martha's Vineyard, on the evening of the second day out. They were rested, had told all their new stories, compared notes on shore gossip, had offered to "bet a dollar" on everything that occurred through the whole day, and had grown tired of lying in the sun in idleness.

This new sensation changed the atmosphere in a moment. Six pilots and one passenger, grouped in the bow of the boat, had their eyes fixed on the masts faintly seen at the horizon ahead.

"Which way does she head?" shouted Max from near the wheel, shaking himself loose in his clothes, preparatory to a dive below decks.

"Hist the flag!" he continued. "She must haul for us. In a light wind like this we can't run across her bow."

The blue flag crawled along the lee of the mainsail and floated, at length, clear above the tip of the maintopmast. Old Max leaned out over the weather rail, paced across the cockpit, muttered something to himself, wagged his head in a confident manner, and dove below to put on his shore clothes.

Nelson took a look through the ship's glass.

"She's headed toward us; we are right in her track." Having settled this point, he lighted a clean, new clay pipe and walked up and down, taking a look forward at each lap. Nick came back from a trip below, with an excellent light in his cob furnace, sending forth a suffocating fragrance of burning navy plug.

"What do you make 'er, Nels?" He took a look with the long glass. "Yes," he said, alongside the tight-pinched pipe-stem. "She's headed toward us, but I can't see no smoke; she's a schooner close-hauled, like we are."

Number Three seized the glass and steadied it at the rail.

"You can't see no smoke and, blow me, ye can't see no sails neither. She's no steamer—that's sure."

So they discussed and looked and smoked. First one, then another, took the glass and gave an opinion. No one said he guessed or he thought. No one respected another's feelings, but flatly and bluntly rebutted one statement with another.

"Ye want to bet on it? Put y'r money up—put 'er right there—money talks," and Old Arkansas whacked his knee with his pocket-book. "Old Arkansas" was a name given to Frank N——, from his resemblance to that character in Mark Twain's "Roughing It," a man who was always "spoiling for a fight." At heart he was as tender as a child.

Old Max now appeared at the companion-way and came forward on deck,

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buttoning his vest as he walked, kicking his trousers down over his boots, and craning his neck to see where the steamer was.

"Has she showed a flag? Has she hauled?" he managed to say, without dropping his collar and necktie, held between his teeth. No one had called Max, but he seemed sure he was soon to end his cruise. He reached the group just in time to hear Dennis announce his final conclusion:

"That's a wreck, that ship is—mark my word—and she's flying a flag."

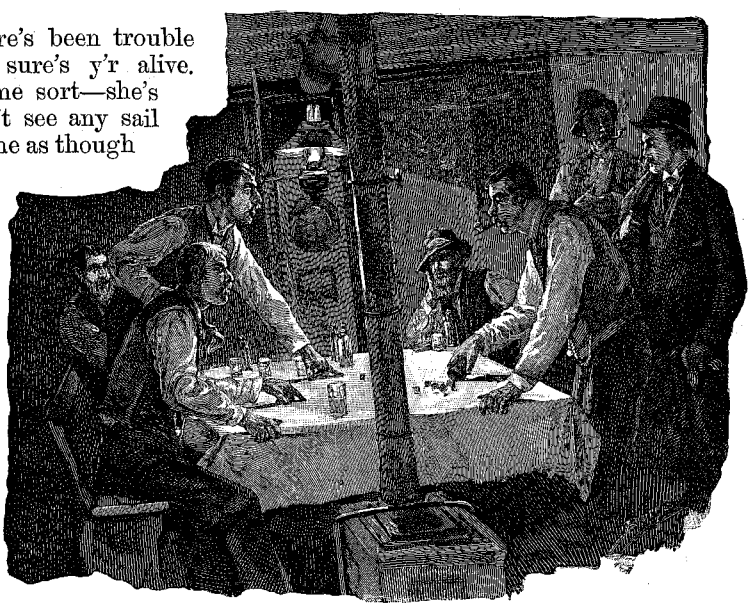
The captain of the Carll, an exact little man, whose word everyone listened to and remembered, steadied the long ship's glass at the starboard lanyards, and slowly expressed his conclusions:

"Well, boys, there's been trouble aboard that ship, sure's y'r alive. She's a sailer of some sort—she's no steamer. I can't see any sail set, and it looks to me as though some of her standin' riggin' was carried away, and she lists to one side."

Bob looked: "Yes, yes, boys; there's been hell aboard that ship."

It was an interesting group gathered in the boat's bow. Dennis and Jeremiah belonged to a family of pilots dating back two generations. Captain Beeb came from a race of bold sailors, excellent in everything that pertains to good seamanship and exact navigation. He knew the distance from the keel of his boat to the sand bottom over every rod of New York Harbor. It was his ingenuity that freed the steamship Wisconsin from the sand-shoal off Long Island. Nick was the lucky man. He never put out a hawser to a wreck but he got his prize into port. Frank N——, alias "Old Arkansas," with both hands crammed into his pockets, sat astride the rail on the weather bow, with one foot swinging over the water. A thin, black cap was drawn well down over his forehead, shading his small, gray, deep-set eyes, which could scarcely be seen beneath the overhanging visor. Smoke curled away from his new clay pipe, and frequent characteristic exclamations escaped amid the smoke-puffs. He wanted to bet that ship was a wreck; he wanted to bet a dollar it was a steamer; or he would bet it was a sailing vessel. He wanted someone to joggle the chip on his shoulder.

Bob S——, a tall, lank, broad-shouldered Maine Yankee, who had sailed from boyhood in every kind of craft, listened attentively. He had been master of a ship; he had worked in quarries; been submarine diver, wrecker, contractor, and pilot. When hardly grown he had laid the ten-ton granite blocks around "Race Rock" Lighthouse, in the open sea, an achievement considered wellnigh impossible until accomplished by his courage and bull-dog grit.



"The pilots 'chucked the dice' for order of turns."

Max was a spare, active, wiry old man, as straight as a mast. He had been on the sea all his life, as boy, sailor, whaler, and, at seventy-six, was the oldest man in the Sandy Hook service, having been a

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pilot for forty years. He neither smokes, drinks, swears, nor gambles. Whatever the demands of ship duty, a few moments after each meal finds him reading his Bible. He then disappears in his state-room, and shortly is ready for duty. He is a patriarch among the young men, and the deference paid to his years is worthy the chivalry of his messmates and does them honor. He never fails in one jot of his duty; he never shirks; he never does more—he does exactly that. Duty is the incentive of his whole life; everything else seems trivial and unworthy. When told a man was going around the world on a bicycle, he immediately said: "Crank, crank!" with a quick jerk of his head and tight-closing of his jaw. When he heard that a friend desired to go down on the boat as passenger, for *pleasure*, he thought only of the hardships of his long life at sea, and separated his teeth just far enough to eject "Crank," and then snapped them together. He walked the deck with hands behind his back. His step was quick; his elbows worked, his fingers worked. His eyes darted from the ship ahead to the sun astern, as he continued his walk.

All had now come to the settled conclusion that the ship ahead was disabled.

"Fog," said Max, as he turned in his walk.

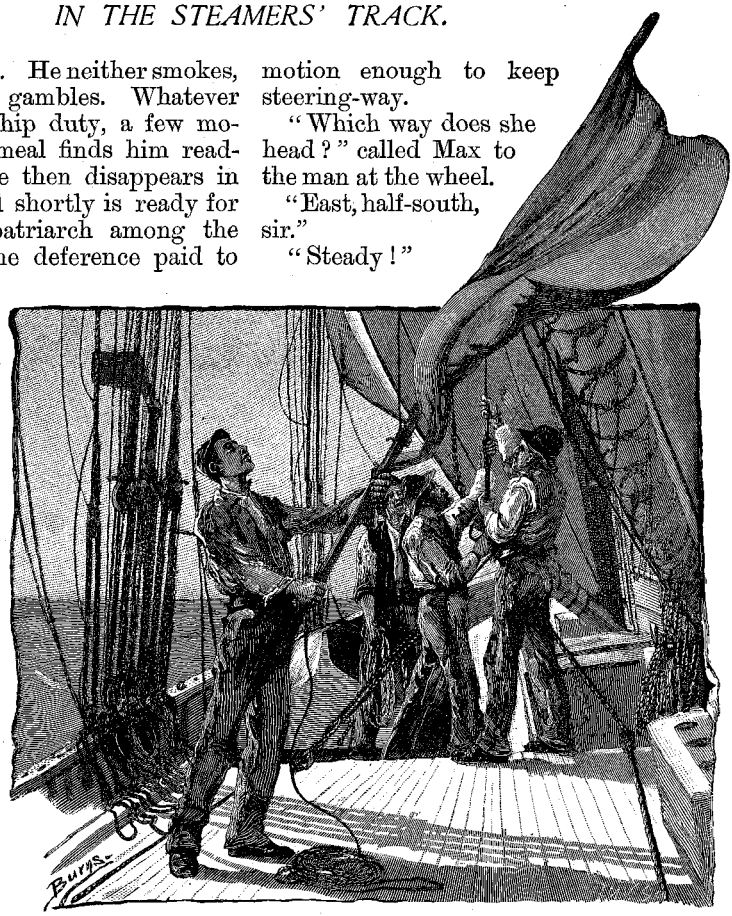
"Gosh, that's so!" said Frank, swinging his leg over the rail and peering forward, to calculate the time and distance to the wreck. "Better keep your eyes on that wreck, boys. Here comes the fog—right here on top of us."

The sun sank into the ocean, and with it the wind. There was barely motion enough to keep steering-way.

"Which way does she head?" called Max to the man at the wheel.

"East, half-south, sir."

"Steady!"



"Hist the flag!" he continued. "She must haul for us."

A wreck ahead, fog about, and no wind. All hands were on deck. The "boys" stood back by the foremast—one at the wheel.

"Go aloft, Joe," sung out Max; and Joe, the sailor, grasped the hoops and climbed, hand over hand, to the masthead.

"Can ye see 'er?" A negative answer came from above. Nick looked over the rail into the water.

"We are moving a little," he said. "She keeps steering-way."

Everybody now was in command. It was no longer a steamer cruise. Everyone seemed possessed to walk. Not a man was still. Bob crammed his hands into his pockets, looked ahead, took a turn, listened, turned sharply, and said, in a most deferential manner:

"Better get the yawl ready, Mr. Max."

Max was not there; he had gone below. Then Bob wheeled, and howled to the man aloft:

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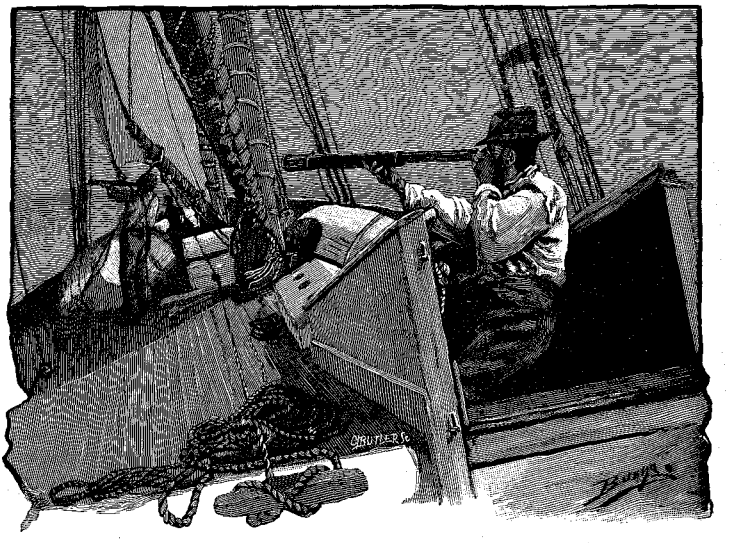
"Come down, Joe; help these boys. Undo the lashin's o' the port yawl."

Joe swung forward on the back stay and dropped to the deck like a cat.

"We must be pretty near her now," said Jerry.

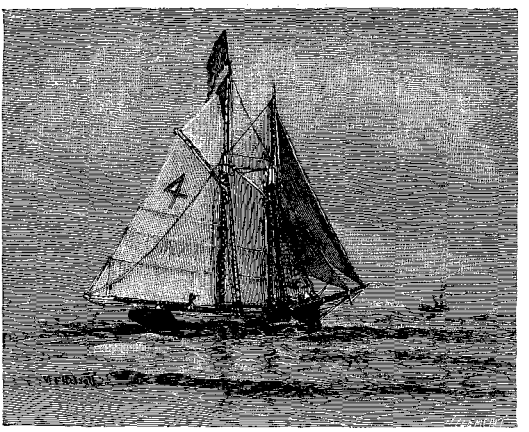
"It's breezing up a bit. Nasty night this; they must have had a blow to the south'ard to make this swell," said Dennis, shrugging his shoulders.



"What do you make 'er, Nels?"

"Can ye make 'er out, Beeb?" asked Frank, finding him looking intently off the weather bow. Beeb thought he did see her, but concluded he did not. So the time wore on. The Carll moved slowly through the water, the sails half filled, and "walloping" from side to side, as the boat rolled on the gentle swell. Dense fog lay all about, and night was coming on.

"Found 'er yet?" inquired Max, emerging from the companion-way, clothed once more in his boat-suit. There was no reply. Each man was straining his eyes into the settling mist.



"That's a wreck, that ship is—mark my word—and she's flying a flag."

At this moment a light wind cleared the fog, and dark on the weather bow, half a mile away, outlined against the leaden sky, rolled the strange craft.

"Turn the yawl on the rail. Who'll go aboard? Take two lanterns!" shouted the cautious veteran, as he took the wheel and sent the "boy" to help the others. Gus, the steward, came on deck to share in the general excitement. "I'll get the lantern, sir;" and down the forward hatch disappeared the stubby little cook, his hands grasping the combings, his apron flying over one shoulder, and his tuftless fez and bare arms bringing up the rear.

The yawl was quickly filled; two voices shouted simultaneously, "Let 'er go!" and the boys pulled away into the fast settling gloom.

On the Carll's deck all were straining their eyes to discover some sign of life aboard the ship which the small boat was fast nearing. Disjointed remarks escaped.

"Them poor fellows must have had a hell of a time."

"She's a big one; — bark, ain't she?"

"There ain't a rag aloft. See, Nick, what we thought was a flag."

"She rides high. She lists badly," etc.

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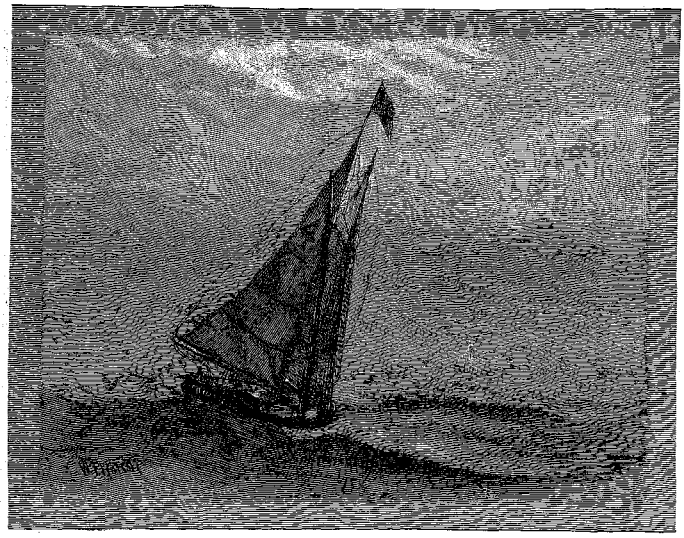


"Number 4" in a fog.

Suddenly a voice came over the water. It was Bob's.

"Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

Each man started forward, looking and listening as only sailors can.

There was no answer.

The pilot-boat stood off and on in short tacks and passed within hailing distance of the yawl, just rounding her stern.

"What's her name?" yelled Max.

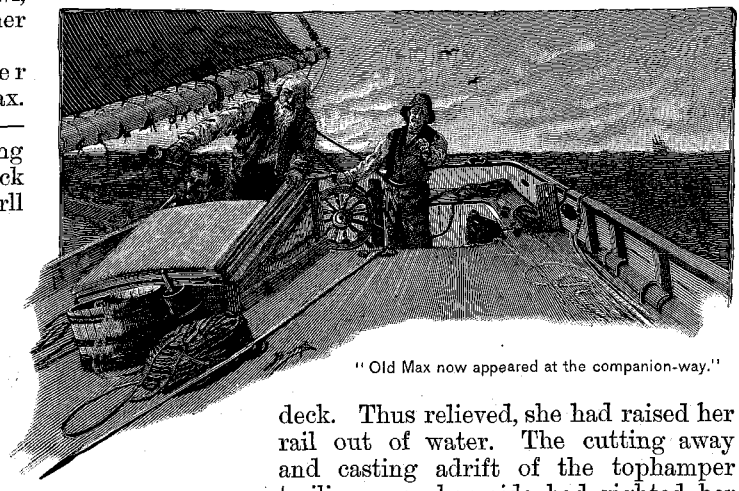
"Alice Roy—Quebec—drawing 19 feet," called back Bob as the Carll passed.

The yawl rested. One man clambered on deck, flung over a rope, and then let down a rope-ladder.

The men clambered up, separated, and darted, first into the cabin, then into the forecastle, and then gathered excitedly on deck; the Carll turned and repassed. Bob mounted the ship's rail and shouted into the night and fog the dismal word:

"*Abandoned!*"

The Alice Roy was a three-masted vessel, bark-rigged. At this time her foremast was broken close to her deck; only the stump of her mainmast was standing. Everything above this had been carried away. The mizzenmast alone was unbroken. From this hung a loose spar, with tangled ropes and a piece of sail. This swung and hammered as the ship rolled in the trough of the sea, and this it was which, in the distance, was thought to be a flag. The hurricane had struck her with her sails set and her yards braced up, and before the crew could ease her she had been knocked on her beam-ends, her sails and spars trailed in the water and her cargo shifted. In the attempt to right her they had cut away the port lanyards of the foremast, and the mast had broken short off at the deck. Thus relieved, she had raised her rail out of water. The cutting away and casting adrift of the tophamper trailing over her side had righted her still more. The top spars of the mainmast had been blown away, and being held by the strong wire stays from going overboard, had been whipped back upon the deck. One end of a large spar had broken through the planking, and stuck fast. To this were connected ends of



"Old Max now appeared at the companion-way."

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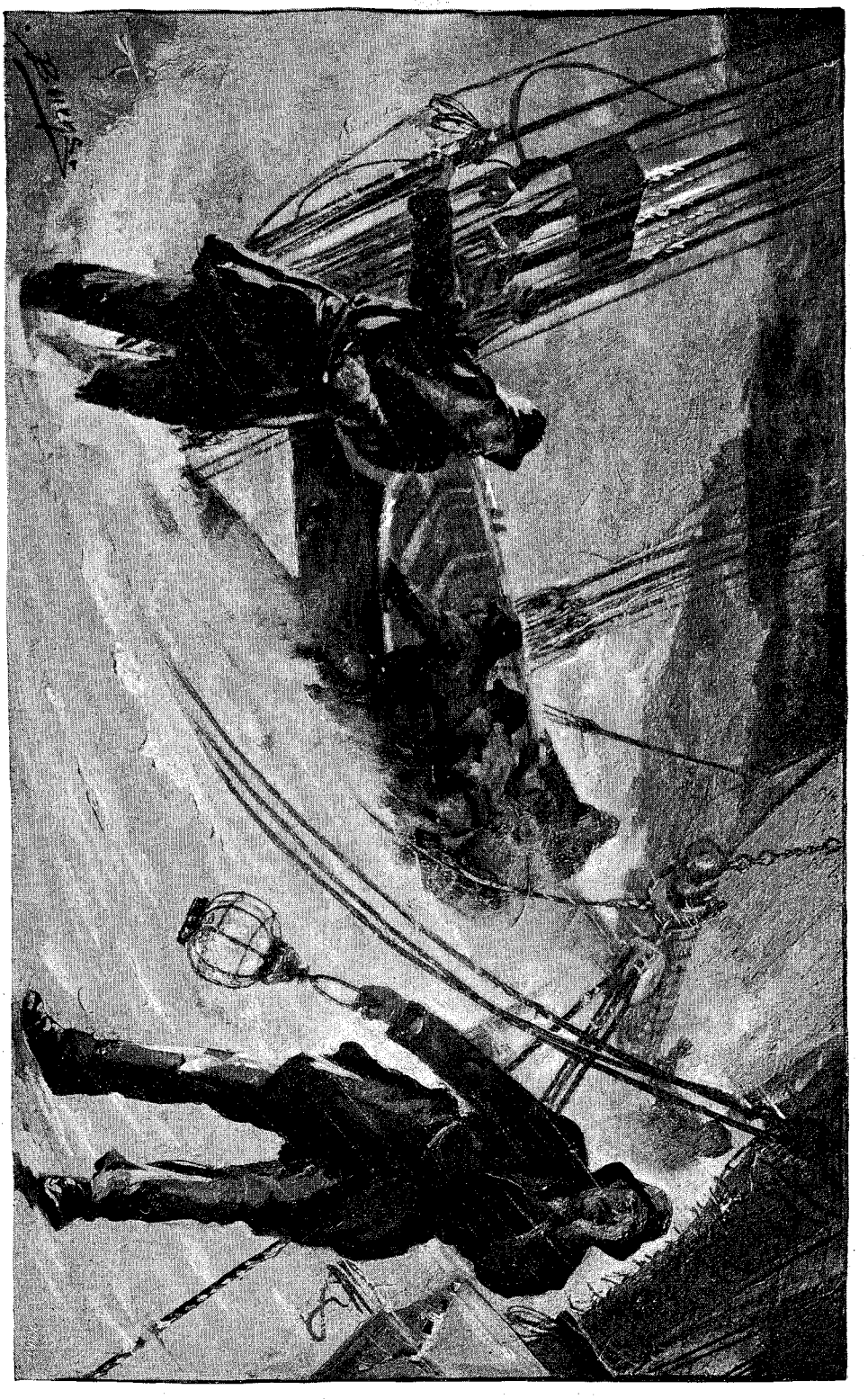

"Turn 'er on the rail."

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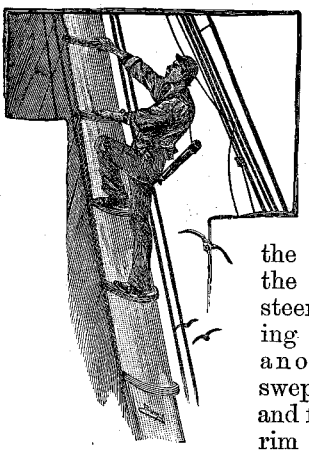


"'Go aloft, Joe,' sung out Max."

stay-ropes and halyards, and bits of sail. The mizzenmast was stripped, except for a few small, fluttering ends of canvas. The spanker-gaff was the only yard aloft on the whole ship. The steering-wheel was racing first one way, then another, as the sea swept the rudder back and forth. One-half its rim and three of its handles had been carried away by the falling spanker-boom. Two spokes were splintered down nearly to the hub. The main hatch had gone adrift, part of the lee rail was torn away, the deck broken, the large, iron fresh-water tank abaft the mainmast wrested from its lashings and tilted against the lee rail, and its cover loosened. The pumps were worn out and useless, and one was smashed. Two small boats, bearing the ship's name, lay bottom up on the fore house. One had been cut loose from its fastenings, for possible use in case of need; the other had been injured by flying pieces.

In the forecastle was found an old oil-lamp, which led an exploring party below. It sputtered with the wet, and threatened every minute to leave them in darkness. Here everything was just as it had been left by the sailors. In the lockers were a few odd pieces of clothing, mostly of little value. In one was a large wooden chain, with a ball at either end enclosed within four bars, all whittled from one piece of soft wood, the result of an idle hour of some one of the crew. By the side of this, in the same locker, was an ingenious picture-frame, made from the wood of cigar-boxes.

Upon the galley table were the supper-dishes, just as they were left—tin plates and coffee-cups; lying near at hand a loaf of bread, half cut away, and a sailor's sheath-knife. On the floor lay a soup-bone. On the range was a disabled tea-pot, which had evidently suffered from the knock-down and had been forced to continue duty, even though maimed. Within the fire-box were half-consumed pieces of lanyards.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said Bob, with oil-lamp in one hand and griddle-handle in the other. "See!" The lanyards, being tarred rope, burned freely, and so made a quicker fire for getting supper.

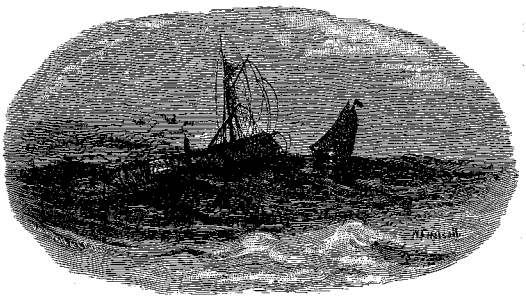
On the top shelf of a small cupboard, from which one door had been torn away, skulked a half-grown cat, apparently in a starving condition. In another instant the frightened creature darted away and was seen no more.

"They *may* have been in a hurry," said Beeb. "But I take notice that they took everything of value."

Going down the companion-way, he noticed they had not forgotten the ship's compass. On entering the cabin, Beeb's quick eye caught sight of a letter on the cabin table. It was nailed fast. By the flickering light of the lamp could be deciphered on the envelope these words: "To whom it may concern." With one wrench of his knife, Beeb drew the rusted nail, and all hands gathered around to see and read, while Bob held the light.

"Bark Alice Roy," it ran; "bound for Quebec, dismasted in a hurricane the night of Aug. 19th, two days out from New York, off Nantucket Shoals. Officers and crew saved by English steamer bound for London.

"Master James McMurtry.
"Mate Thomas Terry."



Nearing the Wreck.

The letter was written in thick black ink, which gave evidence that it did not flow freely. It was written by a strong, unpractised hand, and evidently in haste.

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"They was mighty glad to get off this bloody ole bark, and don't you forget it," said Old Arkansas, with a knowing shake of his head. "The blow was short and sweet, and after it was over they cleared away the decks, but, mark my word, they'd had enough of her."

"I guess the old man was an 'old-timer,'" called Beeb from the captain's room, holding up a pair of handcuffs. "Look 'ere—spread-eagles. Wonder if he had any trouble aboard and set one of them fellers loose before they all left in a hurry."

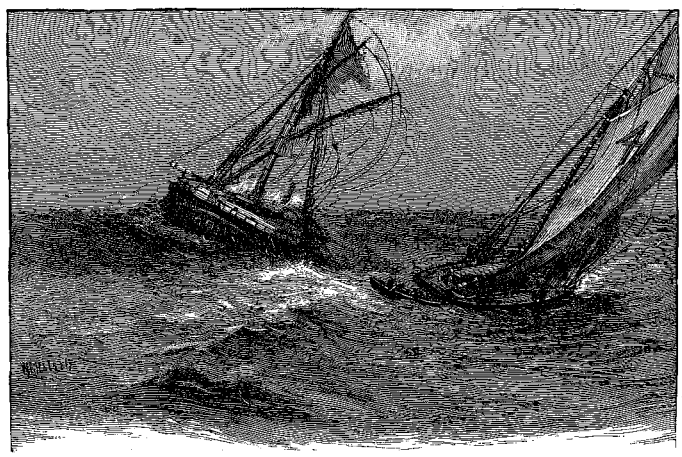
A lantern, a sou'-wester, and a cob-pipe appear at the hatch. Nick had not been idle in other fields of investigation.

"She's a prize! Come here!" cried Nick and led the way, lantern in hand. "Look out for this ladder; a round has been carried away. Stoop down; crawl past this spar. Holy Moses! How could a spar go through such planking? Here are molasses-casks, three tier deep. Come along 'midships. Coal—nigh on to 500 tons—shifted by the knock-down—loose coal, just as it was poured in—too stingy to pay anybody to stow it. I say it's a darn shame. It's criminal to go to sea with such a cargo—loose coal! There ought to be a law against it! Here for'ard is syrup—good, too. Take a dip of it from this busted cask."

"That cargo and hull in New York would be worth not less than ten thousand dollars, and the salvage on abandoned vessels at sea is fifty per cent.," said Bob to himself.

While this search continued, the Carll came up under the wreck's bow, and a voice, which was instantly recognized as Max's, sung out:

"Well, what are you going to do? Wait here all summer? Is she wo'th anything? What's she loaded with? We've got no ha'ser to tow a big ship like that. We'd better go 'long about'r business. She ain't wo'th nothin'. If she was inside Sandy Hook it'd be another thing."



"The boys pulled away into the fast settling gloom."

But nobody minded Max. One object possessed everybody—viz., to save the wreck at all hazards, and tow her to shore. Work began. Some remained aboard the wreck and got out its five-inch hawser, while the others went aboard the Carll and passed out a light rope to bring it aboard. This was passed through the chock of the taffrail, through the hands of the boat-keeper, one or more pilots, steward, passenger, and sailors, to the vocal solo of "Shanty."

"Make her fast to the windlass!" shouted Beeb. "Aye, aye, sir!" Home it came, slowly and surely, till the huge knot reached the pilot-boat and was made fast to the bridle, or loop, hitched to the two quarter-bits.

But no time was to be lost. The sea was comparatively smooth and the wind light. It was beginning to rain. Slowly the David Carll took up the slack of the large hawser and made a start for home.

The huge rope rose to the surface; the bridle cracked on the bits; the wreck paused in its heavy roll, raised its head, and slowly followed. No one thought any longer of being sore and lame. Each one thought how he would "celebrate." There were visions of prize-

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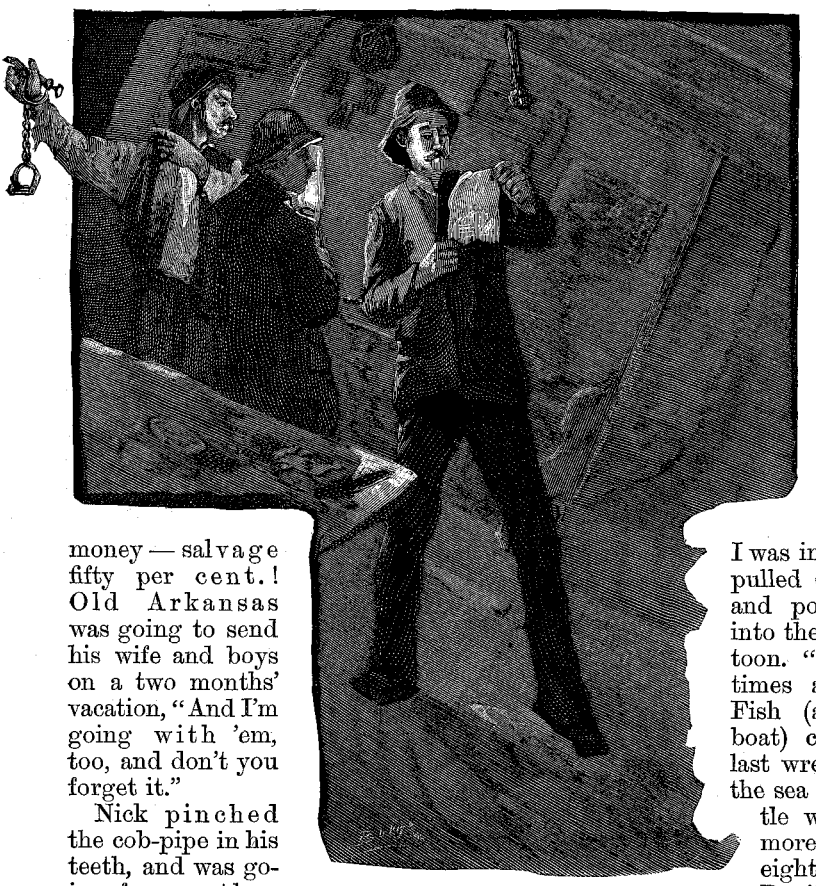

"All hands gathered around to see and read, while Bob held the light."

money — salvage fifty per cent.! Old Arkansas was going to send his wife and boys on a two months' vacation, "And I'm going with 'em, too, and don't you forget it."

Nick pinched the cob-pipe in his teeth, and was going for another "house and lot in Brooklyn."

Dennis was bound to make it six weeks in Syracuse, instead of two.

Mr. Max would skip a cruise and take his Sunday-school on a picnic.

The boys in the fo'castle wanted to work right along. The prize-money and new suits of clothes would not be amiss to them. Frank, the boat-keeper, thought, in the confusion of happiness aft, of being on dear old Staten Island longer than twelve hours, for once in his life.

Steward, passenger, all hands shook the brine from their reddened fingers, looked with pride on the tight-drawn hawser, and forgot it rained.

The men came aboard the Carll. After a short discussion as to the direction of the wind, the conclusion was announced:

"Sandy Hook in this breeze!" and all went below. Frank paused at the first stair and looked back on the pleasing success.

"She follows like an old mare," he said, and went down. After a pause he whipped himself out of his dripping oil-skins, wetter than he expected.

"Well, boys," he continued, sitting down on the locker; "dat is de bes' prize I ever saw since I was in de business"— pulled off another boot and poured the water into the two-gallon spittoon. "She's worth four times as much as the Fish (another pilot-boat) captured in that last wreck of theirs. If the sea goes down a little we can shove on more sail and yank her eight mile an hour. Don't she follow like a lady—see dare!" He saw a trip home to Sweden at the end of that string, and went on looking for dry socks.

On the bow of the bark, under the shelter of the projecting bowsprit, was a rudely carved, life-size figure in white. "Alice Roy" was sorely in need of errant knights at this time. Though probably selected by the ship-builder from a row of head-figures in stock, this one had a touching fitness. There was pathos in her upturned eyes, as she clasped to her bosom a flower. Despair had given place to resignation. Her lips moved not; she had made her peace and was silent. Her suppliant attitude changed not; she still clasped the rose. Hope returns timidly where despair has had full sway.

After breakfast the men were smoking and lying in their berths, when a thrill ran through the boat.

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"Hawser's parted, sir;" called the man at the wheel.

"I told you that gosh-darned old hawser was no good—chafed and old," said Dennis.

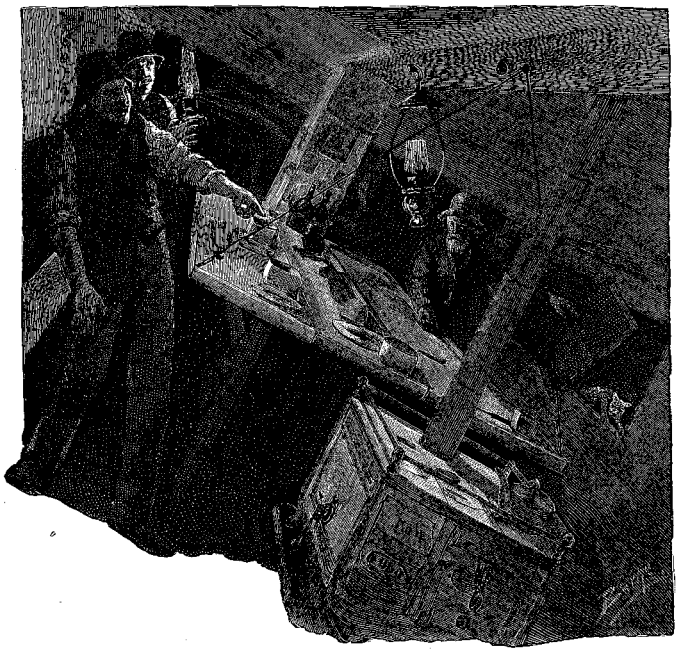
"Well, she towed out the harbor with it, didn't she? If she could stand that, with a tug at the other end, she ought to stand this," replied Nick.

"That's too gosh-darned bad!" groaned Old Arkansas.

Beeb raised on his elbow from his after-breakfast nap. Jerry opened his eyes lazily.

Bob looked serious. He didn't like the way the sea was rising, and the hawser had always looked to him to have dry-rot. He had an eye, though, on a wire cable—a wire stay aboard the bark. He reminded Beeb of it.

"Well, what next?" sounded a familiar voice. "What you going to do about it? Better go 'long about y'r business. She ain't wo'th nothin' anyhow," said the old man, as he disappeared up the companion-way, with his fingers twirling behind his back.



In the forecastle of the wreck.

After a little consultation the boat was put resolutely about, and stood toward the wreck. Then, sharper and quicker than ever, came the orders for making ready the yawl. Blanks sprinkled the conversation copiously. Voices were loud, motions quick and decisive; then the yawl dropped astern, with three pilots and two sailors in dripping oil-skins. No time was to be lost. The sea was rising, the wind freshening. Just now it blew fair for Sandy Hook. On board the wreck, a long wire stay-rope, which had led from the bowsprit to the foretopmast and back, was overhauled by Bob and cast adrift, made fast with a bight to another wire stay and led to the bridle at the pilot-boat's stern. Some time was consumed in these preparations. The day had begun at four o'clock, and it was now near noon. The rain continued.

At this juncture diverse counsel was offered. One said—pay out twenty-five or thirty fathoms of anchor-cable, and to this make fast the wire stays. It would help steady her. Seizing an axe, he began to unshackle the anchor, but the key was immovable from rust, and the majority were against the expedient. The plan was abandoned.

Once more "David Carll" offered a hand to "Alice Roy." This time she responded more quickly and followed. At the first touch she lifted her head, as if in the hope of rescue, rode up over the waves, and seemed to rejoice in her deliverance. The hawser tightened a little. Up went the topsail and with it the spirits of all on board the Carll. All hands were active and hopeful. No one was any longer tired. The weather was not bad, after all, and in forty-eight hours they would see Scotland Lightship.

"Eh, Jerry, old boy! If any of those snoozers come puffing alongside to give

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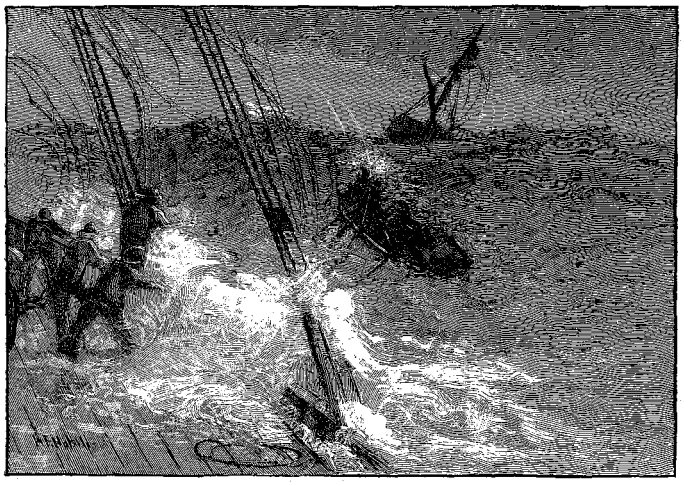
us a tow we'll tell 'em good morning. We can't stop to talk with a tug-boat. We're in a *hurry*. We'll tow her inside Sandy Hook ourselves, b'gosh, and telegraph old Charley Hazard to come down with his tug. Won't he open his eyes? It'll take a big chew to brace him for that. I only wish the wind would haul a little and send us flying into New London."

"She's new coppered, new calked, hasn't started a seam, hasn't made an inch of water since I tried her starboard pump last night. Every bit of that water came in through the hatch at the time of the knock-down. It don't rise above her keelson," said Bob, running his eye over her lines.

On board the wreck every man was alive. Beeb was reeving a rope through the pulley-block at the mainmast head. Slowly, by irregular impulses, a dirty, triangular sail travelled aloft on the stay-rope. Up it travelled, higher and higher, and stopped midway, flapping wildly in the wind.

"Ah," cheered Jerry, "they have it now!" as the ragged scrap filled and drew beautifully. Even one small sail was a relief to the eye amid such desolation. What a pity her foremast was gone —a sail forward would help her greatly. But the boys were not idle. Up went another. It was an old jib they had hunted out of the sail-room. Well done! Now the bark looked alive.



"It must be done."

The wind rose; the rain continued. The Carll tugged at the hawser. One moment the long wire cable lay slack in the water; the next a sea checked the bark's headway, and with a swish it straightened and vibrated like a fiddle-string. Could the cable stand that? Could anything stand it? Bob ran his eye along its length and anxiously shook his head. The chain, he said, was the thing to break the strain. Let the anchor-cable settle into the water, and rise when the strain came and sink again when it was past. That was the wrinkle.

An oil-skin figure appeared on the bark's bow and called between his palms —"Shovels!"

"Upon my word, they mean to shovel over her coal and right her up," said Jerry.

"Good! Throw out the other yawl and send two more men!" came crisp and sharp from the old man. By this time she led gloriously, and with her new sails set looked as independent as a yacht.

"I don't know about that cable, Jerry," said Bob. "That's a fearful strain as she falls behind a sea. Look there, now! It's as straight as a crow-bar, and as hard. You can feel it under your feet."

The wire hawser swished into the air; the bridle cracked on the bits; something must give.

"Don't get too near that line," yelled Max; "if she should part she'd knock some of you fellows to Davy Jones."

The topsails were taken in. That was better. It was incomprehensible how a pilot-boat could tow so large a ship. And what is very strange, even if the schooner's canvas were set upon the wreck, it would not sail her so fast as it now sailed the Carll and towed the bark besides.

Gus appeared at the companion-way

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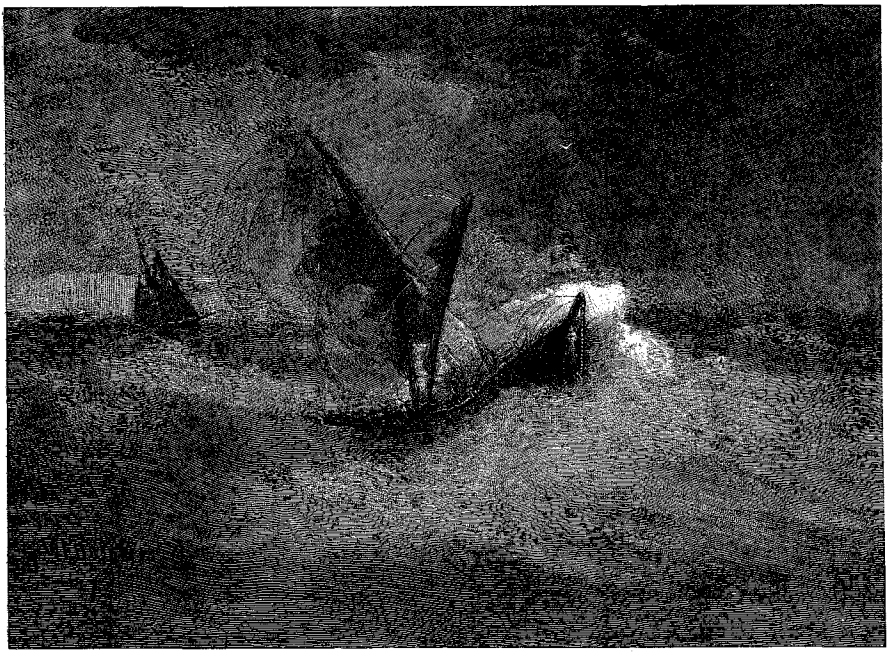

"The yawl had caught the smooth water in the lee of the wreck."

and announced dinner. Dennis made a trumpet with his flaring palms and called across the restless water to the wreck "Dinner! Coming aboard?" A nod answered, and soon the yawl was alongside.

"Nick's aboard the bark, taking his turn at the wheel, and wants his dinner fetched," said Frank, as he threw himself over the rail, dripping, but happy.

All was life; all was hope. Plans were settled, and in forty-eight hours more the boat and tow would sweep into the lower bay, to the envy of every craft in the harbor!

"What a fuss there'll be up in the pilot-office. Just think! Molasses, syrup, coal! After this they'll date everything from the Chicago fire and the wreck of the Alice Roy."

Bob did not join in the laugh. He paced the deck nervously, and remarked that the sea was rising hourly and that a fresh wind blew from the northeast.

"Is this an old-fashioned no'easter?" he inquired anxiously of Max.

The wind continued to freshen, driving the Carll and her prize straight toward Sandy Hook. Dinner was ended; pipes were lighted. The men lounged on the lockers. Suddenly a sharp, quick cry came from the lookout on deck and started every man to his feet.

The wire stay had parted!

Five minutes later the yawl put off and brought Nick aboard.

Those whose calling takes them upon the streets of a great city at all hours of the twenty-four find there is a short interval when the bustle ceases, a pause of a few short hours when the distant hum is hushed. So it is on shipboard, only the activity reaches its lowest ebb between one and three in the afternoon. It is then that all the pilots not on duty turn in for a long sleep. On this day, eventful to many sea-faring men for the havoc of its storms, one "boy" and one pilot managed the wheel and sails and kept the lookout.

The cabin was quiet except for a duet of snores scored in the bass clef, and the long, measured, rhythmic breathing of tired men. These spirations would be musical, possibly, and harmonious, if a master could group them and make them synchronous, pause at the rests, and begin together. But no,—there

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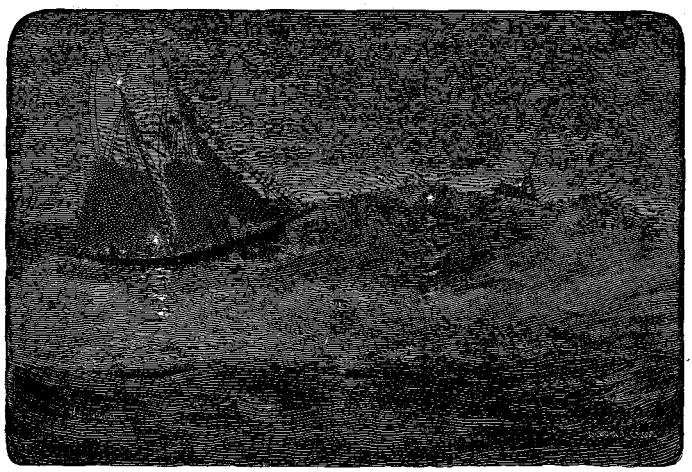

"The light on the wreck burns clear and steady."

seemed nothing but confusion of time and harmony. The small man and the huge could not be told apart by the volume and pitch of their notes.

Around the stove were hanging, on extemporized rope-yarn lines, all manner of wet garments. Beneath them, on the floor, were rubber boots, half turned inside out, and in the companion-way a heap of oil-skins and sou'westers, soaking wet. The small, cast-iron barrel-stove had been fired with light wood, and the room was suffocating. Long and steadily the deep breathers logged off eighteen to the minute.

All day long the northeast wind blew; fresh, then hard, then harder. All day long the steady swell of the sea came up from the south. All day it rained and grew thick and thicker. Gradually the wind competed with the swell for right of way and the result was a compromise—a cross sea. The Carll was safe, and the August storm was short. How about the prize, which meant $5,000 salvage?

Sleep on, tired men; you can't work round a wreck in such a sea!

Bob now sadly took the wheel. The David Carll hove to and slowly forged ahead, first on this tack, then on that, each time wearing around and beginning on the lee of the prize. The wind being steady and strong, he drove the boat close to windward of the wreck. She was rolling heavily in the high sea, dipping aboard tons of water. The force of the avalanche would right her for an instant; then she would plunge and shake herself free, only to labor and struggle once more in the unequal contest.

Down in the cabin the men were beginning to give signs of life. One huge figure slid down from his berth to the locker and rested his hands on his knees. It was Beeb, stiff and sore.

Old Arkansas wanted to know if the wind had hauled to another quarter; if the bark was riding well, riding high out of water. He had no notion of going to see—not he. He looked at his swollen hands. With one finger he explored his palms to see if there was any place less tender than another. Wire ropes had worked havoc with his water-soaked hands. Nick hadn't moved, and nothing could rouse him.

After some tidying up of the apartment, they made their way to the camp-stools, and Gus brought in the mugs of coffee.

"Whoa, there!" and the elegant Dennis, the bachelor, gathered himself up from the locker, and, with mug and stool in his hands, deposited himself at his corner once more. Another lee lurch, and away went the three of them against the locker.

"Skating rink!" said Dennis, grimly.

This watching and waiting for sea and wind to cease, like other watching and waiting, is often disappointing. The wind came out of the northeast "a whistlin'," as Jerry said. "Number 4" had been under short sail for some time. Her bonnets were unlaced from the jibs and she had three reefs tied in her mainsail and foresail.

The sea and wind continued to rise. Supper was spread in the racks upon the table. It was of no use; nothing fluid could be trusted. At each lurch everything in the cabin slid. One's

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senses lost their reckoning. The fixed points were no longer fixed, and yet moved in harmonious relations to each other. With each lee lurch the men slid, the dishes slid, the lamp swung in its frame, the caster swept back and forth above the table, and the tumble and crash heard all about the cabin told of books and boots and crockery gone adrift. There was unending confusion.

Night comes early in late August when the clouds are flying. Outside, the wind shrieked through the rigging and the seas raced each side of the Carll, as she rose and fell like a sea-gull.

Suddenly Old Arkansas's pipe fell from his mouth and shivered on the floor. Grabbing his sou'wester he sprang up the companion-way. A moment later he threw himself back into the cabin and dashed his wet oil-skin on the table.

"It's got to be done, boys. She's plumb in the steamer-track; and we must get a light aboard that bark, if we lose every man on the Carll."

"That's so," said Beeb, springing from his berth; "and it's almost night, and a nasty one, too. Ain't fit for a dog to be out in, but we've got to do it. We've dropped her there, and we've got to make her safe. That's our duty, and it's a pretty plain one."

"You're right, Captain Beeb," rejoined half a dozen pilots in a breath. "It must be done, and shall."

There was a fearful tension in the air when these seven men said "*It must be done.*" They were men who lounged and laughed, when it was calm, and told idle stories. They would laugh at a show of sentiment, but they would never leave that wreck a hidden danger in the steamers' track. When they said together, "*It must be done and shall,*" it meant *heroic duty*. The price of a prize meant nothing. Think what it meant for a steamship, with 1,500 souls on board, to crash into that loaded hull!

The sun had tinted the thin clouds faintly and was gone. "To-morrow will be clear." But to-morrow would not do for them. The rain ceased; the fog lifted. Cold dark clouds hung low everywhere. The sea was afroth; the wind had hauled a little and was blowing a half gale.

It was rough when hove to. What would it be when the boat wore round and was put to it?

The deck was no place for a landsman now. The pilots and men hurried about in dripping oil-skins. Quick, loud orders were heard amid the lashing waves, driving spray, and whistling ropes.

"Undo the lashin's o' the starb'rd yawl; we are nearing the wreck!" thundered Max.

"Turn 'er on the rail."

The weather staysail sheet had been hauled well over, the boat's headway killed, the thole-pins were shipped and the men stood by.

"Heave 'er out!" howled the officer. Into the boat sprang a young Norwegian. The yawl was at the rail—now out of sight—she struck against the boat—water splashed up between—up again—gone—up. Another man sprang in.

"Take another man!" shouted Bob. The pilot-boat rolled and touched her rail to the yawl—rolled again and was fathoms from her—rolled again and a young man sprang into the small boat and was lost in the spray. The yawl dropped astern and rose and fell, dry and safe—was seen—was gone.

The boat stood away a little, not far. There might be need of help, and it was getting dark. The yawl had caught the smooth water in the lee of the wreck and was near her sides. The boat's company saw the outline of the wreck against the western sky.

"My God! What a sea!" exclaimed Dennis. "Look at that! It broke clean over her amidships." Huge seas ran up to the wreck, lifted themselves high in air and fell pitilessly on the decks of the helpless wanderer. She bent her neck to the blow. No sooner had she cleared her decks than another wave rushed aboard, smothered her in spray, and escaped through her scuppers.

"Those men can't board that wreck in this sea," said Dennis; "better call 'em in." The pilot in command thought, looked, hesitated.

"Wear ship!" rang out loud and decisive.

"Jerry, give us a hand at the crotch-rope."

"Fore-boom-tackle—be alive there, men!"

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"Ease 'er over—hitch on y'r main boom-tackle — make 'er taut—take a turn 'round the bit—wait—now tighten 'er up—that's well!"

Nice work, to wear ship in a howling wind! If the crotch-rope should give way,—away goes the main boom into three pieces.

The boat ran close to leeward, and Max called "Come in, boys—come aboard!" He might as well have whispered in his sleeve. His nearest neighbor could hardly hear him. Then he waved his hands wildly. They sent back no signal and were lost to sight. Another roll and the lantern shone from the yawl, low down by the water under the lee bow of the huge, dark mass. The high decks and forward house made this part of the wreck less dangerous.

As the bark rolled to leeward, the yawl's lantern shot forward like a star, burned steadily, and then darted back. In that instant the young Norwegian sprang upon the ship's side at the fore-chains, and made his way to the deck. He carried a lighted lantern. He mounted the house. Now he is standing on tiptoe, reaching high up on the stay. Minutes seem hours. Will he never lash that light! In this perilous position he swept back and forth, now leaning well over, with the water almost below him, now as far the other way. Thank God, he's finished! Clear and bright burns the ship's light, high up on the stay rope. All honor to the brave fellow! The steamers' track is safe at last! The man climbed down. But the danger was not over. To take a man from a wreck in such a sea, every sailor must know his duty and act promptly.

"Where are they now?" yelled Max.

The yawl cannot be seen, the men cannot be seen.

"Wear ship!" rang out quick and clear.

Yonder the huge waves crashed amidships. High they broke against the stern and bow. Forward and aft a man can live, but he must be calm and watch his chances. The yawl's light floated and wavered in the lee of the wreck. The Norwegian was still aboard. What could he be doing? Max paced the cockpit with nervous step. He ran the pilot-boat as near as he dared and shouted, "Get that man off!" They neither heard nor saw.

"What *is* he doing?"

Back and forth swung the bright light. Could it live in this wind?

"There they are! There they are! There they are!" called one and another and howled a third, as though to relieve his pressure.

"Are they all there? Are there *three?* Are they all in?" asked everybody together. The small lantern was seen and gone and seen again. To pick up a yawl in open sea requires experience, good judgment, a calm head. The pilot-boat was pointed into the wind, her motion was killed; the yawl pulled across her bow, stood a moment on the lee, till the boat came slowly up; at just the right moment shot her nose up to the boat's rail, and threw out her painter. The boats moved ahead together; the men watched the sea, and as the yawl tossed up even with the rail one leaped aboard, then another, and a third. The last one hitched the burton to the span, and the yawl was hauled aboard.

All the men are accounted for. The light on the wreck burns clear and steady. The tension is relieved in language not wholly characteristic of pilots, but expressive. The pent-up excitement finds vent in general abuse.

About four o'clock in the morning Bob was called, rubbed his sleepy eyes, and took his watch on deck. He wore the boat about, and ran down by the wreck to make observations.

"She's lower in the water," he muttered to himself. "Pshaw! No use. Lower by the head — waterlogged." Each plunge forward seemed to him to be her last.

"She dies hard," he said.

Then he shook his head, muttered something like "too —— bad" lashed the wheel, with the boat on the starboard tack, and crouched in the companion-way to light his pipe. A quick call from the lookout forward reached him just as the bright glow in his clay bowl touched its margin all about.

"Lights, sir!" he understood him to say.

"Where?" replied Bob, hurrying on deck.

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"On the wreck, sir. Lantern's out."

Half an hour later, in the early morning light, a ship's small boat was seen floating, bottom side up, and on its side was painted "Alice Roy, Quebec."

THE BITTER SWEET OF SPRING.

By Edith M. Thomas.

I.

NOW is the tender moment of the year
When bards of Hellas feigned the sweet return
Of Ceres' daughter from the Night's sojourn.
Feigned? Nay, she comes apace—she now is here,
Soft-sobbing, while her mother's arms ensphere;
Soft-laughing, childlike striving to relearn
Familiar words forgot in Orcus stern,—
While with her sobs and laughs her mother dear.
Hence for us also doth the season weave
A subtile weft of heartache and fine joy:
We walk in gladness, yet some fond annoy
From unlaid sorrow to our steps will cleave;
But when we, single-hearted, turn to grieve,
Lo! some new beauty springs with quick decoy!

II.

WITH pain of joy doth vernal nature thrill,
And takes its mood, sad-memoried, soothed, or wild,
From ever-changing moods of Ceres' child:
Her groping thought,—the mists that valleys fill;
Her kindling life,—the glow upon the hill
In mid-days when the quivering air is mild;
Her wistful glance,—when golden suns have smiled
Good-night on green fields stretching lone and still.
Anemone and cress rain-swept and blurred,
Stirrings and sighings of the grass-blade frail,
Carols that wake among bare boughs, and fail,
The tree-toad's twilight cry, ere comes the bird:—
Tokens of her thou hast both seen and heard,
And canst thou longer doubt the old Greek tale!

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THE HILL PATH.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

Are the little breezes blind,
They that push me as they pass?
Do they search the tangled grass
For some path they want to find?
Take my fingers, little wind;
You are all alone, and I
Am alone too. I will guide,
You will follow; we will go
By a pathway that I know,
Leading down the steep hillside,
Past the little sharp-lipped pools,
Shrunken with the summer sun,
Where the sparrows come to drink;
And we'll scare the little birds,
Coming on them unawares,
And the daisies every one
We will startle on the brink,
Of a doze.
(Gently, gently, little wind.)
Very soon a wood we'll see,
There my lover waits for me.
(Go more gently, little wind,
You should follow soft, behind.)
You will hear my lover say
How he loves me night and day,
But his words you must not tell
To the other little winds,
For they all might come to hear,
And might rustle through the wood,
And disturb the solitude.
(Blow more softly, little wind,
You are tossing all my hair,
Go more gently, have a care;
If you lead you can't be blind,
So,—good-bye!)
There he goes! I see his feet
On the grass;
Now the little pools are blurred
As they pass;
And he must be very fleet,
For I see the bushes stirred
Near the wood. I hope he'll tell,
If he isn't out of breath,
That he met me on the hill.
But I hope he will not say
That he kissed me for good-bye,
Just before he flew away.

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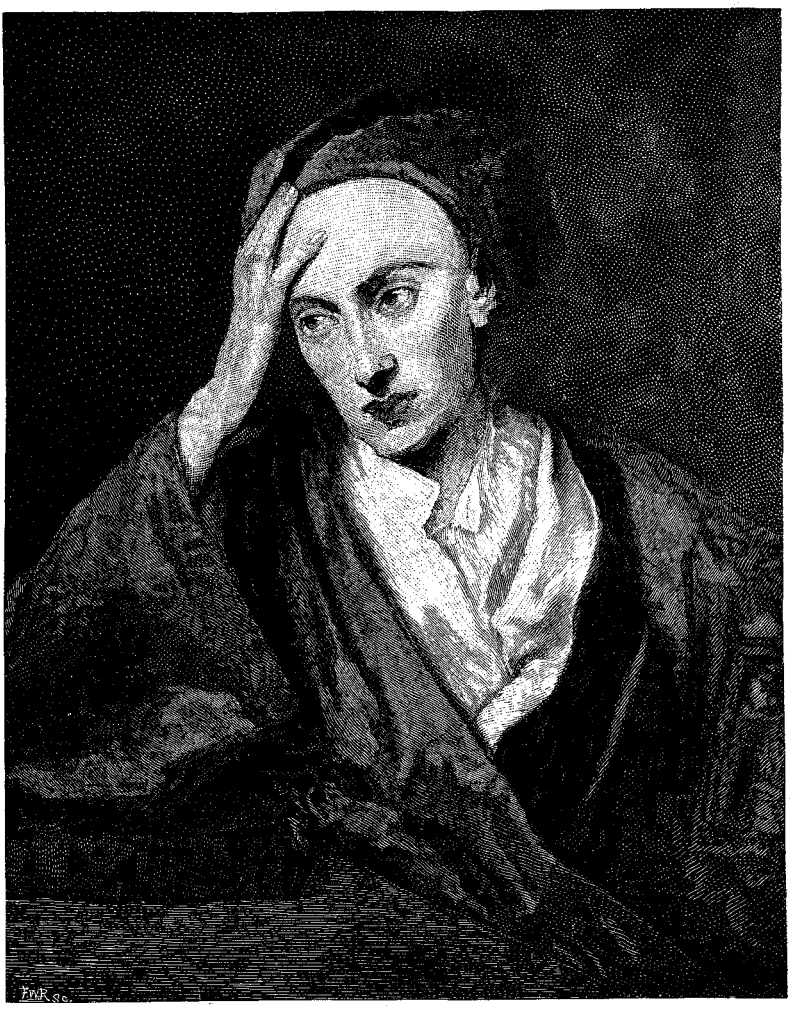

Pope, by Kneller, 1722.

ALEXANDER POPE.

By Austin Dobson.

TWO hundred years ago, on the 21st of May, 1688, was born in Lombard Street a poet whose influence, for nearly a century, reigned paramount in English verse. He had not been long dead, it is true, when his supremacy was contested, but to so little purpose, that two decades passed away before his overbold assailant mustered courage to follow up his first attack. Then, after an interval, the challenge was renewed, and for a long period the literary world rang with the blows of the opposing champions. Was Alexander Pope a great poet, or was he not? It was Thomas Warton who first put that question, and it was William Bowles who repeated it. Against Warton was Warburton; against Bowles were Byron and Campbell and Roscoe, with a host of minor combatants.

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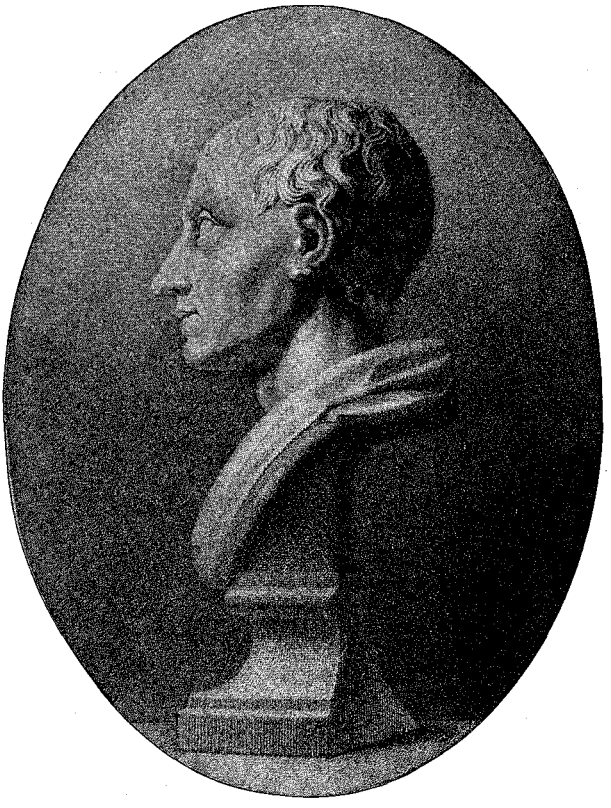
When at last the contest seemed to droop it was only to begin again upon a new issue; and the lists shook beneath the inroad of De Quincey and Macaulay. Was Pope a "correct" poet? The latter-day reader, turning cautiously—it may be languidly—the records of that ancient controversy, wonders a little at the dust and hubbub. If he trusts to his first impression he will, in all probability, be content to waive discussion by claiming for Pope a considerably lower place than for Shakespeare or for Milton; and upon the point of his "correctness," will decide discreetly, in the spirit of the immortal Captain Bunsby, that much depends upon the precise application of the term. But let him have a care. The debate is an endless one, eternally seductive, irrepressibly renascent, and hopelessly bound up with the ineradicable oppositions of human nature. Sooner or later he will be drawn into the conflict and cry his slogan with the rest. If, in the ensuing pages, their writer seems to shun that time-honored discussion, as well as some other notable difficulties of Pope's biography, he does so mainly lest they should, in Bunyan's homespun phrase,

> "—prove *ad infinitum* and eat out
> The thing that he already is about,"

to wit, the recalling, upon the anniversary of Pope's birth, of so much of his work and story as may be included in the limits of a magazine article.



Pope, after Rysbrack's Bust, 1788.

Pope's father was a London linen-merchant, who, according to Spence, "dealt in Hollands wholesale." His mother was of good extraction, being the daughter of one William Turner of York. Both were Roman Catholics, at a time when to be of that faith in England was to suffer many social disabilities, and it was perhaps in consequence of these that, about the time of the Revolution, the elder Pope bought a small house at Binfield on the skirts of Windsor Forest. Here he lived upon his means and cultivated his garden, a taste which he transmitted to his son, who, under the care of his mother and a nurse named Mary Beach, grew from a sickly infant into a frail, large-eyed boy with a sweet voice, an eager, precocious temperament, and an inordinate love of books, from copying the type of which he first learned to write. Like his father, he was slightly deformed, while from his mother he derived a life-long tendency to headache. His early education was of a most miscellaneous character. After some tuition from the family priest, he passed to a school at Twyford, where he is said to have been flogged for lampooning the master. Thence he went

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A View of Twickenham, showing Pope's House. Muntz, 1756.

to a second school, where he learned but little. As a boy, however, he had tried his hand at translating, and had tacked together, from reminiscences of Ogilby, a kind of Homeric drama to be acted by his playmates, with the gardener for Ajax. But his real education began at Binfield, where, when between twelve and thirteen, he resolutely sat down to teach himself Latin, French, and Greek. Between twelve and twenty he must have read enormously and written as indefatigably. Among other things, he composed an epic of Alcander, Prince of Rhodes, which is said to have extended to 4,000 lines, and its versification was so finished that he used some of the couplets long afterwards for maturer work. His earliest critic was his father, who would sit in judgment on his son's performances, ruthlessly "sending him down" when the Muse proved unusually stubborn. "These be good rhymes," he would say when he was pleased.

The quiet, orderly household in Windsor Forest received but few visitors, and those chiefly of the family faith. Such, for example, were the Carylls of West Grinstead, and the Blounts of Mapledurham, where there were two bright-eyed daughters of Pope's own age, the "fair-hair'd Martha and Teresa brown," whose names, linked in Gay's dancing verse, were afterwards to be indissolubly connected with that of their Binfield neighbor. At this date, however, they must have been school-girls at Hammersmith, under some pre-Thackerayan Miss Pinkerton, or else were being "finished" at that Paris establishment whence they derived the foreign *cachet* which is said to have been part of their charm. Another friend was the ex-statesman and ambassador, Sir William Trumbull, of East Hampstead, who compared artichokes with the father and read poetry with the son. To Trumbull Pope submitted some of his earliest verses, and from him, it seems, received much valuable advice, including a recommendation to translate Homer. Another acquaintance was the minor poet and criticaster, William Walsh, who gave his young friend that memorable (and somewhat ambiguous) injunction to "study the ancients" and "be correct." He had been introduced to Walsh by another man of letters, whose acquaintance he must have made during one of his brief excursions to London, the whilom dramatist Wycherley,—now a broken septuagenarian, but still retaining a sort of bankrupt *bel air*. To Wycherley, who could not tear himself from his favorite St. James's, the youthful Pope wrote literary letters, being even decoyed, until the functions of both critic and criticised became untenable,

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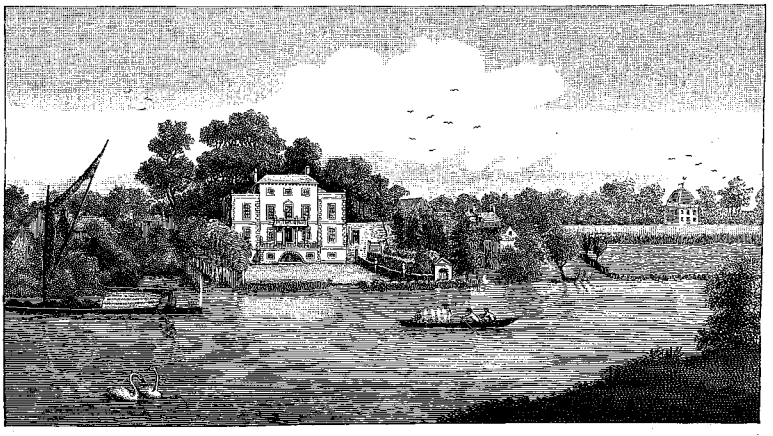

Mr. Pope's House, before 1802, when Welbore Ellis died.

into patching and revising the old beau's senile verses. Another of his correspondents was Henry Cromwell—Gay's "honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches," who at this time was playing the part of an elderly Phaon to the Sappho of a third-rate poetess, Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas. The epistles of the boy at Binfield to these battered men about town, when not discussing metres and the precepts of M. the Abbé Bossu, in a style modelled upon Balzac and Voiture, are sometimes sorry reading. But both Wycherley and Cromwell were wits and men of education, and it is not difficult to pardon that morbid, over-active mind for occasional vagrancy in its efforts after some congenial escape from the Tory fox-hunters of Berkshire and the ribald drinking songs of Durfey.

By 1711, when Pope was three-and-twenty, his intercourse with Wycherley and Cromwell had practically ceased, and "knowing Walsh" was dead. But he had already obtained a hearing as a poet. He had written a series of *Pastorals* in the reigning taste, a taste which, under guise of imitating Theocritus and Virgil, not only transferred to our northern shores the fauna and flora of Italy and Greece, but brought along with them the light-clad (and somewhat embarrassed) Delias and Sylvias of those favored lands. Pope, indeed, partly modified this. He drew the line at wolves, for instance, though (as Mr. Leslie Stephen suggests) this mattered little when altars and milk-white sacrificial bulls were still "perpetually retained." But the main feature of the *Pastorals* was less their subject than their versification, which in these earliest efforts was already as finished, and as artful, as anything Pope ever wrote, and was far above the work of his contemporaries. Lansdowne ("Gran-

Pope's Mother, after Richardson, 1731. By Carter, 1774.

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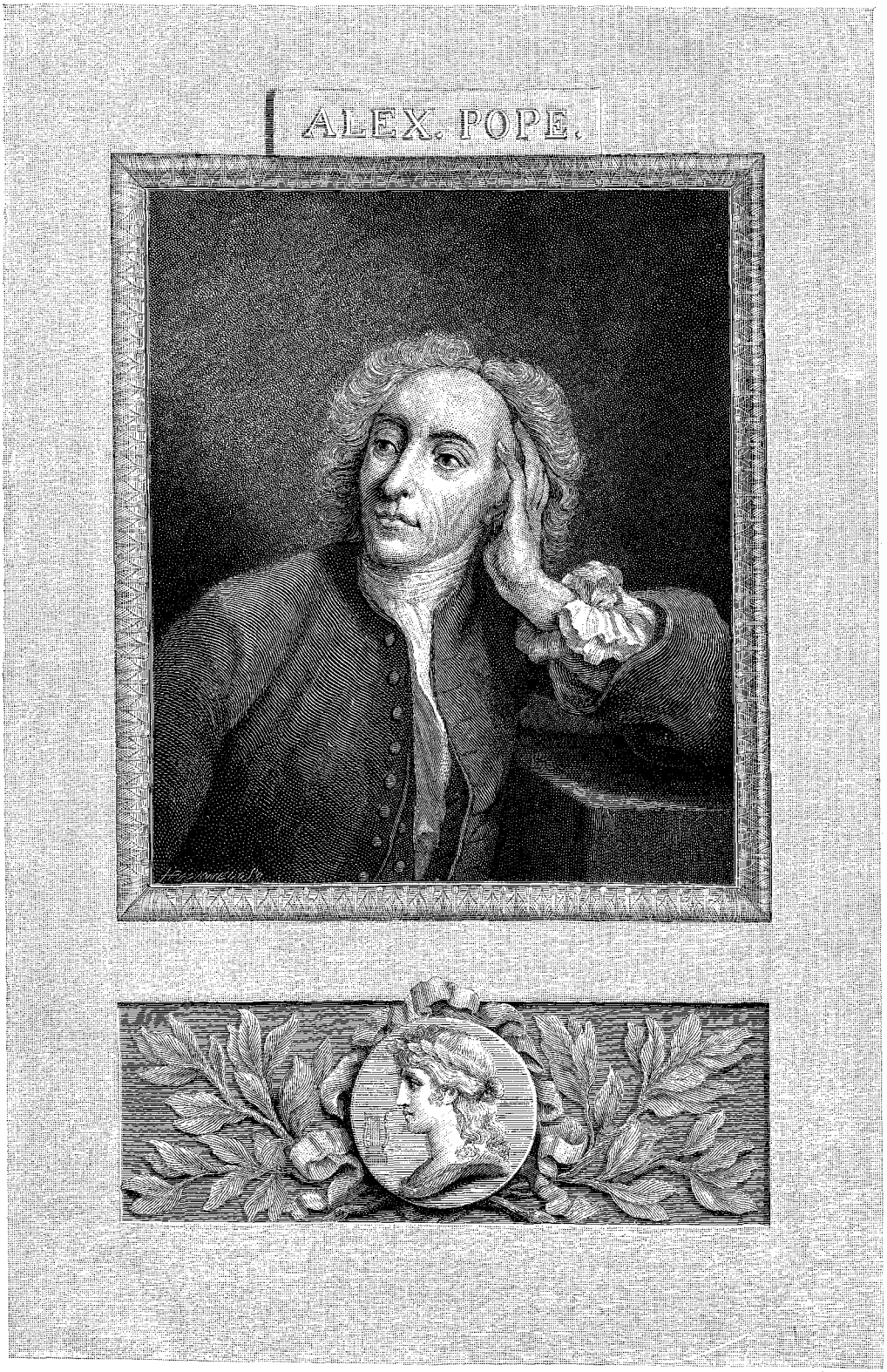

Alexander Pope. (From a portrait by Pond.)

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Pope's House, 1807.

ville the polite"), Congreve, Garth, Halifax and others praised them warmly in MS., and left-legged Jacob Tonson came cap in hand to solicit them for the sixth part of his *Miscellany*, where they ultimately wound up that volume, balancing (or rather over-balancing) the *Pastorals* of Ambrose Philips, which began it. To the same collection Pope contributed an imitation of Chaucer, and an episode from the *Iliad*. The immediate success of these performances seems to have set him upon his next poem, the *Essay on Criticism*, which was published by Lewis in 1711. His mastery over his medium was still more noticeable than the originality of his thought. But this *cento* of exquisitely chiselled critical commonplaces goes far toward being a *chef-d'œuvre* of mere manipulative skill; and we are still, by our daily use of some of its lines,* justifying the truth of Addison's dictum, that "Wit and fine Writing doth not consist so much in advancing Things that are new as in giving Things that are known an agreeable Turn."

The criticism in the *Spectator* from which these words are taken led to an acquaintance with its author, Addison. Pope wrote to Steele, with whom he seems already to have had some slight intercourse (probably through the Carylls), to thank him for his commendation, and Steele, at once transferring the authorship to his colleague, offered to introduce Pope to him, and they afterwards met frequently at Button's Coffee-house and elsewhere. Pope followed up his letter to Steele by some contributions to the *Spectator*, one of which, a further essay in the "pastoral" vein, was the "sacred eclogue" called the *Messiah*, which honest Steele, then in temporary retirement at Hampstead, seems to have genially criticised, declaring it enthusiastically to be better than the *Pollio* of Virgil. Another friend whom Pope made about this period was Gay, as yet only the author of a blank verse poem on *Wine*, and of the *Present State of Wit*, a pamphlet still dear to Collectors, which contains some excellent remarks on the new school of periodical literature inaugurated by the *Tatler* and its successor. Gay, indolent and amiable, and, when not depressed by ill-health or the

* *e.g.*, "And Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread."

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visionary expectations of court preferment, a charming companion, became a closer friend than either Addison or Steele.

> "Blest be the great! for those they take away
> And those they left me; for they left me Gay,"

Pope said long after in the *Satires*, and the lines have a more genuine ring than is their wont.

ed to compose matters by invocation of the Muse. The poem in its first *Miscellany* form consisted of no more than two Cantos; but Pope, confident of his own powers, and certainly with a better knowledge of his own method than his critics could have possessed, boldly took advantage of its success to expand it into five Cantos by the addition of a Rosicrucian machinery of sylphs and gnomes. This apparently hazardous experiment

Martha Blount. By Picart, 1807

To the *Essay on Criticism* succeeded one of Pope's most brilliant poems, the famous *Rape of the Lock*. In its first form it appeared, together with some minor poems and translations, in a volume of *Miscellanies* published by Tonson's rival, Lintot. Its *motif* was the theft by a certain Lord Petre of one of the tresses of Miss Arabella or "Belle" Fermor, and this venial larceny having somewhat strained the relations of the two families concerned, Pope was invit-

was perfectly successful, and the *Rape of the Lock* became what it remains, the typical example of raillery in English verse—the solitary specimen of sustained and airy grace. If it has faults, they are the faults of the time, and not of the poem, the execution of which is a marvel of ease, good humor, and delicate irony. Another of Pope's efforts at this date was *Windsor Forest*, a theme which, assuming that to be the best which lies nearest, should have afforded

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material for another enduring success. But Pope, with a matchless eye for manners, looked at nature with the unpurged vision of his generation, and the poem, though not without dignity and beauty

Teresa Blount. By Evans, 1807.

of versification, is cold and conventional to the modern reader.

To the reader under Anne it was otherwise, for to him "verdant isles" and "waving groves" and the whole farrago of gradus epithets were not only grateful but indispensable. "Mr. Pope," wrote Swift to Stella under date of March, 1713, "has published a fine poem called *Windsor Forest*. Read it." This is the only time Pope is mentioned in that memorable journal (now nearing its closing pages) and it scarcely points to any close relations. But, by and by, when Swift came back from his Irish deanery to reconcile Oxford and Bolingbroke, he seems to have made Pope's personal acquaintance, and to have begun the correspondence which lasted so long. By Swift Pope was introduced to Oxford, to his later "guide, philosopher, and friend," Bolingbroke, to the gentle and humane Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, to Prior and Parnell, to Arbuthnot, best of men and physicians—some of whom he mentions in the "Prologue to the Satires." Swift, he says,

> "endur'd my lays;
> The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read;
> Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head,
> And *St. John's* self (great Dryden's friends before)
> With open arms receiv'd one Poet more."

Closely connected with the group of Pope's connections at this time was the famous literary association known as the "Scriblerus Club," the avowed object of which was to satirize the abuses of human learning. The dispersal of its members at the death of Anne interrupted this enterprise, which never extended beyond a first book—a fragment which

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must, however, be held to have been unusually pregnant in suggestion, since it contained the germs of *Gulliver's Travels* and the *Dunciad*. But Pope's life at this point grows too complicated to be pursued in detail, and it will be impossible henceforth to do more than note briefly its chief incidents. Trumbull's counsel to him to translate Homer, and his first essay in Tonson's *Miscellany*, have already been mentioned. In a later volume of Miscellany poems edited by Steele, he had printed some specimens from the *Odyssey*, and in the following year he embarked in the great work of his middle life, the translation of the *Iliad*. By 1715 the first volume, containing four books, was issued to the subscribers, whose roll, ennobled by the patronage of Oxford and Bolingbroke, and extended by the imperious advocacy of Swift, included almost everyone of importance. The only blot upon its brilliant success is the unfortunate quarrel with Addison, which led to the portrait of Atticus.

With Addison, to say nothing of the fact that he was a Whig, Pope's relations had apparently been less genuine than with any of his compeers. Even when the *Essay on Criticism* had been praised by the Spectator, Pope's sensitive nature had fretted under the writer's reservations. Addison, again, is said to have been chief of those who had deprecated the extension of the *Rape of the Lock*, and Pope remembered this. Yet he had written a prologue for *Cato*, and when that play was attacked by Dennis, had voluntarily entered the lists on Addison's side with a Swiftian lampoon against the snarling old critic, who was a *bête noire* of his own. Addison declined to approve this method of controversy, and made his disapproval more distasteful by expressing it indirectly through Steele, with whom Pope could scarcely have grown in favor since, under guise of a puff of Ambrose Philips, he had palmed off on Steele's editorial indolence a panegyric on his own Pastorals. Thus by the time Pope's *Homer* came out—and, almost concurrently—another version by Addison's *protégé* Tickell made its appearance, there were all the materials for a quarrel. That Tickell was deliberately put forward as a rival to Pope is open to considerable doubt; but to Pope's morbid suspicions the coincidence was conclusive, and his anger blazed in that immortal portrait of Atticus which, in its final form, appears in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* of 1734. Whether Addison ever saw these verses may be doubted; and that doubt disposes of much speculation. But the most notable thing about them, apart from their justice or injustice, is that, with their wonderful mingling of truth and falsehood, of ostensible commendation and insidious malignity, they afford the earliest finished example of that supreme satiric art which, as the best judges hold, is the most immortal part of Alexander Pope. Without a specimen of his workmanship any account of him would be incomplete; and he reaches no higher point than in these well-known lines:

"Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?"

Early in 1716, not long after the death of Wycherley, Pope moved from Binfield to Chiswick. His house, in what was then known as the "New Buildings," but is now Mawson's Row, still exists down a turning off the Mall, not very far from the old Church where Hogarth lies buried, and from Chiswick House, the mansion of Lord Burlington, under whose wing Pope describes himself as

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residing. Here, for a couple of years, were delivered those letters, upon whose backs or envelopes, piously preserved in the British Museum, the "paper-sparing" poet penned his daily tale of Homeric translation, completing two more volumes of the *Iliad* during his sojourn in Mawson's Row. At this time he was twenty-eight, and may therefore be assumed to be accurately represented in the portrait painted by Kneller in 1716, and mezzotinted a year later by Smith. Here he appears as a slight, delicate young man, wearing a close-fitting vest or tunic, and, in lieu of a wig, the dressing or "night-cap" which took its place. His keen, shaven face is already worn by work and ill-health, and conspicuous for the large and brilliant eyes to which he refers, in his *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, as one of his noticeable features.

Besides the poems already mentioned, he had, in 1715, produced another imitation of Chaucer, the *Temple of Fame*, an effort which has never taken high rank among his works. But while at Chiswick he published, in addition to instalments of the *Iliad*, two pieces of considerable merit, although they are scarcely regarded by the critics of this age with the enthusiasm they excited in Pope's earliest admirers. One is the celebrated *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, which perhaps owes some of its reputation to the difficulty experienced in identifying the "ever injur'd Shade" intended. She is now understood to have been a much-persecuted Mrs. Weston, who, although she suffered many griefs, did not (as her poet implies) put an end to her own life in consequence. The other, under the title of *Eloisa to Abelard*, versifies the Latin letters of that distinguished amorist to her lover. It is impossible to deny to both these works the utmost amount of artful development and verbal finish. All that skill can do in the simulation of sincerity Pope has done. "The Epistle of Eloisa," he tells a correspondent, "grows warm, and begins to have some breathings of the heart in it, which may make posterity think I was in love." But this, with all submission, is precisely the illusion which is absent, and it is perfectly possible for the most sympathetic reader to peruse the balanced outpourings of "Fulbert's niece" without the slightest tendency to that *globus hystericus* which all persons of sensibility must desire to experience. Yet, it must nevertheless be admitted that these poems are the best examples of a vein which is not native to their writer, and that, in them, Pope comes nearer to genuine pathos than in any other of his works. Next to these, the only literary event of this portion of his career is his connection with the deplorable *Three Hours after Marriage*, a farce in which he was assisted by Arbuthnot and Gay, the latter of whom bore the blame of the play's failure. Pope's old enemy Dennis was caricatured in it as "Sir Tremendous;" but it had also the effect of adding another and abler foe to the list of his opponents, the player and manager, Colley Cibber, whose open ridicule of a part of this ill-judged *jeu d'esprit* began the feud which ultimately secured for him the supreme honors of the *Dunciad*.

But although Pope's militant nature never feared to make an enemy, his friends were still in the majority. His *Homer*, with its magnificent subscription list, had opened a wider world to him; and his new associates seem for the time to have partially seduced him from his valetudinarian régime and ten hours daily study. In his varied and alembicated correspondence we track him here and there, at Oxford or at Bath, studying architecture with my Lord Burlington and gardening with my Lord Bathurst or "beating the rounds" (probably only in metaphor) with wilder wits such as my Lord of Warwick and Holland. One of the prettiest of Pope's missives (some of them are not pretty) to "Mademoiselles de Maple-Durham," as he styles the Blounts, describes a visit he had paid to Queen Caroline's maids of honor at Hampton Court, the Bellenden and Lepell of his minor verses. He dilates upon their monotonous life of hunting, etiquette, and Westphalia ham, and then, as Carruthers suggests, not without oblique intention of lighting a spark of jealousy in the fair Martha's bosom, records how he walked for three or four mortal hours by moonlight with Mrs. Lepell, meeting never a creature of quality but his Majesty King George I., giving audience to his Vice Chamberlain

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"all alone under the garden wall." Another epistolary idyll to Martha Blount, of which there are at least four replicas, relates the sentimental death by lightning of the two haymakers at Stanton Harcourt. Did Pope write this letter? or did Gay? Or did they write it both together? This is a question which Pope's editors have failed to settle. At all events, a similar composition went to another of Pope's flames, the brilliant Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, now absent from England with her husband, who was ambassador at Constantinople. Clever Lady Mary, however, entirely declined to be subjugated by the pathetic fallacy, and sent back a matter of fact epitaph for John Hewet and Sarah Drew, which, though it wound up with a compliment to her correspondent, can hardly have gratified him. But there is one letter of this time the sincerity of which is undoubted. It is Pope's announcement to Martha Blount of his father's death. "My poor Father dyed last night," it says. "Believe, since I don't forget you this moment, I never shall. A. Pope." The antithetical touch shows how art had become a second nature with the writer; but his attachment and devotion to his parents is not one of the disputed points in his story.

Alexander Pope the elder died in October, 1717. Not very long after, the poet moved with his mother to a little villa, or "villakin" as Swift called it, on the banks of the Thames at Twickenham, close to the grotesque Gothic jumble known as Radnor House. It is still discernible in ancient prints—for example, in Muntz's "View of Twickenham," dated 1756. When Pope first took it, it was simply a tiny building, with the conventional parlors on either side of a stone-paved entrance hall, and bedrooms above to correspond. In front there was a pleasant little lawn sloping to the water; at the back the house looked upon the highway from London to Hampton Court. On the other side of this road stretched the garden, which was entered from the lawn by a subway. This garden was Pope's greatest delight. According to John Searle his gardener, who published a plan of it in 1745, there "were not ten sticks in the ground when his master first took the house." But with the aid of Bridgeman and Kent the architect, and the amateur counsels of Lord Peterborough and others, supplemented by his own sleepless ingenuity and genius for landscape-making, Pope managed to twist and twirl his "scanty plot of ground" into a perfect paradise of "artful wildness" and "pleasing intricacy." "I am as busy"—he wrote to Lord Strafford in 1725—"in three inches of gardening as any man can be in three-score acres. . . . I have a Theatre, an Arcade, a Bowling-Green, a Grove, and what not? in a bit of ground that would have been but a plate of sallet to Nebuchadnezzar." Besides these there were an orangery, an open temple, "wholly compos'd of shells in the rustic manner," a quincunx, and a wilderness. As time went on an obelisk, ringed with yew and cedar, and inscribed to "the best of Mothers and the most loved of Women" terminated the vista.

But the greatest glory of all was the so-called Grotto, or, as honest John Searle styles it, the "Underground passage." This, which, as already stated, went beneath the road, and must, according to the plan, have also occupied some of the space under the house, Pope decorated profusely with sparkling shells and minerals, to which collection all his friends contributed. Borlase, the antiquary, sent him Cornish diamonds; Ralph Allen (Fielding's "Squire Allworthy"), incrustations from the Bath quarries; Spence, Italian marbles, the Duchess of Cleveland, clumps of amethyst, and Sir Hans Sloane, basaltic fragments from the Giant's Causeway. Over the entrance was a line from Horace; and in the interior a spring that "echoed thro' the cavern day and night." When you looked through it from the house you saw the sails on the shining Thames "passing suddenly and vanishing;" if you looked the other way from the river, you saw the shell temple and the multicolored leafage of the wilderness; if you shut it, it became a darkened chamber of wayward lights and mysterious scintillations. Some of Pope's critics have found in this toy of his later years a thought too much of the lodging-house curio; but Walpole, who was not very tolerant of other people's whimsies, seems to have been favorably impressed

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with both grot and garden. "The passing through the gloom from the Grotto to the opening day," he says, "the retiring and again assembling shades, the dusky groves, the larger lawn, and the solemnity of the cypresses that led up to his mother's tomb [obelisk] are managed with excellent judgment; and though Lord Peterborough assisted him 'To form his quincunx and to rank his vines,' these were not the most pleasing ingredients of his little perspective." *

At Twickenham or, as he called it, "Twitnam," Pope continued to reside until his death, his permanent housemates being his old nurse, Mary Beach, to whom there is a tablet on the outer wall of Twickenham Church, and his mother, who survived her husband until 1733, only preceding her famous son by eleven years. Pope tended her with exemplary care—a care rendered daily more imperative by her increasing infirmities. Many references to her occur in his correspondence, and the sedulous inquiries made by his friends as to her health are earnest of her son's unwearied solicitude. One or two of the old lady's simple, homely letters to him have been preserved, with their fond messages and faulty spelling. Now and then, it is recorded, he would gratify her by setting her to transcribe his *Homer*, an assistance of which the advantages must have been debatable. There is a sketch of her, in extreme old age, by Jonathan Richardson, which, in all probability, did her scant justice; and it sets one vaguely thinking whether Greuze, whose lovely portrait of his own mother is at South Kensington, would not have made a better portrait of Mrs. Pope.

Many friends came and went at the pleasant little villa by the Thames, "flanked by its two Courts" of Hampton and Kew, and often, no doubt, the London stage, starting from the Chequers in Piccadilly, brought to it guests bearing names familiar in the annals of the time. Now it would be fat and friendly John Gay, polishing a song in the promptly-to-be-prohibited *Polly;* now it would be Prior, making friends with everyone, down to drunken John Bowry the waterman, and boasting of his own paradise at Down Hall, where he had composed "a fish pond that would hold ten carps." Sometimes it would be Mrs. Howard from Marble Hill to consult with her neighbor as to the laying out of her grounds; sometimes a flying post from the Duchess of Kingston at Acton with an urgent summons to music on the water, followed up by an entire night out upon the Thames. Occasionally, failing to decoy Lord Oxford (Harley's son) into tasting his broccoli and Banstead mutton, Pope would himself set out for Wimpole, there to potter over that extremely "speculative lot," his lordship's dubious medals and manuscripts. Or perhaps John Bowry would row him Fulham-wards to visit the hero of Barcelona, the gallant and eccentric Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who (we may suppose) had just transmitted to Twickenham a cask of the cordial and comforting "Mum," which Scott makes the morning beverage of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck. Another of Pope's haunts was Riskins, in Buckinghamshire, where, among the rest, he carved his name upon the famous covered bench (scored with the names of wits and fine ladies), which "the vivacious Lord Bathurst" consecrated to the votive inscriptions of his guests; another, again, the pseudo-farm "at Dawley near Uxbridge" where that "statesman out of place," Lord Bolingbroke, played, not very successfully, at raising turnips and cultivating moral tranquillity. It was in coming from Dawley, in 1726, that his lordship's charioteer emptied Mr. Pope into the water, and his hand was badly cut by the glass as he was drawn out of the coach. "Is it possible," wrote one of St. John's foreign visitors, "is it possible that those fingers which have written the Rape of the Lock, and the Criticism, which have dressed Homer so becomingly in an English coat, should have been so barbarously treated?" "Dressing Homer becomingly," sounds slightly ironic. But, although Pope did not love him, this can scarcely have been the meaning of so discreet and congenial a spirit as M. François-Marie Arouet de Voltaire.

* "Pope's Villa," altered and rebuilt by subsequent tenants, now only exists in name.

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The list of Pope's circle might readily be extended. But there are three other members of it who cannot be neglected in any record, however brief. When Lady Wortley Montagu came back to England, she took up her residence at Twickenham, and the hitherto epistolary adoration of the poet became a practical fact. According to a story popularized by the pencil of Frith, Pope at length so far forgot himself as to make a declaration in form, to which she returned no reply but that most exasperating of all replies, ungovernable laughter. Whether this tradition be true or not, it is plain that she seems always to have remembered their difference of rank, and to have been rather cold than encouraging. The issue of the acquaintance is a sorry one. Pope revenged himself for her scorn in his worst and most unmanly fashion of innuendo; she, on her side, retorted with lampoons and satire as cruel. One feels glad that she finally left England and that further bickering was impossible. The other two persons were the already mentioned Blounts, each of whom seems at first to have by turn

> "—blossomed in the light
> Of tender personal regards,"

Teresa, the elder and handsomer, becoming by degrees the acknowledged favorite. But whether, like the lover in Prior's song, Pope "convey'd his treasure in a borrowed name," or merely changed his mind, it is certain that, at a later period, the younger, Martha, had proved the "real flame," to the permanent displacement of her sister. As time went on, Pope's attachment for Martha Blount continued to increase until she became almost an inmate of his house. For more than fifteen years, he told Gay in 1730, he had spent three or four hours a day in her company; and he seems to have loved her with an affection as genuine and as watchful as that which he showed to his parents. Like all his connections, this, too, was marred by strange pettinesses and curious contradictions; but one can scarcely grudge to his sickly sensitive nature the anodyne of feminine sympathy. Why so close and tender a friendship never ripened into marriage is an inquiry that may be relegated to the limbo of questions insoluble. It is enough that in the checkered chronicle of the loves of the poets, "blue-eyed Patty Blount" has an immortality almost as secure as that of Esther Johnson.

But it is time to return to Pope's works. In the first years of his Twickenham residence the *Iliad* was finished triumphantly, and Pope was invited by the booksellers to edit Shakespeare. The task was one for which he had few qualifications, and his execution of it at once laid him open to a new attack from a fresh opponent, Lewis Theobald, afterwards the "Tibbald" of the *Dunciad* and the *Satires*. Then he followed up the *Iliad* by the *Odyssey*, in which he was assisted by Fenton and Broome. Toward 1725 Bolingbroke settled at Dawley, and in the succeeding year Swift paid a long visit to Pope at Twickenham. These two influences may be traced in most of Pope's remaining works. In 1726 *Gulliver's Travels* saw the light, and in 1727 were issued those joint volumes of *Miscellanies* which contained the *Treatise on the Bathos*, a prose satire, to be supplanted, in brief space, by the terrible *Dunciad*. In this latter Pope entered upon a campaign against the smaller fry of the pen with a vigor, a deadly earnestness, and a determination to wound, unparalleled in the history of letters. One of the most gifted of his critics, the late Rector of Lincoln College, speaks of the *Dunciad* roundly as "an amalgam of dirt, ribaldry, and petty spite," and M. Taine has brought against it the more fatal charge of tediousness. But even if one admits the indiscriminate nature of that onslaught which confuses Bentley with such creatures of a day as Ralph and Oldmixon, it is impossible not to admire the surpassing skill of the measure; and it is probable that, in spite of the "higher criticism," the *Dunciad*, swarming as it does with contemporary allusions, will continue to hold its own with the antiquary and the literary historian. But it has ceased to be regarded as one of the desirable masterpieces of its class.

If Swift, who encouraged Pope in his war against Dulness, must be held to be indirectly responsible for the attack upon its strongholds, it was Bolingbroke who

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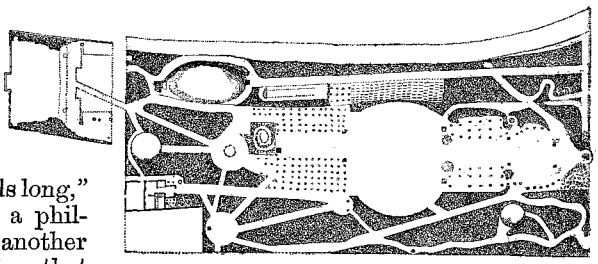
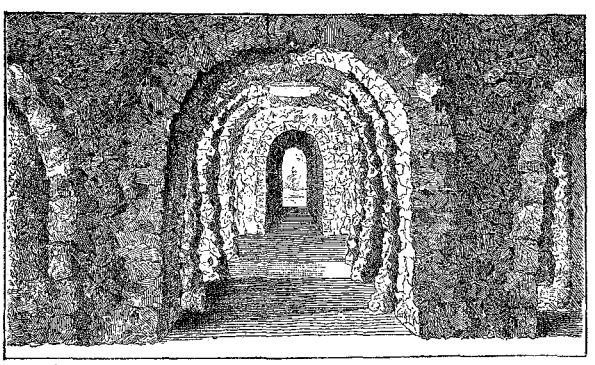
suggested the once popular epistles which Pope dedicated to him under the title of the *Essay on Man*, a work which has this in common with the earlier *Essay on Criticism*, that it is a versification of a given theme. But Pope understood the precepts of Rapin and Bossu better than the precepts of Leibnitz and St. John, and the *Essay on Man*, bristling as it does with axiomatic felicities and "jewels five words long," has long been discredited as a philosophical treatise. It is to another hint from the sage of Dawley that we owe its author's most individual work. A chance remark of Bolingbroke set him upon the imitations of Horace that grew into the *Satires and Epistles*. In these and the cognate *Moral Essays*, which belong to his ripest period of production, Pope's unmatched mastery over heroics, perfected by the long probation of his Homeric translations, and his equally unrivalled powers of satire, freed and emboldened by the brutalities of the *Dunciad*, found their fitting field. Aimed at the old eternal vices and frailties of humanity, they assail them with a pungency, a force, a wit, and a directness which, in English verse, have no parallel. Indeed it may be doubted whether the portraits of Bufo and Sporus, of Atossa and Atticus, have been excelled in any language whatsoever.



Plan of Pope's Garden, from John Searle's drawing, published in 1745.



View of Pope's Grotto, from Searle.

The first of the Dialogues known as the *Epilogue to the Satires* was published in 1738 on the same morning as Johnson's *London*, thus (in Boswell's view) providing England simultaneously with its Horace and its Juvenal. The second part followed in the same year. Besides these there is little material to be added to the record of Pope's work but the revised *Dunciad*, in which, to gratify an increased antipathy, he displaced its old hero Theobald in favor of Colley Cibber, who, whatever his faults, was certainly not a typical dunce. Toward the close of his life those infirmities at which Wycherley had hinted in his youth grew upon him, and he became almost entirely dependent upon nurses. He had not, to use De Quincey's words, drawn that supreme prize in life, "a fine intellect with a healthy stomach," and his whole story testifies to that fact. As years went on his little figure, in its rusty black, was seen more rarely in the Twickenham lanes, and if he took the air upon the river, it was in a sedan-chair that was lifted into a boat. When he visited his friends his sleeplessness and his multiplied needs tired out the servants; while in the day-time he would nod in company even though the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry. He was a martyr to sick headaches, and in the intervals of relief from them would be tormented by all sorts of morbid cravings for the very dietary which must inevitably secure their recurrence. This continued strife of the brain with the ignobler organs goes far to explain, if it may not excuse, much of the less admirable side of his character. His irritability, his artifice, his meannesses even, are more intelligible in the case of a

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man habitually racked with pain, and morbidly conscious of his physical shortcomings than they would be in the case of those "whom God has made full-limbed and tall," and, in the noble teaching of Arthur's court, his infirmities should entitle him to a larger charity of judgment.

Nothing in his life is more touching than the account of his last days, when he lay wasted with an intolerable asthma, waiting serenely for the end, but full of kindness and tender thoughtfulness for the friends who came and went about his bed. Bolingbroke was often there from Battersea, stirred to philosophic utterances and unphilosophic tears, and grave Lyttleton, and kind Lord Marchmont, and faithful Joseph Spence. Martha Blount, too, was not absent, and "it was very observable," said the spectators, how the sick man's strength and spirits seemed to revive at the approach of his favorite. "Here I am dying of a hundred good symptoms," he said to one of his visitors. What humiliated him most was his inability to think. "One of the things that I have always most wondered at (he told Spence) is that there should be any such thing as human vanity. If I had any, I had enough to mortify it a few days ago, for I lost my mind for a whole day." A little later Spence is telling Bolingbroke how, "on every catching and recovering of his mind," Pope is "always saying something kind either of his present or absent friends," and that it seems "as if his humanity had outlived his understanding." But the vital spark still continued to flicker in its socket, and only a day or two before his death he sat for three whole hours in his sedan-chair, in the garden he loved so well, then filled with the blossoms of May and smelling of the summer he was not to see. On the 29th he took an airing in Bushy Park and a little later received the sacrament. On the evening of the following day he passed away so softly and painlessly that those who stood by knew not "the exact time of his departure." He had lived fifty-six years and nine days, and he was buried near to the monument of his father and mother in the chancel of Twickenham Church. Seventeen years afterwards Bishop Warburton erected a tablet to him in the same building with an epitaph as idle as that which disgraces the tomb of Gay in Westminster Abbey. It is possible that Pope may at some time have written it, but the terms of his will prove conclusively that he never meant it to be used.

What is Pope's position as a poet? Time, that great practitioner of the exhaustive process, "sifting alway, sifting ever," even to the point of annihilation, has well-nigh answered the question. No one now, except the literary historian or the student of versification, is ever likely to consult the *Pastorals* or *Windsor Forest*. Men will in all probability continue to quote "Hope springs eternal in the human breast" and "A little learning is a dangerous thing," without the least suspicion that the one comes from the seldom-read *Essay on Criticism* and the other from the equally seldom-read *Essay on Man*. Here and there a professor (like the late Professor Conington) will praise the "unhasting unresting flow" of the translations from Homer, but the next generation will read its *Iliad* in the Greek, or in some future successor to Mr. William Morris or Mr. Way. Few will now re-echo the praises which the critics of fifty years ago gave to the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady* and *Eloisa to Abelard*, and none but the habitual pilgrims of the by-ways of literature will devote any serious attention to the different versions of the *Dunciad*. But there is no reason why the *Rape of the Lock* should not find as many admirers a hundred years hence as it does to-day, or why—so long as men remember the poems of the friend of Mæcenas—the *Satires and Epistles* should fail of an audience. In these Pope's verse is as perfect as it is anywhere, and his subject is borrowed, not from his commonplace book, but from his own experiences. He wants the careless ease, the variety, the unemphatic grace of Horace, it is true. But he has many of the qualities of his master, and it is probable that only when men weary of hearing how Horace strolled down the Sacred Way and met an intolerable Bore—only then, or perhaps a little earlier, will they cease to hearken how Alexander Pope bade John Searle bar the door at Twickenham against the inroads of Bedlam and Parnassus.

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A DIALOGUE

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. POPE.

POET. FRIEND.

P. I ſing of POPE—
FR. What, POPE, the *Twitnam* Bard,
Whom *Dennis, Cibber, Tibbald* puſh'd ſo hard!
POPE of the *Dunciad!* POPE who dar'd to woo,
And then to libel, *Wortley Montagu!*
POPE of the *Ham Walks* ſtory—
P. Scandals all!
Scandals that now I care not to recall.
Surely a little, in two hundred Years,
One may neglect Contemporary Sneers;
Surely Allowance for the Man may make
That had all *Grub-ſtreet* yelping in his Wake!
And who (I aſk you) has been never Mean,
When urg'd by Envy, Anger or the Spleen?
No: I prefer to look on POPE as one
Not rightly happy till his Life was done;
Whoſe whole Career, romance it as you pleaſe,
Was (what he call'd it) but a "long Diſeaſe:" *
Think of his Lot,—his Pilgrimage of Pain,
His "crazy Carcaſs" † and his eager Brain;
Think of his Night-Hours with their Feet of Lead,
His ſleepleſs Vigil and his aching Head;
Think of all this, and marvel then to find
The "crooked Body with a crooked Mind!" ‡
Nay rather, marvel that, in Fate's Deſpite,
You find ſo much to ſolace and delight,—
So much of Courage and of Purpoſe high
In that unequal Struggle *not* to die.
I grant you freely that POPE play'd his Part
Sometimes ignobly—but he lov'd his Art;

* See the Epiſtle from Mr. *Pope* to Dr. *Arbuthnot*.
† "Your little, tender, and crazy Carcaſs."—*Wycherley*.
‡ *Mens curva in Corpore curvo.*—*Orrery*.

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I grant you freely that he ſought his End
Not always wiſely—but he lov'd his Friend;
And who of Friends a nobler Roll could ſhow—
Swift, St. John, Bathurſt, Marchmont, Peterb'ro', Arbuthnot—
FR. ATTICUS?
P. Well (*entre nous*),
Moſt that he ſaid of *Addiſon* was *true*.
And Truth, you know—
FR. Is often not polite
(So *Hamlet* thought)—
P. Then *Hamlet* (Sir) was right.
But leave POPE's Life. To-day, methinks, we touch
The Work too little and the Man too much.
Take up the *Lock*, the *Satires*, *Eloiſe*,
What Art ſupreme, what Elegance, what Eaſe!
How keen the Irony, the Wit how bright,
The Style how rapid and the Verſe how light!
Then read once more, and you ſhall wonder yet
At Skill, at Turn, at Point, at Epithet.
"True Wit is Nature to Advantage dreſs'd"—*
Was ever Thought ſo pithily expreſs'd?
"And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line"—*
Ah, what a Homily on Yours—and Mine!
Or take—to chooſe at Random—take but This—
"Ten cenſure wrong for one that writes amiſs."*
FR. Pack'd and preciſe, no Doubt. Yet ſurely thoſe
Are but the Qualities we aſk of Proſe.
Was he a POET?
P. Yes: if that be what
Byron was certainly and *Bowles* was not;
Or ſay you grant him (to come nearer Date)
What *Dryden* had that was denied to *Tate*—
FR. Which means, you claim for him the Spark divine,
Yet ſcarce would place him on the higheſt Line—
P. True, there are Claſſes. POPE was moſt of all
Akin to *Horace, Perſius, Juvenal;*
POPE was, like them, the Cenſor of his Age,
An Age more ſuited to Repoſe than Rage;
When Rhyming turn'd from Freedom to the Schools,
And ſhock'd with Licence, ſhudder'd into Rules;
When *Phœbus* touch'd the Poet's trembling Ear
With one ſupreme Commandment, *Be thou Clear;*
When Thought meant leſs to reaſon than compile,
And the *Muſe* labour'd—chiefly with the File.

* See the *Eſſay upon Criticiſm.*

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Beneath full Wigs no Lyric drew its Breath
As in the Days of great ELIZABETH;
And to the Bards of ANNA was denied
The Note that *Wordſworth* heard on *Duddon*-ſide.
But POPE took up his Parable, and knit
The Woof of Wiſdom with the Warp of Wit;
He trimm'd the Meaſure on its equal Feet,
And smooth'd and fitted till the Line was neat;
He taught the Pauſe with due Effect to fall;
He taught the Epigram to come at Call;
He wrote—

FR. His *Iliad!*

P. Well, suppoſe you own
You like your *Iliad* in the Proſe of *Bohn*
(Tho' if you'd learn in Proſe how *Homer* ſang
'Twere beſt to learn of *B—tch—r* and of *L—ng*),
—Suppoſe you ſay your Worſt of POPE, declare
His Jewels Paſte, his Nature a Parterre,
His Art but Artifice—I aſk once more
Where have you ſeen ſuch Artifice before?
Where have you ſeen a Parterre better grac'd,
Or Gems that glitter like his Gems of Paſte?
Where can you ſhow, among your Names of Note,
So much to copy and ſo much to quote?
And where, in Fine, in all our Engliſh Verſe,
A Style more trenchant and a Phraſe more terſe?

So I, that love the old *Auguſtan* Time
Of formal Courteſies and formal Rhyme,
That like along the finiſh'd Line to feel
The Ruffle's Flutter and the Flaſh of Steel;
That like my Couplet as Compact as Clear;
That like my Satire ſparkling tho' ſevere,
Unmix'd with Bathos and unmarr'd by Trope,
I fling my Cap for Poliſh—and for POPE!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

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A CHILD OF LIGHT.

By Margaret Crosby.

I.

WE stood on the beach, in the dim evening light, our eyes fixed on a sail-boat anchored about twenty yards from where we stood. Max held her muslin dress away from the wet, shining sand and, raising her clear voice, called, "Mr. Duncan!" There was silence for an instant. Pauline paced the beach restlessly.

"I do not believe he is there, Max," she said, "and if you have decoyed me here for nothing it will go hard with you. I am inured to disappointments, but I am not prepared for them here. I expect no sensations of any sort."

I perceived, from Pauline's tone, that the change from the excitement of the city to a lonely settlement on the coast of Massachusetts had not wrought the benefit she had assured me it would; she was still bored.

"He *is* there," asserted Max. "I saw his head over the top of the cabin just now. Mr. Duncan!" she called, still louder.

"All right, Max, I'll be there in a minute," a friendly voice answered from the boat. The dim figure of a man emerged from the cabin, untied the rope of a tiny row-boat fastened to the stern, and, getting into it, pulled rapidly toward the shore.

A few powerful strokes brought him near enough to speak to us, and, resting his oars in the water, he said: "Well, Max, what do you want with me?"

It was still light enough to see that he was a gray-haired man, with keen eyes that looked at us with kindly scrutiny. A gray mustache shaded his mouth. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and it needed only a glance to see that he was a working-man—not a gentleman, in the ordinary acceptation of the term.

"These ladies," said Max, "are going to spend two weeks in the cottage next to ours, and I have brought them down to see you."

The man pulled off his small rough felt-hat with one hand, holding both oars with the other. "I'm glad to see you, ladies. Max won't be as lonely with you to go round with her.

"Come, Max," he continued, "you're wantin' something—I see it in your eyes." His manner was familiar, but I saw that this familiarity was quite unconscious. His voice was musical, but his accent and manner of speaking were that of any down-east fisherman or farmer.

"I *do* want something," said Max. "I want you to take Miss Trent and Miss Leslie sailing, and I am dying to go out in the Queen."

"Now let me see," he returned. "I've a lot of work on hand—boats to paint, and other things to do, but you know, Max, I never refused you anythin'. I can't say exactly when I'll take you, but come down to my shop to-morrow morning and we'll see about it." Then, pointing to the sky, "Did you ever see such a night, ladies? Do you come from the city?"

"Yes," I replied.

"I wonder whether you're a-goin' to be contented here with only nature to study. If you haven't studied her, you'll find her hard to understand at first. You've left splendor, I suppose, but it's splendid misery, after all; that's what I call life in a city, even under the best conditions. Artificial happiness, produced by artificial means. There ain't nothin' of that sort here—it's got to be *real*. There's Max, here," turning to the young girl; "you're happy, ain't you, Max?"

"Of course I am," said Max, laughing. "That's nature's own child, that Max." Then, his tone becoming more colloquial, "Well, good-night, I've got to go back to the Queen."

His little skiff dipped and courtesied over the ripples, and in a moment reached the sail-boat.

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"You did not exaggerate, Max," said Pauline, as we walked up the road to our cottage. "Your Mr. Duncan is a curious being. Is all this talk affectation?"

"Just what I was going to ask," I said.

Max looked puzzled and surprised.

"Affectation!" she cried. "Wait till you know Mr. Duncan."

"How still it is here!" exclaimed Pauline. "Rachel, how contented you and Max look. It is irritating to look at you."

"Max is just beginning life, and I have weathered some of my storms," I answered; "you are in the midst of yours, Pauline."

I might have added that her storms were of her own creating, or, rather, the creation of her temperament, but I loved her too well to lose patience with her. Besides, one must be as beautiful as she was to be as much indulged—and as much spoiled.

"I am tired of everything," she had said to me in the city a week before; "if I stay here I shall do something desperate. I have the prospect of a long Newport summer that is worse even than the city. Take me away with you, Rachel, to your out-of-the-way place you told me of; for a week—two weeks—forever!"

The suddenly expressed wish proved to be a strong desire. It was beginning to be uncomfortably warm in town—there was only her mother's consent to win, and a week later found us in a small furnished cottage in the straggling sea-coast village of Slowbridge, with two native servants to minister to our wants. Our only neighbors were little Max Brandon and her mother, old friends who had persuaded me to try Slowbridge for a few weeks.

Our house was a stone's throw from the water, on a grassy bank—a thickly wooded hill rising abruptly behind it. The shore made a deeply curved horse-shoe-shaped bend, forming a picturesque harbor. Our cottage was on one end of the horse-shoe and almost opposite, at the other end of the curve, rose a high, rocky hill that we called the mountain, but which the inhabitants of Slowbridge disrespectfully termed the Hump. We were three-quarters of a mile from the actual village, in the centre of the horse-shoe, which comprised a few white, green-shuttered houses, and the usual country "store." Near the store was a vine-covered house, with several large trees shading it. There was a walk, bordered with a box-hedge over which roses peeped, leading up to the door. Every day the mail was left there by a lumbering stage-coach which ignored the existence of a railroad station close by.

We had not been a day in Slowbridge when Pauline, standing on the piazza watching the boats sweeping over the blue expanse of water, issued the fiat that we must sail. Max Brandon was standing beside her, looking at her with the adoring admiration of seventeen for a beautiful woman six or seven years her senior. Mrs. Brandon was ill, and Max was doing the honors of the place.

"Mr. Duncan will take you out in the Queen," she said, "unless you can sail yourselves."

"Impossible," sighed Pauline; "but who is Mr. Duncan?"

Max answered with her usual vague enthusiasm. He was a saint, the best man in the world. She and her mother could not be happy in Slowbridge if it were not for him. Who was he? and what did he do? Oh! he built boats and made rigging and all that—he would have been very rich if he had patented his inventions, but he would not, because he thought it selfish. He worked for everyone in the place, and took no money for his work. Why not? We must wait until we knew him. He was—just—Mr. Duncan, and she loved him. They had known him since she was twelve, when they first began to spend their summers in Slowbridge. So, *of course*, he called her Max—she would not for worlds put into his head that he should do anything else.

With this we were forced to be content, but in the evening, while strolling down the beach, under Max's guidance, we had made the acquaintance of her hero.

The next day we called for Max, and, going down the road a short distance, found our way up some rickety steps to a little wooden house—one of several

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small houses belonging to some of the fishermen of the place. Next to it was a larger building, equally shabby, with a porch and green blinds. This, we were told, was where Mr. Duncan lived, and the little battered building we were approaching was his workshop. As we reached the door, we heard a voice call:

"Come in, Max; come in, ladies. I'm glad to see you."

We entered, and found ourselves in a square room, the floor and walls of unpainted pine, the beams of the roof crossing overhead. The windows were square openings, the sashes having been removed, allowing the sunlight to fill the room and the branches of the rose-bushes out-side to push their way through the open spaces. Looking out, one saw the harbor and the hill opposite, the rocks and trees as distinctly outlined as if they were but a few yards distant. Beyond was the sea, the sun-sparkles glancing on its ripples. The floor was littered with shavings, and on the walls hung the models of boats and rigging and sundry strange inventions, including a flying-machine. Newspaper cuttings and illustrations were tacked and pasted up wherever there was an available space. On a small shelf was a wooden clock and four or five books—one on mechanics, "Darwin's Descent of Man," "The Poetical Works of Pope," and a book on phrenology. They were all worn and thumbed.

Mr. Duncan, in his shirt-sleeves and a blue cotton working-apron, came forward from a long work-table to welcome us, and, dragging forward two chairs and a high stool, begged us to be seated. He went back to the table and planed the model of the boat he was making. By daylight he seemed about forty-five years old. I thought I had never seen a face more intensely alive than his. His stiff, upright, iron-gray locks, his irregular eyebrows, and keen, deep-set, hazel eyes and resolute mouth and chin, gave an impression of strength and vitality. He seemed to be pleased that we had come, and thanked us, as he expressed it, "For the happy influence we throwed over him."

"I'm always thankful for livin'," he said, "and all the more on a day like this, when the sun shines and the birds sing, and when you girls that I feel in sympathy with have come down here to see me."

At the first glance Pauline's beauty arrested him; from time to time he regarded her attentively. Something in the expression of her melancholy eyes seemed to strike him, for he turned suddenly to her, saying abruptly: "I had eyes like yours once—now they're all faded out like my hair and the rest of me. You don't make music of your life like her," pointing to Max, who sat on the stool in the centre of the room with a look of serene content irradiating her face.

Pauline was surprised and amused at this sudden attack, but she answered, seriously, "No, when I try to make music nothing sounds but discord."

"*I* know," he answered. "You're one of the kind that's always beatin' against the bars and strivin' for what they can't reach. You ought to be happy, but you ain't. Why can't you learn, my child, that 'whatever is, is right?' *My* God, that is, *Nature*, has made this world and all the things in it out of the best material she could find, and we're bound to be content, not only with circumstances but with ourselves. Don't fight with yourself or your circumstances; you've got the whole force of nature to crush you if you do. Adapt yourself to life. If you can't have what you want, be content without it. There's other things to do in the world besides gratifying these graspin' minds and selfish bodies of ours."

Incongruous as these words seemed, coming from a country boat-builder, it was impossible not to be impressed by the man's sincerity.

Pauline answered, with naïve frankness: "That is all very well for you, Mr. Duncan. It is easy to see that you have a contented nature, that life is bright to you. But do you never say, 'There is something that I long for, that by rights I should have, and haven't?' Do you never feel that you could have been better if your life and surroundings had been different? Do you never feel—" she hesitated a little—"the injustice of life?"

I was startled at the effect of her words. The blood flamed to the man's

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face; the veins stood out on his forehead with what seemed almost physical pain. He stretched out one hand, clinched so tightly that it trembled. "Longings!" he said. "Of course I have 'em, and they make my life a *hell* when I let 'em get the upper hand; but do you think I let *that* happen? No. I say to myself, 'There is so much misery in this world, right here, 'round me, that it would take a thousand lifetimes to set the smallest part of it right, but every day's long enough to make some one person happier and better, and if I don't do that I'm not fit to live'"—here his voice sank almost to a whisper—"and you'll find happiness comes with *that*, my lady—understand?"

He had come across the room as he spoke, his plane still in his hand, and as he ended he stood before Pauline, and a bright smile broke over his face. One of Pauline's charms was the responsive, emotional side of her nature. As Mr. Duncan smiled, her eyes filled with sudden tears, and an answering smile, like that of a child, parted her lips. I looked for some consciousness of the depths that had been stirred in Mr. Duncan's manner as he went back to his bench, but I saw that his mood was habitual, for he began to speak of other things in almost the same breath. The next instant the door-way was darkened by the forms of two men who, as they saw us, hesitated, as if unwilling to enter. They carried fishing-poles in their hands and a large basket of fish.

"So you're back again," said Mr. Duncan, looking toward them; "pretty good luck, too," he added, glancing at the basket of fish. The elder of the two men rubbed his sun-burned face with the sleeve of his coat.

"Yes," he answered, "we're much obliged for the boat. What's the damage? We've been out about four hours, wa'nt it, Jim?" turning to his companion. He was a young fellow with a broad, good-tempered face and a shock of light hair. He kept his eyes fixed on the ground, but stole an occasional surreptitious glance at Pauline. He nodded:

"Shouldn't wonder if 'twas jest about that."

Mr. Duncan turned back to his work-bench.

"Oh! I guess there ain't nothin' to pay," he said, indifferently. "You didn't hurt the boat jest floatin' round in her. We'll see about that next time you're in Slowbridge. I don't like to have my boats paid for," he added to us; "you see they're my playthings in a way, and I don't want to take money for 'em."

The men spoke in low tones together for a minute; then the spokesman said, "Well, we're much obliged, and if you'll just take a couple of these here fish, we'll be very glad."

"Just leave 'em on the step there, and be sure and stop in whenever you're in Slowbridge," answered Mr. Duncan.

"You can calkerlate on that," said he of the red face. The other man contented himself with a grin, that included us all, and walking down the path they disappeared.

Max jumped off her stool. "Mr. Duncan," she cried, "you haven't said when you'll take us sailing yet. You're a fraud. It has got to be soon, for I am going away in three weeks."

She put her head on one side as she spoke, looking at him with distracting coquetry.

"Ah!" he said, "when Max calls me a fraud, I can't resist her. I'll take you—let's see, to-day's Wednesday, I've got some painting to do on the Queen—I'll take you Monday. So you're goin' away in three weeks, are you, Max? What am I goin' to do without you? When Max goes, my sun sets—still I ain't afraid. Neither time nor space can separate us. There's an understanding between me and Max that will be the same all through this life, even if we was never to see each other again. It'll last this life out and into the next; she gives me sunshine and I do what I can for her. She used to think we was a long way apart, but one day last year we sat on the wall down there," pointing out of the window, "and the dear child's heart gushed out in words that were so beautiful that I couldn't give you any idea of 'em, and we found that we wasn't so far apart, after all. Nature, that's all the God *I* have, and *her* God—that don't seem to me to be like the God I used to hear preached about when I was a boy—teaches us the same thing, even though

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we believe different. That's so, ain't it, Max?"

Max looked at him affectionately.

"You must not say that—you really believe just as I do. It is only that you have some foolish ideas,—but they don't make you *do* anything foolish," she added, hastily, as if fearing to give us a false impression; then, looking at the clock, she exclaimed, "Oh! Pauline, Miss Rachel, it is dinner-time, and I must go—you can stay here if you want."

We said we would go with her.

Mr. Duncan came to the steps with us; at the top, resting one hand on her hip and the other on the rail, stood a tall, raw-boned woman, dressed in the inevitable dark calico-gown of New England. She had a coarse, savagely ill-tempered face; her red hair was drawn tightly away from her forehead and twisted in a knot at the back of her head; she stared immovably at us. Max bowed to her, and hurried down the steps.

"I'd like to introduce you to my wife," said Mr. Duncan. "Ellen, these two ladies have come to stay in the house next to Mrs. Brandon's." The woman made no reply, but continued to stare at us. Her silence was so confusing, and something in her expression so repulsive, that after some meaningless words of greeting I went down the steps, followed by Pauline. Max was waiting for us at the foot, and together we walked down the road.

"What a terrible-looking woman," cried Pauline. "Oh! Max, it can't be that she is that man's wife?"

Max nodded her head gravely. We soon drew from her all that she knew about Mr. Duncan's life. He had come to Slowbridge from Maine many years before with his wife. It was currently reported in the neighborhood that her ignorance and violence would have led her to almost any crime, had it not been that her husband's influence held her in check; he treated her, as he did everyone else, with chivalrous unselfishness. "Any other woman," concluded Max, "would have been changed and softened by him long ago, but his life with her is like the life of a man who guards a fierce blood-hound by his voice and eye, and is never allowed to chain him."

We parted with Max at her gate, going on to our own cottage, our thoughts keeping us silent. When we reached the cool, shady parlor, Pauline sank into the depths of a large arm-chair, her draperies falling about her; her cheeks glowed, and she pushed back the hair that clustered in dusky rings on her forehead.

"Rachel," she said, abruptly, "you do not know how insignificant I seem in my own eyes—I shall not dare to complain of anything after this morning."

The next few days were spent in discovering the beauties of Slowbridge; we drove about in a small pony-phaëton, our drives taking us through a rocky, hilly country, wild and picturesque—sometimes through miles of shrub-oak, the narrow road lined on either side with pink-and-white laurel.

Mrs. Brandon was better after the first week, and I was much with her, leaving Pauline to Max's guardianship. I found that Mr. Duncan did all the small repairing and tinkering of the house, and Max was constantly making excuses to run down to his workshop with broken umbrellas, work-boxes, jewellery—anything that needed mending. He steadfastly refused all pay for his work, and Mrs. Brandon demurred against taking so much of his time, but it seemed to be his wish and to please him, and thus it had grown into a habit. Pauline usually went with Max, and came back each time impressed with his original character. She described how one day, on going to his shop, they found him shaving. They hesitated at the door, but he begged them to come in, saying that they would not disturb him—he could shave quite as well if they were there! Then, standing with his shaving-brush in one hand and his razor in the other, he continued to shave, talking of everything in heaven and earth, utterly unconscious of any incongruity.

Once, when he was trying to expound one of his curious theories, he said: "I can't explain what I mean to you now; it's clear in my mind—but I can't say it, I haven't studied it as you have—but I'd like to meet you at sunrise, on the top of a high mountain, when all disturbing influences was far away—then

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my intellect could meet yours—there'd be sparks, but there'd be tears too."

"I cannot fathom the mystery of this man's life," Pauline said to me one day. "He has naturally a fine mind, but, instead of cultivating it, he has wasted his life in this obscure place. The people here say he could have been very rich if he had cared to make money, but he seems to have no ambition, except to be kind. I wonder why he married that woman."

Monday came, and in the early part of the afternoon we started for our sail with Mr. Duncan. Just before we left the house Stephen Gair arrived. He had followed Pauline, as I was sure he would. We had not expected him, and when he appeared in our little parlor Pauline greeted him with fine coolness. I was glad to see him, and showed that I was. It was impossible to help liking and respecting him. He was fair and large, with short, crisply curling, light-brown hair, and a mustache of a lighter shade, pale-brown skin, and slightly satirical gray eyes. By the way these eyes rested upon Pauline, I saw that this time it was to be all or nothing with him. "Why should she not care for him?" I asked myself a dozen times that day.

I invited him to join us on our sail, and with Max we went down to the beach, where Mr. Duncan waited in the same tiny boat in which we had first seen him. "Baby" was painted in gold letters on the stern.

"Why did you name her Baby?" asked Pauline.

"Because the little darlin's all the baby I have," he answered.

One at a time, he rowed us out to the Queen, which shone with new paint. She was a miracle of neatness and luxury, from the snowy sail and brass-bound steering wheel, to the small cabin, with its long seats on either side, cushioned with dark-red leather and lighted by square port-holes, each with a red curtain on a brass rod.

Mr. Duncan's workshop was for himself, and was bare and uncomfortable; his sail-boat was for others, and it was characteristic of the man to make it as attractive as possible. We had a stiff breeze for our start, and the invigorating air and crisp, musical rush and swirl of the water against the sides of the boat cleared and refreshed our minds and loosened our tongues. We all talked and laughed like children. Mr. Duncan interested Gair, and Gair pleased Mr. Duncan. Pauline became whimsically merry—she pulled off her hat and gloves, and sat in the sun that she might be burned; the wind blew the little curls first over, then away from, her low forehead. Once or twice Gair tried to draw her into a tête-à-tête, lowering his voice a little, but she did not choose to notice his wish. As the afternoon waned, the wind sank almost to a calm, and with its cessation our merry talk died into silence. Our spirits, bathed in that atmosphere of "golden afternoon," forgot past and future, and dreamed only in that peaceful moment. Pauline, saying she was tired, threw herself on the cushions of the cabin, her pale, dark-eyed beauty shining like a star against their deep red wine-tints.

I sat on the low ledge formed by the roof of the cabin, and Gair left the lower part of the boat and, coming up by me, lay at full length beside me with the ease and grace that strength and perfect proportion give to a man. Through the open skylight we saw Pauline on her cushions, Max curled up on the floor carelessly turning over the leaves of the volume of Tennyson Pauline had brought with her, and Mr. Duncan by the idle wheel. Gair watched Pauline under his hat-brim, making the while a pretence of talking to me. We talked idly, drifting from one thing to another, and finally touched on death.

"It's somethin' I can't understand," said Mr. Duncan, reflectively, "that, born as we are to die, with death always around us, we should think of it as somethin' that we have heard of, that exists, but ain't ever comin' to us. This mornin' I was up on the Hump at sunrise, and I saw a leaf fall off the top branch of one of those trees—it dingle-dangled down, touchin' first this leaf, then that, as it fell, sayin', 'Good-by, brother, good-by, sister, I'm goin', I'm goin';' then it touched the ground, and returned to the earth from whence it came, but the other leaves heeded it not. It was my mornin' lesson."

"Do you care for poetry?" asked Pauline.

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"I haven't time for readin'," he answered, "but my mother used to read Pope, and I've read some of that."

Pauline raised herself from her cushions, the light of a sudden purpose dawning in her eyes.

"Give me the Tennyson," she said to Max. She turned the pages dubiously for an instant; then, stopping at "Tithonus," she handed the book to Max, saying, "Read that; it is just the day for poetry."

Max obeyed her slightest whim, and, settling herself more easily, began to read. One of the results of her perfect physical organism was a rich, full voice—she read without any attempt at dramatic power, but slowly and intelligently. The myth is familiar. "Aurora forgot to ask for youth for her lover, and though Tithonus is immortal, he is old."

The grand lines swept on majestically, with the undertone of the ripples, as they broke against the boat.

"*The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,*
The vapors weep their burden to the ground,
Man comes and tills the fields and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only, cruel immortality
Consumes." . . . . . .

From the first word Mr. Duncan listened almost breathlessly, his face changing and glowing at the pictures the lines unfolded. At the words—

"*Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man,*"

he suddenly covered his eyes with his hand, and the blood slowly mounted to his forehead, flushing the skin under his gray hair. Pauline watched him intently—I felt that the experiment was almost cruel. Why open a vista of unimagined beauty and art to him, only to mark the contrast with his narrow life?

As Max ended he moved his hand from his eyes; they were full of tears.

"Beautiful," he said, with a long inspiration of his breath; "that's poetry that I never even dreamed of, but it made me think of myself, withered as I am, forcin' myself in on you young people."

"You don't force yourself, you have your own place," Max interpolated, impulsively.

He scarcely noticed her, but went on, with passionate bitterness:

"Why am I old? what makes me old? Just because my atoms are wearing out, when my heart and mind are just as young as they ever was, must they in time fade and lose color as my eyes and hair have?"

All his past youth was stirred within him. Pauline was inexorable: "Read 'Locksley Hall,' Max." Familiar as the poem was, it seemed to me that I had never felt its beauty before. Max's young, fresh voice made the sad words sadder yet.

"*O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!*
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!"

All through the last verses, Mr. Duncan became more engrossed.

"That's grand," he murmured, when there was silence again. "All that first part is beautiful—but it's only the moanin' of a love-sick boy, after all. I've been through all of that. The end's where he finds *himself*, and is a man again—perhaps if he 'ed married that girl he was so fond of he wouldn't a' been so happy as he thought he would. There's some natures can love their ideal better than they ever could anythin' real. Love is a strange thing," he continued, meditatively, looking from Max to Pauline, as if contrasting them; "Max'll love some lucky fellow some day, and make him happy—she'd be willin' to be a helpmeet—You're different," turning to Pauline, "you're different—you've had many impressions, but you've never loved yet. You give a great deal of heaven to others, but you don't get much yourself in return."

"You are right," said Pauline, in a low voice; "what you have said about me is true."

At this moment Gair, who had not ceased to look at Pauline, made an abrupt movement, pushing his hat farther over his eyes.

Max had relapsed into a brown study; then her childish voice broke the silence:

"Mr. Duncan, why did you marry Mrs. Duncan?"

This question came like a flash of lightning in its suddenness. Pauline and Max looked intently at him.

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"Well," he said, slowly, "I don't know as I mind tellin' you."

I think he had forgotten the presence of Gair and myself, and was only conscious of the two earnest faces near him.

"When I was a little fellow," he continued, with many breaks and hesitations, twisting one of the brass knobs of the steering-wheel round and round in his hand as he spoke, "my father died, and me and my mother was left alone. We was very poor, and I used to work at anythin' I could find; and I managed to keep our heads above water. We lived in a village on the coast of Maine, near Portland. I worked at boat-building from the time I was ten years old. When I was eighteen, one of the men I worked with died from too hard drinkin' and livin', and as his wife had died before, the same way, and there weren't no one to take care of her, I took his girl home to my mother. She was an unfortunate child, for she had a wild, unreasoning temper; but it weren't altogether her fault, for she was born with the curse of her father's and mother's lives upon her. When she was fifteen or sixteen she got a place in a factory near our village, and after that she got into bad company and things went on from bad to worse. She was always in trouble. No one would stand by her but me; I'd undertook to look after her—Nature hadn't been as generous to her as to some, and I was sorry for her. 'Tweren't long before she was turned out of the factory for quarrellin' with some of the operatives. Then things got so I didn't seem to have no influence over her, and at last she went off with some circus folks which were in the place. For three years after that I couldn't find out nothin' about her, and in those three years, what with boat-buildin' and other things, I got on pretty well—better than I ever hoped for. Then my mother died, and then——"

He stopped abruptly here, and passed his hand across his eyes, his face twitching with emotion—then he went on:

"I guess there ain't any of us doesn't have one time in their lives when they're happy, or think they're goin' to be—no common happiness, but somethin' more. I went through all my love and passion then, and—well—nothin' came of it. I was goin' to be married. I ain't goin' to talk about *her*. I thought the understandin' between us was one of those that was goin' to last all the way through space. One afternoon, not long before I was goin' to be married, I went home after work, and went up to my room. It was dusk, but it was light enough for me to see that there was a woman standin' just inside the door. It was Ellen come back to me. There ain't no use tellin' you all about it. 'Twould do no good. She looked wild and hunted. There was a danger hangin' over her that the shadow of ain't gone yet. I kept her with me. She weren't changed from what she had been, but she hadn't no one to come to, so she'd come to me. Though she was wild and fierce, I wasn't afraid of her doin' nothin' so long as I was with her. It seemed sometimes as if I throwed an influence over her that made her more gentle. The end of it was that I had to give up bein' married, or turn Ellen off. What did those verses say? 'My Amy, shallow-hearted.' Perhaps she was—but—I can't blame her, neither." His eyes rested on Pauline's face. "If she'd had a nature like yours and loved me, she couldn't a-given me up—but she hadn't. I couldn't leave Ellen to herself, and that burden was too heavy for *her* shoulders, so she gave me up. I'll make no odds about the way I felt to Ellen. There weren't no sympathy between us, but she was alone, and I was the only person in the world to stand between her and mortal danger."

The rays of the setting sun shone on his face as he went on, the last words seemingly drawn from him by Pauline's magnetic eyes.

"I had to take her away. 'Tweren't safe to keep her where she was known. Before we went away we was married. It was the only thing I could do. I won't say I've been what folks call *happy*, or that I'm that now. I don't mind makin' sacrifices to make her happy, but it's been hard to live a lie, to be a different man from what I might have been. If I'd got educated more and got up in the world, I couldn't have taken her along with me. It wouldn't have worked. I'd have had to leave her to sink, so I didn't do it. But I don't complain.

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Life and Nature has throwed me and her together. *'Whatever is, is right,'* as Pope says. If I don't do everything in my power to make her better and happier, even to the sacrifice of my life, I'm not worth anythin'. What does it matter if I don't have what I want now? There's always plenty to do in this world, and there's the whole of immortality for me to live a different life in, if I need it. Some has their development begun in this life, others must wait till the next."

His face had been troubled, but as he ceased to speak he smiled. The last glow of the sun was on his face, but there was a brighter radiance than that, for we saw that the soul of the man smiled also.

I heard Gair mutter, under his breath, "Upon my word, the man is a hero!" Then a hush came over us. The twilight fell rapidly—we neared our wharf. Mr. Duncan was on his feet, an oar in his hands, keeping the bow of the boat off the stones. Almost silently we landed.

Mr. Duncan shook hands with Pauline as she left the boat, saying, as he held out his rough hand, "My hand may soil yours, but my spirit won't." As Pauline took his hand their eyes met in a look of deep comprehension which swept away all accidents of age, education, and circumstance, and made their souls equal.

Max went home, but Gair stayed to tea with us. Pauline was silent and abstracted, and he watched her anxiously. When tea was over they went out and walked up and down on the grass in the still June darkness until I was tired of waiting for them. The bells of the little church on the hill, ringing for some evening service, broke the murmuring of their voices and then died away into silence again. At last they came in. Pauline went to the open window and stood looking out on the harbor, a graceful shape against the shadowy darkness. Gair crossed the room to me, where I sat at the table with my work. He was very pale, and shaded his eyes with his hand, as if the light of the lamp dazzled him.

"I am off to-morrow, Miss Trent," he said, "and shall not see you again; so I will say good-by now. Thank you for all your kindness."

He held out his hand, and as it touched mine I felt that it was as cold as ice. He went to the window, where Pauline stood motionless.

"Good-by, Miss Leslie."

"Good-by, Mr. Gair."

Their fingers barely touched; I felt that this farewell was only a form, and that the real one had been said before. The next minute we heard his footsteps brushing the grass outside.

Pauline left the window with a sudden, impulsive movement, and went out on the little porch. "Mr. Gair!" I heard her say, breathlessly. He could not have heard her, for the next instant I heard his quick footsteps die away on the road.

She came in, and, running swiftly upstairs, I heard her door shut. I did not see her again that night. "She must care for him," I thought, "but why has she sent him away?"

II.

The next day Max went away. The night of her departure the wind rose, moaning and whistling around the house. I could not sleep, but lay awake through the long hours until the morning dawned. When I looked out of the window it was blowing a gale, the rain falling in torrents. The turmoil out of doors roused all that was venturesome in Pauline's spirit.

"We must go out," she said. "I love a storm like this!" I noticed that she was unusually pale. After breakfast, dressed in our roughest clothes, we went to the edge of the bank, clinging to each other as the wind almost swept us away by its furious blast. It roared so loudly in our ears that we could scarcely hear each other speak. Even sheltered as we were by the curve of the harbor, the waves broke high up on the beach, the spray dashing up and drenching us where we stood. Sky and water were a uniform tint of leaden-gray, the waves flecked with angry foam. None of the fishing-boats had gone out, that morning, but were safely anchored close inshore. Far away on the water beyond the harbor, near the rocks at the foot of the hill, was one tiny sail-boat, pitching wildly on the waves. Pauline went

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to the house for a field-glass. With its help we saw that there was only one man in it. There was a certain fascination in watching this solitary atom of humanity. Either he did not know how to manage his boat or his strength was not equal to the fury of the storm, for he seemed to make no headway against the wind.

"He is sailing dangerously near those rocks," said Pauline. "Why doesn't he go farther out?"

"He cannot," I said. "Do you see, the wind drives him back every time he tries to tack?"

A short distance down the beach we saw Davis and Miles, two of the Slowbridge fishermen, standing together. They seemed to be watching the same boat that had engrossed us. By a mutual impulse we went down the bank and joined them. As we came up Miles uttered a sudden exclamation:

"He'll be lost, sure as death. He'll never round the point in this gale, managing the boat the way he does. More fool, to go out on such a day!"

Davis looked uneasily at the boat.

"I'd go out myself, and bring him back with me," he said, "but there's not time enough. Five minutes'll settle it, now, and it would take me most that to get my boat ready. Old sailor as I am, I dunno as I'd get over there at all."

At this moment we heard Mr. Duncan's voice behind us.

"Look here, my men," he called, cheerily; "that fellow out there's in trouble. Bear a hand and help me get the Queen ready. I'm goin' out after him."

As I looked at him I saw that his face was filled with a curious look of happiness, as though he had some pleasure before him.

"'Taint no manner of use," said Davis. "There ain't time enough to help that feller now. A miracle would save him now and nothin' else. I guess the best thing we can do is to pray for him."

Mr. Duncan looked at him, a half-smile lighting his eyes.

"You can stand here if you like and pray all day, and I'm afraid he'd drown," he said, dryly. "I've progressed out of that sort of prayin'—*when I pray, I pray with both hands.* You needn't help me, neither," he resumed, in his usual kindly manner. "The Baby's there to go out to the Queen in, and two of us might swamp the cunnin' little darlin' in this sea. You oughtn't to be out on a day like this," he added, turning to us. "Delicate flowers like you is meant for sunny days; go home with quiet hearts and peaceful minds and I'll get that fellow back safe, if it's a possible thing."

I felt tempted to beg him not to risk his life on so faint a chance of giving any assistance, but the quiet determination in his face kept me silent.

His little boat lay on the beach near us. He pushed her into the water, jumped in, and rowed away; the tiny thing tossing like a shaving on the waves. He reached the Queen, got in, fastened the Baby to the stern, double-reefed the sail, and started, scudding like lightning before the wind. She plunged wildly, and took in water at every wave. I watched breathlessly. At last she neared the other boat, now perfectly unmanageable—the mast was broken, and every instant she was driven nearer the rocks.

"He won't get there," said Miles, "but it's just like him to go on the chance."

Pauline had the glass. Her face was pale with excitement.

"He has reached him!" she said, "and he has thrown him a rope"—she breathed a sigh of relief—"he has it now, and Mr. Duncan is dragging him into the boat! He is safe!"

A minute later we saw the now empty boat dash against the rocks and then disappear in a mass of foaming waves.

"Just in time!" said Davis; he continued, with an air of self-justification, "I must say, now, I didn't think there *was* time to get 'way out there."

Miles said nothing. Taking out a paper of tobacco and a clay pipe, he filled and lit it, and puffed away in silence, preserving an air of indifference. We watched silently as the Queen tacked and headed for the spot where we stood. On she came. I only saw one man's form, standing alone near the tiller. When they were near enough for Pauline to see who this figure was, she suddenly handed me the glass, her face paling and flushing with some deep emotion.

"It is Stephen Gair," she said.

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"Where is Mr. Duncan?" We waited as the boat neared the shore. Then we saw Mr. Duncan. He half sat, half lay, in the stern of the boat. His face was very white, his forehead bleeding from a deep gash. Gair helped Mr. Duncan, with some trouble, into the small boat and rowed to the beach. With help from Miles and Davis they landed and came toward us, their clothes dripping. Mr. Duncan was leaning on Gair's arm, walking with difficulty. As they neared us, Mr. Duncan freed himself from Gair's support. The young man left him and went straight to Pauline and held out his hand. She put hers in it, unhesitatingly, but her eyes fell before his and the same transcendent color rose again in her face. I could not help overhearing their words.

"I thought you had gone," she said, confusedly. He still held her hand.

"I thought a few minutes ago I did not care very much for life," he said, "but now——"

I turned to Mr. Duncan. He stood watching Gair and Pauline, unregardful of his bleeding forehead, with the same look of inarticulate pain in his eyes that one sees sometimes in the eyes of a wounded animal. Pauline left Gair and went toward him.

"Thank God! you have come back," she said. "You have hurt your forehead. Here is my handkerchief. You must stop the bleeding." She held out her handkerchief with the look of a pitying Madonna.

Mr. Duncan took it and looked at it reverentially. He held it in his hand without putting it to his forehead.

"The boom hit me the last time I tacked," he said. He looked at her earnestly. "I told you I'd bring him back safe. I didn't know who I was savin' till I got over there, but I'm just as glad 'twas him and no other. He didn't seem as happy about gettin' back here as he might, but I told him he was worth somethin' more than drownin' yet awhile, and I guess he's found it out. He'd better go home and get somethin' dry on, I reckon. I'm goin' up to my shop to tie my head up," he added, smiling. "Go back to the house, you and Miss Trent; 'tain't no day for you."

He turned away as he spoke, and took three unsteady steps; then he fell suddenly, before Gair could reach him.

Gair lifted his head on his knee.

"He was hurt more than I imagined," he said to us. "That boom gave him a pretty sharp blow. He has fainted."

But Mr. Duncan's eyes opened.

"No!" he said, "I'm all right. I was kinder dizzy for a minute—that's all. I'll go home now."

Gair helped him up the bank, with only a last word to Pauline. "I shall see you to-morrow," he said.

We saw them no more that day. Later we learned that Mr. Duncan was not severely hurt. . . .

The next morning was still and sunny. The shining harbor seemed to sleep under the clear, pale blue of the sky. I came down to my late breakfast hoping to find Pauline, but instead there was only a little twisted note on my plate.

"I have breakfasted and have gone for a walk; I shall be back before long."

My bewilderment at this new departure was dispelled by the maid, who told me that Miss Leslie had gone out walking—with the gentleman who had taken tea with us two nights before! While I waited, a telegram was brought to me. I opened it. Pauline's mother was ill and lonely, and wanted her to come home at once.

More than an hour passed, and at last Pauline came home with Gair. He left her at the gate, and when she came to me she had no need to tell me anything. The restlessness of her expression was gone, and in her eyes I read of a new world of deep trust and romance that had been opened to her. After a few words of congratulation, I told her of her mother's telegram.

"I must go home to-day, Rachel," she said.

She left with Gair by the noon-day train, in a maze of bewildered happiness.

"We will stop and say good-by to Mr. Duncan," she said, as we left the house.

Gair hurriedly looked at his watch. There was just time to catch the train.

"I must see him!" she said, impetuously.

"It's impossible!" declared Gair, "unless we wait until to-morrow. We can,

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if you wish." He laid his hand on hers and waited for her answer. She wavered for an instant.

"No, I ought to go," she said, "I am needed at home. I am not afraid that Mr. Duncan will think I have forgotten him; but tell him, Rachel, that I never shall."

Two or three days passed. Mrs. Brandon joined Max, and I was alone. Slowbridge had lost its charm for me, and I made preparations to go away. Before my departure I went down to Mr. Duncan's shop to say good-by to him. I found him surrounded by a troop of children. He was fitting a mast and sails to a tiny boat for them. His forehead was scarred from the blow he had received, and he seemed quieter than usual. He came out on the steps to speak to me.

"I can't get accustomed yet to having Max gone," he said. "When you're writing to her, just twist my love up in the curliest part of your letter, and send it to her."

When I told him that Pauline, too, had left Slowbridge, and gave him her message, he listened quietly, but a shadow that was on his face deepened.

"So she's gone! Well, she was a bright vision for me—too bright to last, perhaps. I'm sorry not to see her again. I'm sorry, too, that she won't have another sail in the Queen," he added, simply; "I put up a shelf for her poetry-book, for I didn't like to see a book like that lyin' round on the floor. She is a grand creature, and I'm thankful to Nature for creatin' such a being, and thankful that I could see her. That Gair's a good fellow, I guess. She'll find her fittin's with him, but she'll have a good many struggles always. Death does more for such as her than life does"—he paused—"That *dear* Miss Leslie," he went on, with an indescribable emphasis on the word dear; "so her real life has begun! Well, there's a way of livin' life out to the end, and gettin' the good and the happiness that there is in it, if we can only give up strivin' for everything for ourselves, and instead live for the gropin' humanity around us, helpin' it nearer the Light."

There was a depth of benevolence in his expression as he spoke that swept away the lines wrought by disappointment, and showed the true spirit of the man.

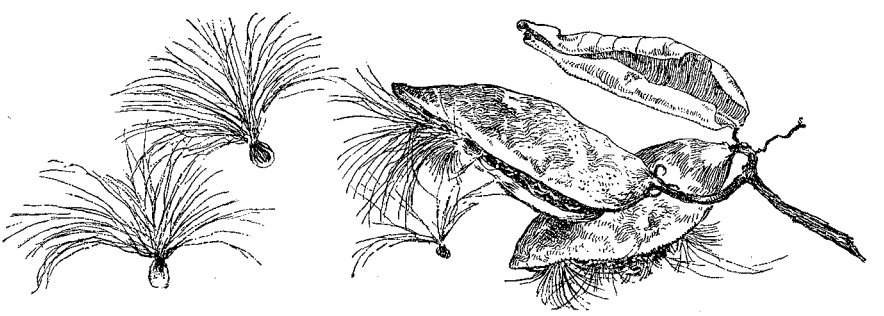
"What do you mean by the light?" I asked.

"I don't rightly know," he answered, slowly; "sometimes I think I'm learnin', but I guess I'm like Miss Leslie. Death is goin' to do more for me than Life."

"Shall I give Miss Leslie any message from you?" I said.

He gave me a strange look, half humorous, half sad, wholly controlled.

"No," he answered. "My heart's gone with her;" he paused for a moment, "and my common-sense too; but I am going to get *that* back."



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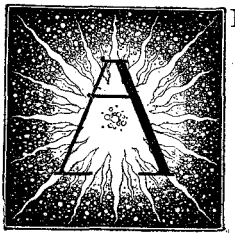
MODERN EXPLOSIVES.

By Charles E. Munroe.



MONG the more commonly occurring natural phenomena there are probably few with whose action man is more conversant than with that of ordinary combustion; and the fact that it is a source of both heat and light was early recognized and applied to his use and comfort; yet scarcely more than a century has elapsed since the origin and cause of this phenomenon was discovered, and it was found to be but a very simple case of chemical union. It is necessary to have only a combustible substance like the carbon in coal, or the carbon and hydrogen in vegetable matter and oils, and to mix it with oxygen, as it exists in the air, and to heat the bodies up to the temperature at which chemical union begins, to produce combustion; and once started the action will continue as long as the materials are supplied in the proper proportions, and the temperature of ignition is maintained. A marked result of this combustion is the production of invisible, highly heated gases, whose volume, when unconfined, is many times greater than that of the substances from which they are formed; but if confined, these gases exert pressure and do work upon the confining envelope.

It is well known that if the combustible is comminuted so that it presents a larger surface to the air, the speed of combustion is very much accelerated, and it may give rise to so rapid a production of gas that the confining walls are ruptured and the surrounding air is violently disturbed. Still, few would imagine, as they watch the coal quietly glow and consume away in the grate, that there are present all the materials necessary for producing an explosion; yet such is the case, and it has been found that the ignition of coal-dust laden air is a not infrequent source of disastrous explosions in coal mines.

What has occurred with coal may occur with any combustible solid which is finely pulverized and suspended in air, and in this manner the explosions of flour which destroyed several flour mills in Minneapolis in 1878 are accounted for. The explosions of sawdust in the Pullman car shops and at Geldowsky's furniture factory, the explosions of starch in a New York candy factory, of rice in rice mills, and of dust in breweries and spice mills, are among the many examples of the action of a similar cause; but perhaps the most unusual case of this class of explosions was that of finely powdered zinc, which occurred in 1854 at the Bethlehem zinc works.

Since there are many liquids which are combustible, and among them many which are readily volatilized and thus easily mixed with air, they are very often the cause of explosions. Among the more commonly used liquids of this nature are the illuminating oils, alcohols, ethers, turpentine, and the liquid hydrocarbons. The more readily volatile the liquids are and the lower their points of ignition, the more dangerous they become; therefore the lighter petroleum products, such as benzine and naphtha, are especially dangerous, and have been the cause of numerous explosions. The danger attending their use is pretty generally recognized, yet, owing to carelessness or to the occurrence of these substances in unexpected places, they are still the cause of many accidents. Two British men-of-war, the Doterel and the Triumph, have been blown up, owing to the presence on board of a dryer for paints of which benzine formed a part; and the serious explosion in Pawtucket, and the still more disastrous one in Rochester, arose from naphtha's having been permitted to escape into the sewers. The method of conveying volatile inflammable liquids through underground conduits, which has obtained in the lat-

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ter city, cannot be too strongly condemned.

Explosions of mixtures of illuminating gas, or of the gas from coal in mines, and air are of too frequent occurrence to require comment, other than that they illustrate still more markedly that explosion results when combustible matter and oxidizing agents are very intimately mixed and ignited. They illustrate also the effect of intimate mixing; for when these bodies are mixed in the best proportions, the speed with which the combustion is propagated becomes so great that the combustion of the whole mass occupies an almost inappreciable period of time. This feature is most marked in the case of the gaseous mixture which is produced when water is decomposed by the electric current. This mixture contains hydrogen, the most combustible and one of the most inflammable substances known, intimately mixed with oxygen in precisely the proportions necessary for the production of the most stable compound of the two. As a consequence the speed of combustion is so rapid that the mixture explodes with such extreme violence as to have received the name of detonating gas.

From these examples it becomes evident that combustion, once started, will go on if we maintain the temperature of the burning body at or above its point of ignition, and supply it with sufficient oxygen; and it appears as a natural consequence that, under these circumstances, combustion may be maintained out of contact with the air. Fortunately, there are a large number of substances, among them the nitrates and the chlorates, which contain considerable amounts of oxygen, and which give it up with comparative readiness when heated. To produce an explosive mixture it is only necessary to mix a combustible with one of these salts in such proportions as will produce the most complete combustion. It is in this way that gunpowder is prepared; and the standard powder consists of seventy-five parts of potassium nitrate, fifteen parts of charcoal, and ten parts of sulphur, the latter being added to reduce the point of ignition of the mixture. The somewhat complicated process of manufacture is followed for the purpose of mixing the materials most intimately together and then separating the mass into fragments or grains of such size and form as experience has shown to be most suitable for the use to which the powder is to be put. Thus if a quick-burning powder is required, the grains will be very small and the density very low; while for a slow-burning powder, such as is required for our modern high-power guns, the grains will be large and the density high. The form of the grains affects their rate of combustion, since they burn superficially; and therefore, in the large-grained powders (which are used in quantities as large as 850 pounds for a single charge of a modern gun) this feature becomes a matter of great importance.

When gunpowder is burned the temperature rises to about 4,000° F., and the heated gases which are produced, if unconfined, have a volume several hundred times as great as the original volume of the gunpowder; but if confined in the space originally occupied by the gunpowder, they exert, according to Abel and Nobel, a pressure of about 95,000 pounds on the square inch—the total energy of a pound of powder being a little under 500 foot-tons. The energy manifested by exploding gunpowder has led many persons to imagine that this substance might be economically utilized as a motive power, and engines have been devised for this purpose; but a comparison of its potential energy with that of coal shows that, for equal weights, gunpowder possesses but one-tenth of the energy of coal, and that its potential energy does not equal even that of the carbon which forms one of its own constituents; while, moreover, its oxygen is supplied in a very expensive form. Besides, in its use in modern guns the actual energy realized is only from one-tenth to one-fifth of the theoretical amount.

While this mixture represents the standard gunpowder, there are many other compositions in use, one of the more recent being the brown prismatic powder known as cocoa powder. This differs from standard powder in the proportions of its constituents, and also in containing carbohydrates such as sugar or imperfectly burned charcoal, in place

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of the thoroughly burned charcoal usually employed.

Blasting powder, which is the most extensively used of these mixtures, contains sodium nitrate, but this salt absorbs moisture from the atmosphere, and powder made from it soon becomes damp unless carefully protected. However, as the salt is found native in enormous quantities in Peru it is very cheap, and therefore the powder is used in commercial undertakings. Potassium chlorate, a salt which gives up its oxygen more readily and completely than the nitrates, has been proposed by Berthollet as a substitute for them; but powders containing it have been found so sensitive to percussion and friction as to be extremely dangerous to handle, while they were so brusque in their action, when used for propulsion, as to endanger the gun.

The next variation is wrought when the oxidizing agent is chemically united, by the intervention of another element, with the combustible substance. Existing, as these elements do, in the same molecule, they are in more intimate and uniform contact than they can be in a mechanical mixture such as gunpowder, and hence the explosive reaction can go on with greater readiness. An example of such substances is found in the "picrates," which contain carbon and hydrogen united by nitrogen to oxygen.

The so-called "picric acid" was discovered by Hausmann in 1788, and may be made by the action of concentrated nitric acid on "carbolic acid." The "picric acid" thus formed is a brilliant yellow crystalline solid, which is quite insoluble in water, possesses an intensely bitter taste, and imparts a bright yellow color to animal tissues. Through its reactions with various metallic salts we obtain a great variety of brilliantly colored, highly crystalline compounds, known as "picrates," which are explosive—the most violent explosive among them being the "potassium picrate." As, however, the oxygen present in these compounds is not sufficient in quantity for the complete combustion of the carbon and hydrogen present, the "picrates" must be mixed with oxidizing agents in order to obtain the greatest effect from their explosion, and the nitrates or chlorates have been used for this purpose. Mixtures so made, under the name of Designolle's or Brugère's powder, have been used in guns as a substitute for gunpowder, but they were much too violent and only served to emphasize, what has repeatedly been demonstrated, that gunpowder is as powerful an explosive as can, at present, be advantageously employed for a propelling agent in guns, and that our efforts should be spent in developing this agent rather than in seeking for a substitute.

Nevertheless, substitutes are constantly being proposed, and certain of them, such as Schultze's powder, sawdust powder, and the like, which contain a species of gun-cotton made from wood, mixed with other combustible substances and nitrates, have found a limited use for sporting purposes because they generate but little smoke, impart but a slight recoil, produce but a mild report, and leave little or no residuum to foul the piece. These are all decided advantages for a sporting powder, and in many cases would be desirable in a military powder; but, unfortunately, these powders sometimes develop such abnormal pressures as to burst the gun, and this is a condition which is more likely to obtain in great guns than in fowling-pieces or muskets; and in muskets, which are fired so rapidly during an engagement as to become quite warm, than in fowling-pieces, which are discharged so infrequently that the barrel remains cool.

Of course the inventors of new powders claim that their product is free from all the defects, and possesses all the good features, of the powders in use, together with others which are still more desirable. There is, however, probably none for which such remarkable properties have been claimed as are claimed for one recently heralded from Russia, under the various names of Silotvaar, Sleetover, or Lectover. It is claimed for this powder that, while it "possesses a penetrative force ten times superior to that of ordinary cannon powder, its explosion produces neither fumes nor smoke, and is not attended with any detonation;" and that "another great superiority which it possesses over all the known explosives of the dynamite class is that when fired

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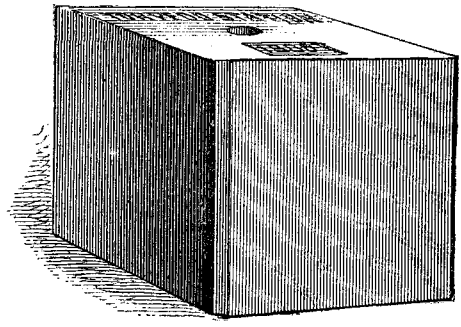
its force does not strike downward, but entirely in a forward direction, so that it can be used for all the purposes of cannon and musket charges to which ordinary gunpowder is now applied, without any damage whatever to the weapon from which it is discharged. It is stated, in fact, that ball cartridges loaded with it have been fired out of card-board barrels, as a test, without the least injury to the latter."

In spite of the fact that this powder appears to act in direct violation of the well-established third law of motion, its claims have received such credence that one of the English reviews has published an article to show how much more imminent the Russian invasion of India has become, now that the Russians possess this peculiar explosive which may be fired from paper guns.

Inspection of the claims for this powder shows that the statement that its force strikes entirely in a forward direction is joined with the implication that explosives of the dynamite class strike downward. It is a popular belief that the effect of exploding gunpowder is exerted upward, while that of the modern high explosives is downward, but nothing could be farther from the truth. The error arises from observations having been made only on masses of explosives fired when freely exposed upon the ground, or upon some support. Then the only visible effect usually produced by the high explosive was that exhibited by the support, but could the spectator, at the moment of explosion, have seen the atmosphere which surrounded the exploding mass, he would have observed it to be powerfully disturbed in all directions about the centre of explosion. If the explosive had been submerged under water, it would have been found that the water enveloping the mass was also agitated in all directions about the centre of explosion; but the effect would be most marked directly above the centre, for here a portion of the water would be detached and projected upward as a fountain. If the explosive could be confined in the centre of a homogeneous sphere and exploded from the centre, the fragments would undoubtedly be scattered in all directions. It is not to be inferred from this that direction cannot be given to the action of the explosive, for it can be done—since the force developed tends to act, and the gases produced tend to flow, just as other forces act and gases flow, in the direction of least resistance; but the operation of the law of action and reaction must still prevail.

Picric acid is but one of a large class of chemical substances styled nitrosubstitution compounds, the most common and best known among them being the nitrobenzenes and nitronaphthalenes. They are produced, as the name indicates, by the introduction of nitrogen



Block of Compressed Gun-cotton, as Made at the Torpedo Station.

oxide into the benzene or naphthalene molecule, by substituting it for certain of the original atoms. As the benzene and naphthalene molecules are composed wholly of carbon and hydrogen atoms, the substitution introduces oxygen, which can burn the carbon and hydrogen when, by the action of heat or a shock, they are liberated from the compound molecule; and hence these compounds possess certain advantages for use in explosive mixtures. One of the most promising of these mixtures is the new Swedish explosive Bellite, which is made by fusing together ammonium nitrate and dinitrobenzene and mixing them, while melted, with saltpetre. It is claimed, on excellent authority, that this explosive has proved of great value both for military and mining uses. However, the most successful application of these compounds to the production of explosives has been made by Dr. Sprengel. He pointed out, in 1873, that by their use with oxidizing agents, one of them being solid and the other

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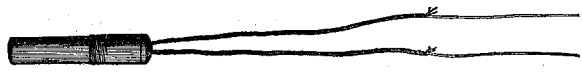
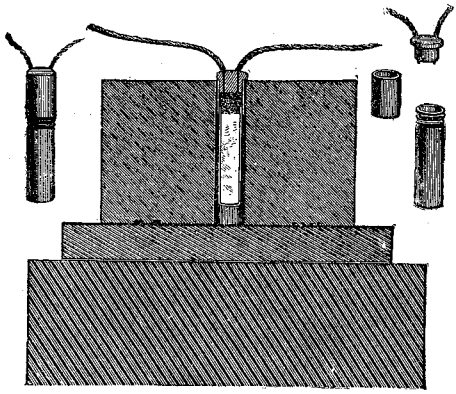
liquid, or both being liquid, explosives could be rapidly produced which were very powerful when detonated—while they were at the same time extremely safe to store, transport, and handle, since the inexplosive constituents could be kept separate until the explosive was desired for use.



Detonator Used in the United States Navy. Contains thirty-five grains of fulminate of mercury.

Two explosives of the Sprengel class have attracted attention. One, Helhofite, is used as a charge for the Gruson armor-piercing projectile; the other, rack-a-rock, was used in the blasting of Flood Rock. Helhofite may be made by dissolving dinitrobenzene in concentrated nitric acid. Rack-a-rock is produced by saturating potassium chlorate with mononitrobenzene. Of course, the composition of these bodies is given in general terms.

We have thus far shown that an explosive is a substance which contains within itself the materials for its own combustion, and that explosion results from this combustion; but the nitrogen chloride, iodide, and bromide, and the gold and silver nitrides, are solid and liquid bodies which, while they contain neither combustible nor oxidizing elements, are most violently explosive. The explanation for this is that the atoms in



Method of Detonating Gun-cotton on Iron Plates. The iron plate rests on a heavy block of iron.

these molecules are in a state of unstable equilibrium, and that only a slight force is necessary to cause the destruction of the structure and to immediately liberate the gaseous elements which exist in these compounds. The confirmation of this hypothesis is found in the fact that while in the decomposition of the majority of chemical substances heat is absorbed, in the decomposition of these substances heat is liberated. Bodies such as these are called endothermous. The extreme violence of their explosions is probably due to the fact that, if the decomposition is once begun in any portion it extends with extreme rapidity throughout the mass, and hence the entire potential energy of the mass becomes almost instantaneously transformed into kinetic.

The modern high explosives are bodies which contain within their molecules the elements necessary for ordinary combustion, while at the same time they are more or less endothermous; and the best example, and perhaps the most important, of these is the mercury fulminate. This substance was discovered by Howard in 1800, and was made by dissolving mercury in strong nitric acid and pouring the solution into alcohol. A turbulent action was immediately set up, dense white fumes, followed by red, were evolved, and a gray to white crystalline powder was deposited. When dry this powder was found to be violently explosive; slight friction or percussion, a heated body, or a drop of strong acid being sufficient to bring about the explosion. Its discovery aroused the liveliest interest, and it was immediately tested by firing in a musket, but, though it imparted very little velocity to the projectile, and produced only a slight recoil and report, it burst the barrel of the piece completely open; and hence it was relegated to the position of a chemical curiosity until recalled for use as a priming for percussion caps.

Its adaptation to modern uses began in 1863, when Nobel discovered that by the explosion of a few grains of this substance nitroglycerine might be detonated, and was extended in 1868, when Mr. E. O. Brown discovered that not

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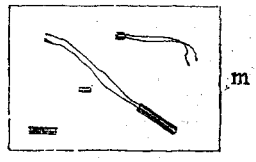
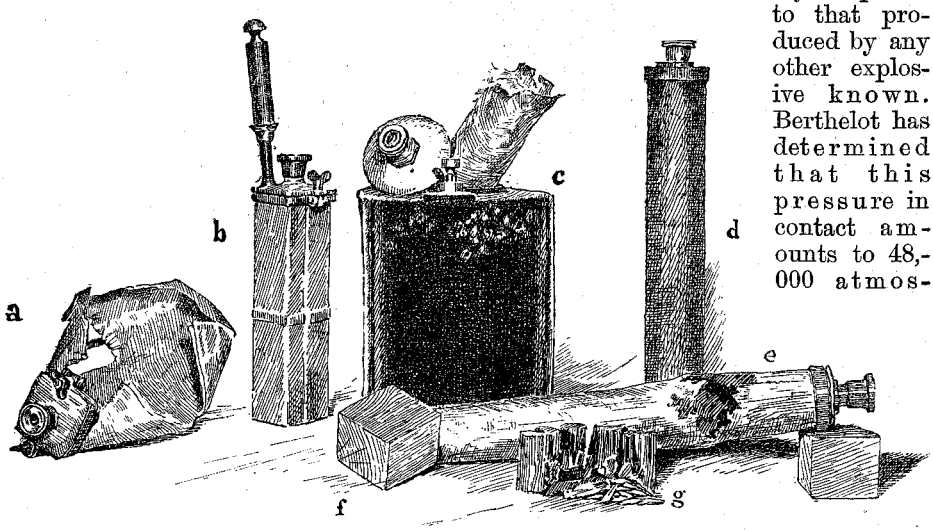
only could dry gun-cotton be detonated by this means, but that if a small initial mass of dry gun-cotton was detonated in contact with a mass of wet gun-cotton, the latter would also be detonated, even though it were completely saturated with water.

For use in this way the dry fulminate is enclosed in small copper cases, called blasting caps or detonators,





Effects Produced by the Explosion of a Service Detonator containing thirty-five Grains of Fulminate of Mercury.

m, Detonator complete, and separated into its parts; c, service torpedo case of stout iron in which a detonator has been fired; b, exercise torpedo case of stout tin plate, for blocks; a, ditto, in which a detonator has been fired; d, exercise torpedo case, of tin plate, for disks; e, ditto, in which a detonator has been fired; f, block of maple; g, ditto, in which a detonator has been fired.

which contain from five to thirty-five grains of the material, and these caps are inserted in the midst of, and in direct contact with, the explosive charge. To fire the caps a gunpowder fuse is fastened firmly in the mouth of the cap and lighted, or, as is more frequently the case, they are fired by an electric current. For this purpose the two wires from the firing battery are led through a plug in the mouth of the cap. A wire, called the bridge, which is about $\frac{2}{1000}$ of an inch in diameter and made of an alloy of platinum and iridium, is stretched between the terminals of the leading wires within the case, and the space between the bridge and the fulminate is filled with pulverulent dry gun-cotton. When the electric circuit is closed the current meets with such resistance in its passage through the bridge, that the latter is heated up to incandescence and ignites the gun-cotton, which then explodes the fulminate [p. 567].

Although as a projecting agent mercury fulminate is inferior to gunpowder, yet it exerts, when exploded in contact with a body, an instantaneous pressure which is incomparably superior to that produced by any other explosive known. Berthelot has determined that this pressure in contact amounts to 48,000 atmospheres. As a consequence its explosion produces a violent rending and bruising of the bodies in contact. This is clearly shown in the above illustration where the stout tin and iron torpedo cases and the block of wood have been ruptured by the explosion within them of but thirty-five grains of the fulminate enclosed in such a detonator case as is shown in the background. The peculiar bruising effect is markedly shown on the ends of the fragments of wood which were immediately about the hole in which the detonator was inserted, and which look as if they had been pounded with a sledge-hammer. It can readily be understood from this how a man could commit suicide, as Lingg, the anarchist, is said to have done, by exploding a cap con-

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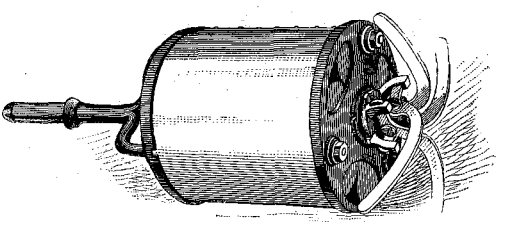
Blowing Up of the Schooner Joseph Henry, at the Torpedo Station, August 28, 1884.

(From a photograph by Dr. H. M. Howe, furnished by John Carbutt, Esq.)

taining fifteen grains of fulminate in his mouth.

From a military point of view, gun-cotton, which was first proposed by Schönbein as a substitute for gunpowder, ranks next in importance to mercury fulminate. As early as 1832 Braconnot had shown that readily combustible substances could be produced by the action of concentrated nitric acid on starch, ligneous fibre, and analogous substances, and his discovery was subsequently confirmed by the experiments of Pelouze and Dumas; but the products they obtained were quite inconstant in composition and very unstable. The gun-cotton proposed for use as a military explosive was made by immersing dry cotton in a mixture of three parts of concentrated sulphuric and one part of concentrated nitric acid for twenty-four hours, when it was removed and squeezed to press out the acid, and finally washed with water. On drying it was found that while the cotton was unchanged, so far as the eye could perceive, and was but slightly harsher to the touch, yet it had become converted into a substance which burned with extreme rapidity, even out of contact with the air, and which, if burned when confined, produced a powerful explosion. Experiments in its use were immediately begun in England, France, Germany, and in this country, but they were soon abandoned, as the material was found to explode at times without apparent cause, while its explosion in use was so violent as to endanger the piece. Notwithstanding this, Baron von Lenk, of Austria, took up the study of this material in 1853, and his efforts to perfect the methods of manufacture, and to moderate the violence of the gun charges, were attended with such apparent success that a special battery of 12-pounders was constructed for use with it, and the position of the explosive seemed assured, until 1865, when his magazines blew up spontaneously and the article was interdicted by the government.

While the Austrian experiments were going on, Abel, the chemist to the War Department of Great Britain, was also engaged in the study of the properties of this substance, and the same year in which Austria proscribed the article, he announced the invention of the process by which its manufacture has since been



Contact Gun-cotton Torpedo Used in Blowing Up the Joseph Henry.

successfully carried on. He found, as Von Lenk had, that the instability of the gun-cotton was not inherent, but was due to incomplete purification, and that it was of the utmost importance to remove from it the last traces of the

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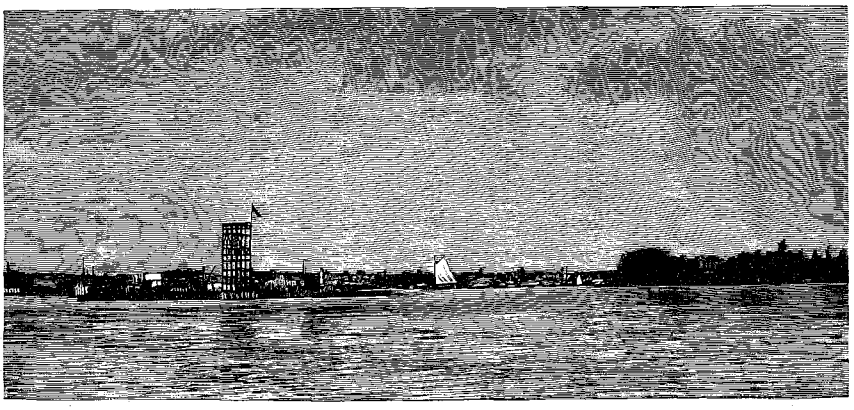
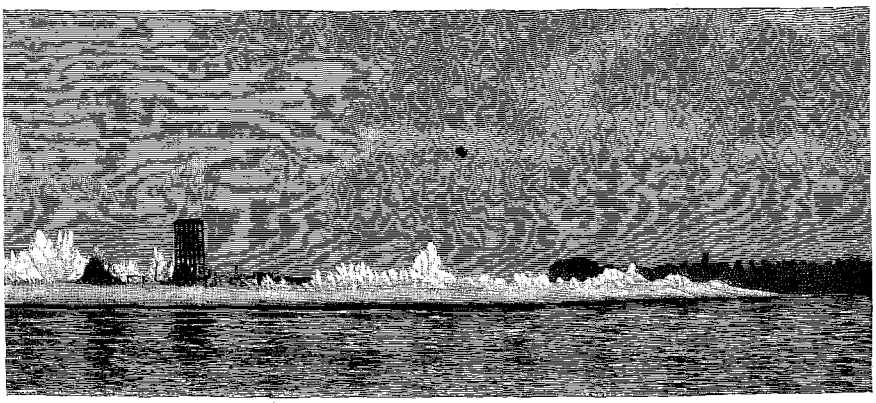


Destruction of Flood Rock.
(Photograph from firing station (1,100 feet from tower) taken just before the explosion, by Lt. J. L. Lusk, U.S.A.)

acids; but as the cotton was in the form of long capillary tubes, it was very retentive and did not give up the acid completely, even after prolonged washing with water. The feature peculiar to his process is the conversion of the gun-cotton into pulp precisely similar to the pulp produced from rags in the process of making paper, and he uses for the purpose precisely the same means as are employed in that process. Through the action of the pulper the tubes are cut into very short lengths, so that the washing is very readily and thoroughly effected, and it then is only necessary to mould the pulp into such forms as are desired for use. This is done by pressing the wet pulp in a hydraulic press—a pressure as high as 6,000 pounds to the square inch being commonly employed.

The gun-cotton manufactured by the United States Government is made in this way, and is issued either in the form of cylindrical disks, 3½ inches in diameter and 2 inches high, or prismatic blocks of nearly the same dimensions, each of them being pierced with a hole through the centre (for the detonator), and having stamped on one end the letters U. S. N., or the words Torpedo Station, and figures indicating the year of manufacture [p. 566]. In this form gun-cotton constitutes the best military explosive known, for, while its explosive force vastly exceeds that of gunpowder and approaches that of nitroglycerine, it is the safest and most stable explosive we possess, since it can be stored and transported wet; and while in this state, though it may be detonated as described above, it cannot be exploded in any



The Same. (Photograph taken 0.2 second after the explosion. Time of exposure 0.034 second.)

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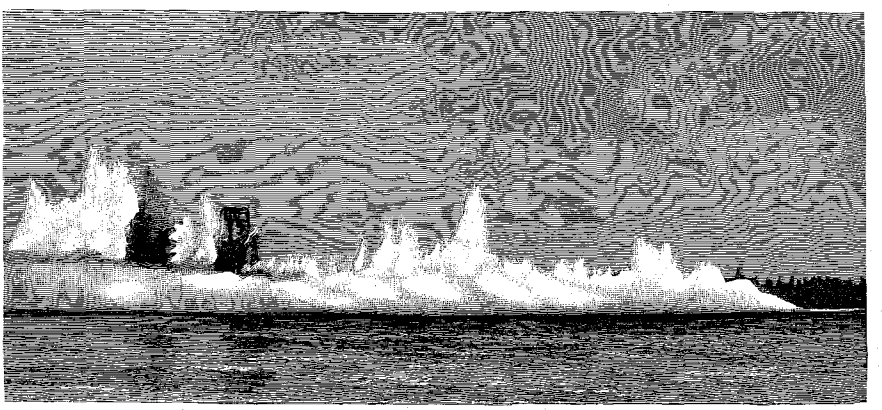
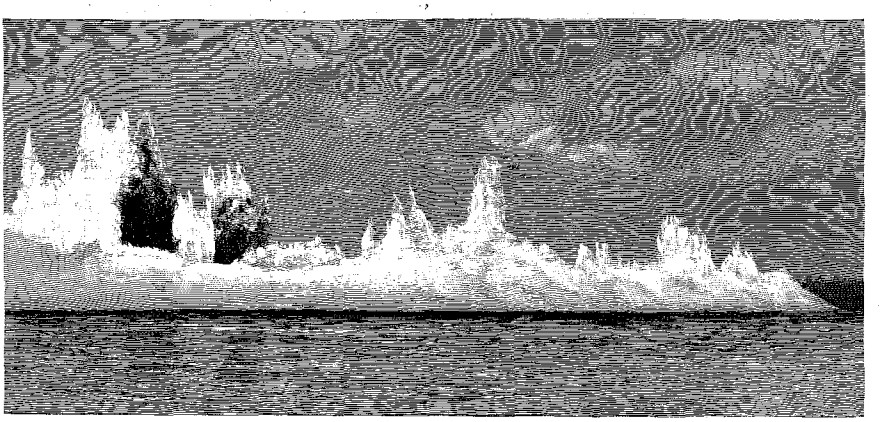
other way. As much as two thousand pounds of wet compressed gun-cotton have been placed in a fierce bonfire, where it has gradually dried, layer by layer, and been consumed without exploding. Besides, gun-cotton is the only military explosive which can be detonated with certainty when frozen. In calling it a military explosive I mean, of course, for use in torpedoes and for military mining, and not as a substitute for gunpowder in guns; but it may be, and has been, successfully used as a charge for shells fired from gunpowder guns both in this country and abroad. Shells containing as much as 110 pounds of gun-cotton have been repeatedly fired in Germany.

There has, fortunately, been little opportunity for testing the destructive effect of the high explosives by actual use in war, but many experiments have been made in blowing up condemned vessels, which have given some notion of the effect of these substances. One of these was made at Newport, August 28, 1884, when the schooner Joseph Henry, a condemned vessel like the Silliman, belonging to the Treasury Department, was blown up by a torpedo. This torpedo was of the kind known as a contact torpedo, the curved arms, which protrude from the end, being movable, and so fixed that if touched by an object they will be pressed down so as to complete the electric circuit and fire the torpedo. This torpedo contained 33 pounds of gun-cotton, there being four dry disks



The Same. (Photograph taken 0.6 second after the explosion. Time of exposure 0.05 second.)



The Same. (Photograph taken about two seconds after the explosion. Time of exposure 0.02 second. Height of tallest jet 160 feet.)

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in the central can, the remainder being wet. The Joseph Henry, which was about 80 feet long, 20 feet beam, and 7 feet draught, was anchored in the harbor, and the torpedo was attached to the end of a spar rigged out on the bow of a steam launch, the latter being electrically controlled from the shore. The launch started from the shore, and immediately on touching the schooner the torpedo exploded and blew so large a hole in the vessel that she sank at once [p. 569].

Comparison of Explosives by Firing Under Water and Measuring the Resulting Columns of Water.
(From a photograph made at the Torpedo Station by Mr. Angstrom.)

The relative force of explosives has been several times mentioned in this article, and it is necessary to say here that there has not yet been devised any means for determining this factor with accuracy, owing to the diverse characteristics which distinguish the various substances, and notably the rate at which they explode. Thus, for instance, while the velocity of combustion in gunpowder is from 1 to 5 feet per second, the velocity of detonation in gun-cotton is from 15,000 to 18,000 feet per second. Nevertheless, it is possible to determine approximately the value of explosives for the work to be done by comparing them under the same conditions, as, for instance, when equal weights are fired under equal submergence in the same depth of water. Then by measuring the diameter and height of the displaced water we arrive at a rough estimate of their comparative value. The record is generally taken by photography. The manner of making this test is shown where two torpedoes, one charged with gun-cotton in disks and the other in blocks, are being fired under water.

Another method is by firing the explosives upon cylinders of lead and measuring the compression produced. For this purpose the lead cylinder is placed on a rigid support, an iron anvil is placed on the lead, and the explosive is placed upon the anvil. When explosion takes place, part of the energy is spent upon the anvil and the rest is expended in compressing the lead. If, however, the anvil is not heavy enough, the lead undergoes such deformation that some very curious forms are produced. In some of these the lines of flow of the metal are distinctly marked [p. 573].

General H. L. Abbot, of the United States Engineer Corps, used still another method in his work. He constructed an iron frame 50 feet long, 10 feet wide, and 10 feet deep, in the centre of which the explosive charge was rigidly fixed, while some thirty-eight pressure gauges were

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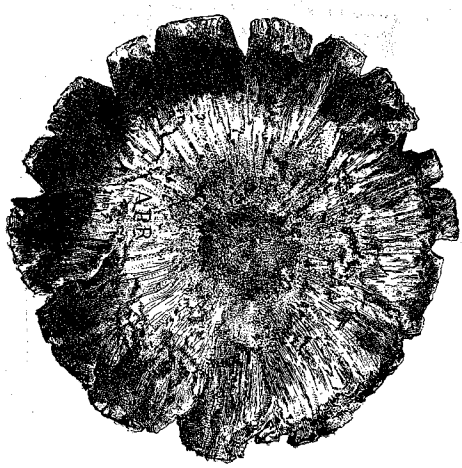
attached to the frame and its buoys, at known distances from the charge. The whole was then immersed in water, the charge was fired, the frame was recovered, and the pressures registered by the gauges were read. By this means General Abbot obtained the following measures of the intensity of action of explosives fired under water, taking dynamite No. 1 as the standard for comparison.

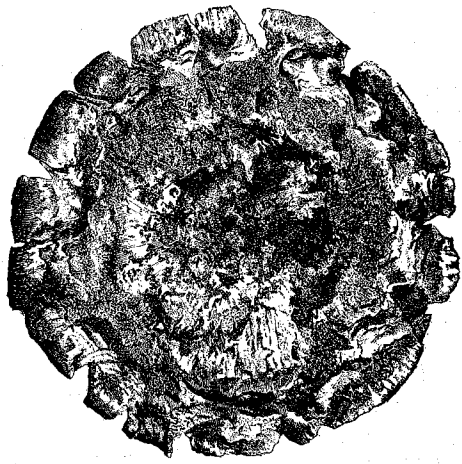
Dynamite No. 1	100
Gun-cotton	87
Nitroglycerine	81
Rack-a-rock	86
Explosive gelatine	117

When gun-cotton or other high explosives are freely exposed upon an iron anvil and detonated, as described in the second method of testing, the explosive leaves a deep and permanent impression upon the surface of the metal with which it was in contact, the extent of the impression being of course dependent on the intensity and amount of the explosive used. That it should do so does not seem surprising when it is recalled that Berthelot found that gun-cotton,



Cylinder of Lead upon which Gun-cotton has been Detonated, and Showing Lines of Flow of the Metal. Obverse.

having a density of 1.1, developed, when in contact, a local pressure of 24,000 atmospheres, or 160 tons on the square inch, and if it is remembered, too, that this enormous pressure is realized in an exceedingly brief period of time. What is surprising is to find that the impression produced by the exploding mass is an almost exact copy of that face of the explosive which was in contact with the metal. This is best observed with gun-cotton, for, from the nature of the material, it can be shaped according to fancy, and such figures and designs as one wishes can be stamped upon its surface. Thus if a disk of gun-cotton, on the face of which the letters "U. S. N." and the date "1884" are indented, be detonated, it will be found that the letters and figures will be reproduced in the iron and, most singular of all these phenomena, they will be indented in the iron just as they were in the gun-cotton.



Reverse.

We have offered as an hypothesis to explain this phenomenon, that, where spaces exist between the gun-cotton and the iron, portions of the undetonated gun-cotton, or of the products of the explosion, are projected through this space just as shot are from a gun, and that the indentations are produced by the impact of these moving particles. We have devised many experiments to test this theory, and all have tended to confirm it. Among others we have bored deeper and deeper holes in the gun-cotton, until we have completely perforated it, and the indentations made in the iron plates have increased with the depth of the hole in the gun-cotton disk, until, when the hole was bored completely through the gun-cotton, we succeeded in completely perforating the iron plate. Owing to this property of

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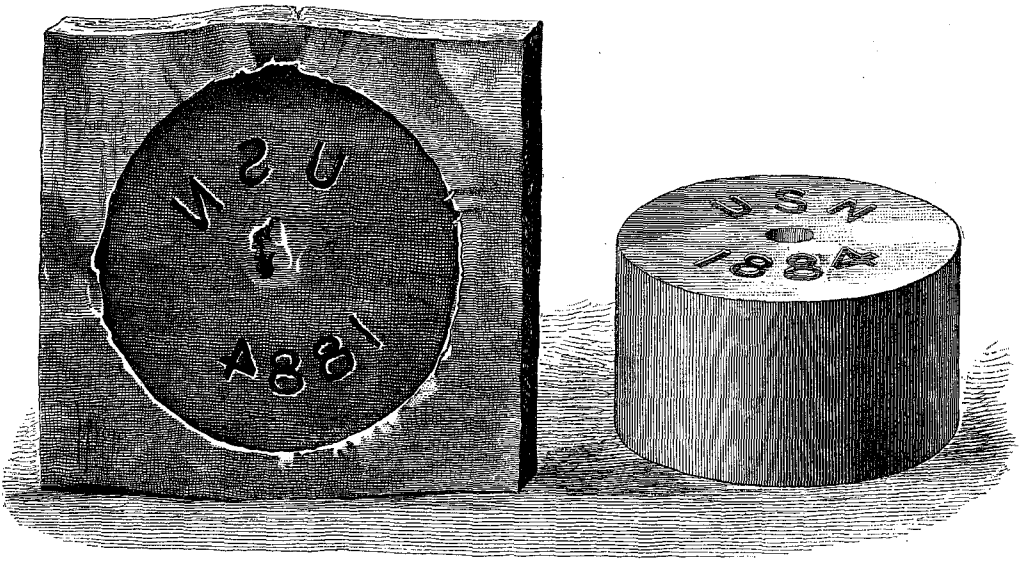
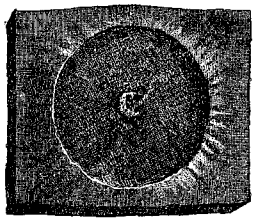
gun-cotton, we can produce some beautiful effects by interposing leaves, pieces of wire gauze, and the like between the gun-cotton disk and the iron plate. On firing, a permanent impression of the object, showing the minutest details of its structure, will be found stamped upon the iron plate, while the object itself has completely disappeared.



Disk of Gun-cotton and Iron Plate upon which a Disk has been Detonated.
(The letters and figures stamped in the disk are reproduced in precisely the same relation on the iron plate.)

The most prominent rival of gun-cotton for military uses, and the best explosive for industrial purposes, is nitro-glycerine and the mixtures of which it forms a part. This substance was discovered by Sobrero in 1847, while carrying out a series of experiments, under Pelouze, to determine whether or not gun-cotton was a definite chemical compound. Although it is asserted that Professor Jacobi manufactured nitro-glycerine for the Russian government during the Crimean war, and that its reputed presence deterred the English from entering the harbor of Cronstadt, its commercial production was first undertaken by Alfred Nobel, in Sweden, about 1860, and it is under his leadership that the present extensive and important industry has been developed, though the perfection of the product is largely due to the researches of the American chemists Mowbray and Hill.



Iron Plate on which an Unlettered Disk of Gun-cotton has been Detonated. Fig. 1.*

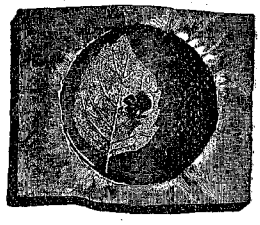


Fig. 2.†

The manufacture of nitro-glycerine resembles that of gun-cotton in that it results from the mixing of glycerine with nitric and sulphuric acids, the materials used being the purest and strongest that can be made. During the process considerable heat is developed by the reactions which take place, and hence the mixture is rapidly agitated, so as to pro-

* In this case a wire-sieve was placed between the disk and the plate, and is seen stamped on the iron.

† In this case a leaf from an apple-tree was placed between the disk and the plate, and is seen stamped on the iron.

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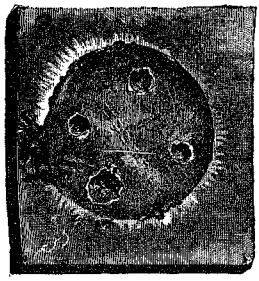
mote the rapidity of mixing and to reduce the temperature, while at the same time the vessel in which the operation is conducted is surrounded by a current of cool water. The nitric acid only reacts with the glycerine, but as water is a product of this reaction, sulphuric acid, which readily combines with water, is added to absorb the water produced and maintain the nitric acid at its proper strength throughout the process. The reaction takes place in a very short time, and, when completed, the mixture is poured into a large volume of water, where the acid is dissolved and the nearly insoluble nitroglycerine settles to the bottom, and by repeated washings is obtained in a pure state.



Effect of Holes Bored in the Gun-cotton Disks as shown by the Iron Plates on which They were Detonated. Fig. 1.*

As thus obtained nitroglycerine is an oily, odorless, transparent, nearly colorless liquid, having a specific gravity of 1.6. It has a sweet, pungent, aromatic taste, and produces a violent headache if placed on the tongue, or if air charged with it is inhaled, or even if allowed to touch the skin at any point; but those who handle it constantly soon lose their susceptibility to its action. When taken internally it is a violent poison, though it is administered in small doses in cases of angina pectoris. It is nearly insoluble in water, and freezes at a temperature of from 39° to 40° F. When ignited it burns like oil, and if confined it explodes, but when in quantity it is inflamed only with difficulty. If a small portion of it is placed on an iron plate and slowly heated, it may be completely volatilized, but if the plate is rapidly heated up to 356° F., it explodes with violence. If a drop is placed on an iron anvil and struck with an iron hammer, it explodes with a most violent report. It can only be exploded with certainty by the use of a detonator. Notwithstanding this, accidental explosions of nitroglycerine or of mixtures containing it are frequently reported, and these generally occur while thawing the frozen explosive. It is a singular fact that these explosives are especially sensitive at the time of thawing, and this is so well known that all of the manufacturers supply a set of directions by which the operation can be conducted with entire safety; hence accidents from this cause are due solely to gross neglect of well-known precautions.

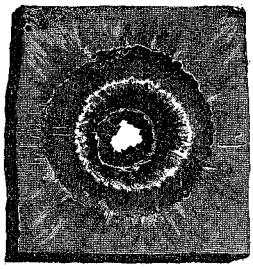


Fig. 2.†

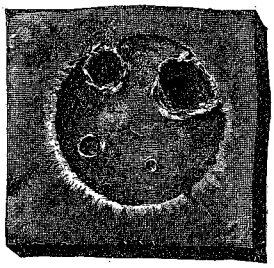


Fig. 3.‡

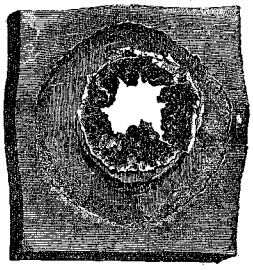


Fig. 4.§

While nitroglycerine is an admirable explosive for certain uses, its liquid form makes it difficult to store and transport, and permits it to find its way into unexpected places, where it constitutes a source of danger. Considerations such as these led Nobel, about 1867, to invent dynamite. The name is now applied to a great variety of nitroglycerine mixtures, but they all consist of a porous solid absorbent which sucks up the liquid nitroglycerine by capillarity and holds it in its pores or interstices. Dynamite No. 1 consists of 25 per cent. of infusorial silica

* Four holes were bored in the disk, viz.: ⅛, ¼, ½, and ¾ inch in depth, all ¼ inch in diameter.

† A conical hole was bored in the disk 2 inches in diameter at the base and 1 inch high.

‡ Four holes bored in disk, viz.: ⅛ inch diameter, ⅛ inch depth; ¼ inch diameter, ¼ inch depth; ½ inch diameter, ½ inch depth; ¾ inch diameter, ¾ inch depth.

§ A cylindrical hole, 2 inches in diameter, was bored completely through the gun-cotton disk.

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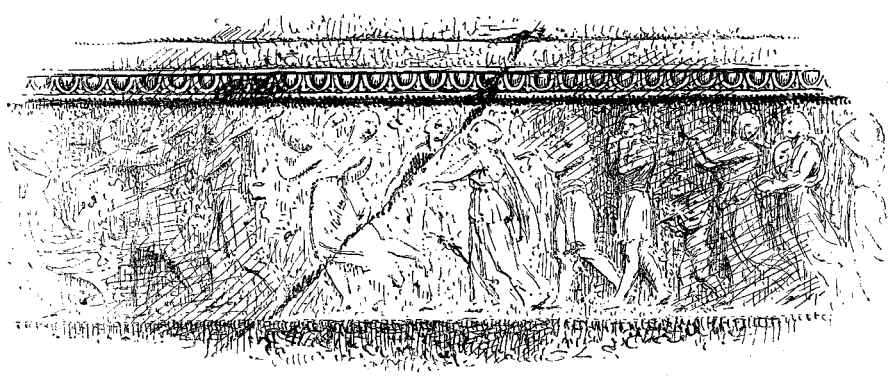
(also known as tripoli, electro-silicon, and kieselguhr) and 75 per cent. nitroglycerine. Atlas powder consists of wood pulp, nitre, and nitroglycerine. Judson powder consists of a crude kind of gunpowder and nitroglycerine. Not only are different solids used in different dynamites, but the different grades of the same dynamite may contain all the way from 5 to 75 per cent. of nitroglycerine; hence it is impossible to give a brief description of dynamite which would be applicable to all.

The most important nitroglycerine mixture is explosive gelatine, also invented by Nobel. This is made by heating nitroglycerine on a water bath and adding to it from 7 to 10 per cent. of soluble gun-cotton. The latter dissolves completely and, on cooling, the mass acquires a honey yellow color and the consistency of jujube paste. From General Abbot's report it is learned that this is a most powerful explosive, but unfortunately it frequently decomposes when kept in store.

In the course of this paper the use of explosives for military purposes has been frequently mentioned. The fact is that by far the largest consumption is for industrial uses. They are used in agriculture for felling trees, grubbing stumps, blasting rocks, and shaking the soil to fit it for vegetation or to destroy the phylloxera. They are used in the petroleum industry to "shoot" the wells, so as to remove the paraffine which prevents the flow of oil. They are used in driving piles and in driving water out of quicksands in which foundations are to be laid. They are used in breaking ice and destroying wrecks and rocks which obstruct navigation. But their most important and extensive use is in quarrying, mining, and engineering operations. So extensively are they used in mining that, according to Eissler, at Smartsville, San Juan, More's Flat, Bloomfield, and elsewhere in California, it is an almost daily occurrence for blasts containing twenty, thirty, and even fifty thousand pounds of explosives to be used in a single charge; and the system of large blasts has even become common in hard rock excavations, such as quarries and railroad cuttings.

The largest single charges ever fired were employed in the blowing up of Hallet's Reef and Flood Rock [pp. 570–1]. In the latter, which occurred October 10, 1885, the charge consisted of 240,399 pounds of rack-a-rock and 48,537 pounds of dynamite No. 1, yet so nicely was this enormous charge calculated for the work it was to do, that beyond breaking down the rock, tossing up an enormous body of water to a height (estimated for the tallest jet) of 160 feet, and generating an earth-wave which was observed as far East as Cambridge, Mass., it produced no visible effect.



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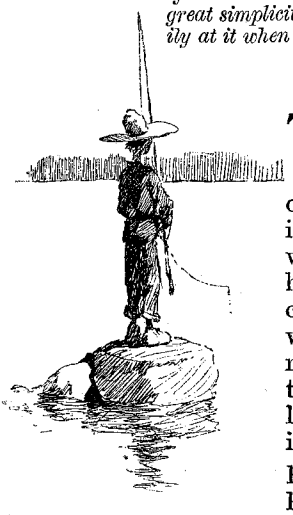
SALMON ANGLING ON THE RESTIGOUCHE.

Dr. Paley was ardently attached to this amusement: so much so, that when the Bishop of Durham inquired of him when one of his most important works would be finished, he said, with great simplicity and good humour, 'My Lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over.'

—SALMONIA, SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.



THE love of angling, like the other virtues, is its own reward. But it has also some collateral advantages, and not the least of these is that it leads a man into the very pleasantest places of this pleasant world.

The first salmon that ever I caught is associated in my mind with the scenery of the Lewis, the northernmost of those enchanted islands that stretch along the west coast of Scotland. We had gone up there not with the main purpose of fishing, but because all three of us (and the other two, mark you, were undoubtedly eminent divines), had fallen properly in love with William Black's "Princess of Thule," and desired to see the home of that wholesome and delicious heroine. The kindness of a hospitable Scot put a salmon-river at our disposal,—a hasty little stream, with brown water, curling and brawling through Sheila's beloved moorland. The first day that I went out to fish, a long, red-bearded gillie stood by my side and showed me "ta besst way ta casst, whatefer:" but in spite of his instructions my fly fell awkwardly upon the pool. As fortune would have it, however, there was one fish there whose ignorance of the proprieties of angling was greater than my own. He rose, hooked himself, and then suddenly it seemed as if the line had been made fast to a flash of chain lightning. He darted up the stream and down the stream, leading me in breathless chase. He circumnavigated the pool in all directions, and by various methods, partly aquatic and partly aërial. At length, after a moment of profound meditation, he rushed straight across the river, and flung himself out of water, landing at least four feet up on the opposite bank. It was an instant of agony and wonder. My heart sank like a kite when the string is broken, for it seemed certain that the fish must get away. But instead of that he lay quiet for a moment, and then rolled gently back into the water with the fly still fast in his mouth. Three minutes later he was stretched out in the grass on the right side of the river, shining to my eyes more brightly than silver. And then it was that I remembered that one of Sheila's salmon had played exactly the same trick and with the same ending. If you doubt it, read the third chapter of the "Princess." A wonderful man, that William Black, so truthful and so ingenious!

All this was ten years ago; and 'tis a far cry from the treeless moors of the Lewis, to the dark wooded hills of the Restigouche. But a little leap on paper will carry one across the interval of miles and years, and land us at once, in a bright morning of July, at the village of Metapedia, on the border between New Brunswick and Quebec. It is a disconsolate hamlet, scattered along the track of the Intercolonial Railway: twenty houses, three shops, and a discouraged church perched upon a little hillock as if to brave out its evident decay with a bare face. The one comfortable and prosperous feature in the countenance of Metapedia is the house of the Restigouche Salmon Club—an old-fashioned mansion, with broad, white piazza, look-

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ing over rich meadow-lands. Here it was that I found my friend Favonius, president of solemn societies, pillar of church and state, ingenuously arrayed in gray knickerbockers, a flannel shirt, and a soft hat, waiting to take me with him on his horse-yacht for a voyage up the river. "Come on," he said, after a hearty greeting, "the boat is ready, the summer is passing." And in almost as short a time as it needs to tell about it, the portmanteau and the long rod-case were carried down the bank and we were embarked for the cruise.

Have you ever seen a horse-yacht? Sometimes it is called a scow; but that sounds vulgar. Sometimes it is called a house-boat; but that is too English. What does it profit a man to have a whole dictionary full of language at his service, unless he can invent a new and suggestive name for his friend's pleasure-craft? The foundation of the horse-yacht—if a thing that sometimes floats can be called fundamental—is a flat-bottomed boat, some fifty feet long and ten feet wide, with a draft of about eight inches. The deck is open for fifteen feet aft of the place where the bowsprit ought to be; behind that it is completely covered by a house, cabin, cottage, or whatever you choose to call it, with straight sides and a peaked roof of a very early Gothic pattern. Looking in at the door you see first of all two cots, one on either side of the passage; then an open space with a dining-table, a stove, and some chairs; beyond that a pantry with shelves, and a great chest for provisions. A door at the back opens into the kitchen, and from that another door opens into a sleeping-room for the boatmen. A huge wooden rudder curves over the stern of the boat, and the helmsman stands upon the roof. Two canoes are floating behind, holding back, at the end of their long tow-ropes, as if reluctant to follow so clumsy a leader. This is an accurate and duly attested description of the horse-yacht. If necessary it could be sworn to before a notary public. But I am perfectly sure that a man might read this through without skipping a word, and if he had never seen the creature with his own eyes, he would have no idea how absurd it looks and how comfortable it is.

"An accurate and duly attested description of the horse-yacht."

While we were stowing away our trunks and bags under the cots, and making an equitable division of the hooks upon the walls, the motive power of the yacht stood patiently upon the shore, stamping a hoof, now and then, or shaking a shaggy head in mild protest against the flies. Three more pessimistic-looking horses I never saw. They were harnessed abreast, and fastened by a prodigious tow-rope to a short post in the middle of the forward deck. Their driver was a truculent, brigandish, bearded old fellow in long boots, a blue flannel shirt, and a black sombrero. He sat upon the middle horse, and some wild instinct of color had made him tie a big red handkerchief around his shoulder like a sash, so that the eye of the beholder took delight in him. He posed like a bold, bad robber-chief. But in point of fact I believe he was the mildest and most inoffensive of men. We never heard him say anything except at a distance, to his horses, and we did not inquire what that was.

Well, as I have said, we were haggling courteously over those hooks in the cabin, when the boat gave a lurch. The bow swung out into the stream. There was a scrambling and clattering of iron horse-shoes on the rough shingle of the bank; and when we looked out of doors our house was moving up the river with the boat under it.

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The Restigouche is a noble stream, stately and swift and strong. It rises among the dense forests in the northern part of New Brunswick—a moist upland region of never-failing springs and innumerable lakes—and pours a vast current of clear, cold water one hundred and fifty miles northward and eastward through the hills into the head of the Bay of Chaleurs. There are no falls in its course, but rapids everywhere. It is steadfast, but not impetuous, quick but not turbulent, resolute and eager in its desire to get to the sea, like the life of a man who has a high purpose,

"Too great for haste, too strong for rivalry."

The wonder is where all the water comes from. But the river is fed by more than six thousand square miles of territory. From both sides the little brooks come dashing in with their supply. At intervals a larger stream, reaching away back among the mountains like a hand with many fingers to gather

"The filtered tribute of the rough woodland,"

delivers its generous offering to the main current. And this also is like a human life, which receives its wealth and power from hidden sources in other lives, and is fed abundantly from the past in order that it may feed the future.

The names of the chief tributaries of the Restigouche are curious. There is the headstrong Metapedia, and the crooked Upsalquitch, and the Patapedia, and the Quatawamkedgwick. Those are words at which the tongue balks at first, but you soon grow used to them and learn to take anything of five syllables with a rush, as a hunter takes a five-barred gate, trusting to fortune that you will come down with the accent in the right place.

For six or seven miles above Metapedia the river has a breadth of about two hundred yards, and the valley slopes back rather gently to the mountains on either side. Here there is a good deal of cultivated land, and scattered farmhouses appear. The soil is excellent. But the climate is unfriendly. Late frosts prolong the winter, and early frosts curtail the summer. The only safe crops are grass, oats, and potatoes. And for half the year all the cattle must be housed and fed to keep them alive. This lends a melancholy aspect to agriculture, and I must confess that most of the farmers look as if they had never seen better days. With few exceptions they are what a New Englander would call "slack-twisted and shiftless." Their barns are pervious to the weather, and their fences fail to connect. Sleds and ploughs rust together beside the house, and chickens scratch up the front-door yard. In truth, the people have been somewhat demoralized by the conflicting claims of different occupations; hunting in the fall, lumbering in the winter and spring, and working for the American sportsmen in the brief angling season, are so much more attractive and offer so much larger returns of ready money, that the tedious toil of farming is neglected. But, for all that, in the bright days of midsummer, those green fields sloping down to the water, and pastures high up among the trees on the hillsides, look pleasant enough from a distance, and give an air of placid comfort to the landscape.

"Their driver was a truculent, brigandish, bearded old fellow."

At the mouth of the Upsalquitch we

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passed the first of the fishing-lodges. Originally the Restigouche Salmon Club leased the whole river from the Canadian Government, but since the establishment of riparian rights a few years ago, a number of gentlemen have bought land commanding good pools, and put up little cottages of a less classical style than Sir Charles Cotton's lodge on the banks of the River Dove, but better suited to this wilder scenery, and probably more convenient to live in. The prevailing pattern is a very simple one: it consists of a broad piazza with a small house in the middle of it. The house bears about the same proportion to the piazza that the crown of a Gainsborough hat does to the brim. And the cost of the edifice is to the cost of the land as the first price of a share in the Panama Canal is to the subsequent assessments. All the best points have been sold, and real estate on the Restigouche has been bid up to an absurd figure. In fact the river is over-populated and probably over-fished. But we could hardly find it in our hearts to regret this, for it made the upward trip a very sociable one. At every lodge that was open, Favonius (who knows everybody) had a friend, and we must slip ashore in a canoe to leave the mail and refresh the inner man.

What a hospitable brotherhood is that of true anglers! There seems to be something in the craft which inclines the heart to kindness and good-fellowship. Few of them have I seen who were not pleasant to meet and ready to do a good turn to a fellow-fisherman with the gift of a killing fly or the loan of a rod. Not their own particular and well-proved favorite, of course, for that is a treasure which no decent man would borrow; but with that exception the best in their store is at the service of an accredited brother. One of the Restigouche proprietors I remember, whose name bespoke him a descendant of Caledonia's patron saint. He was fishing in front of his own door-yard when we came up, with our splashing horses, through the pool; but nothing would do but he must up anchor and have us away with him into the house to taste his good cheer. And there were his daughters with their books and needlework, and the photographs which they had taken pinned up on the wooden walls, among Japanese fans and bits of bright-colored stuff in which the soul of woman delights, and, in a passive, silent way, the soul of man also. Then, after we had discussed the year's fishing, and the mysteries of the camera, and the deep question of what makes some negatives too thin and others too thick, we must go out to see the big salmon which one of the ladies had caught a few days before, and the large trout swimming about in their cold spring. It seemed to me, as we went on our way, that there could hardly be a more wholesome and pleasant summer-life for well-bred young women than this, or two amusements more innocent and sensible than photography and fly-fishing.

It must be confessed that the horse-yacht as a vehicle of travel is not remarkable in point of speed. Three miles an hour is not a very rapid rate of motion. But then, if you are not in a hurry, why should you care to make haste? The wild desire to be forever racing against old Father Time is one of the kill-joys of modern life. The ancient traveller is sure to beat you in the long run, and as long as you are trying to rival him he will make your life a burden. But if you will only acknowledge his superiority and profess that you do not approve of racing after all, he will settle down quietly beside you and jog along like the most companionable of creatures. That is a pleasant pilgrimage in which the journey itself is part of the destination. As soon as one learns to regard the horse-yacht as a sort of moving home, it appears admirable. There is no dust or smoke, no rumble of wheels, or shriek of whistles. You are gliding along steadily through an ever-green world; skirting the silent hills; passing from one side of the river to the other as the horses have to swim the current to find a good foothold on the bank. You are on the water, but not at its mercy, for your craft is not disturbed by the heaving of rude waves, and the serene inhabitants do not say "I am sick." There is room enough to move about without falling overboard. You may sleep, or read, or write in your cottage, or sit

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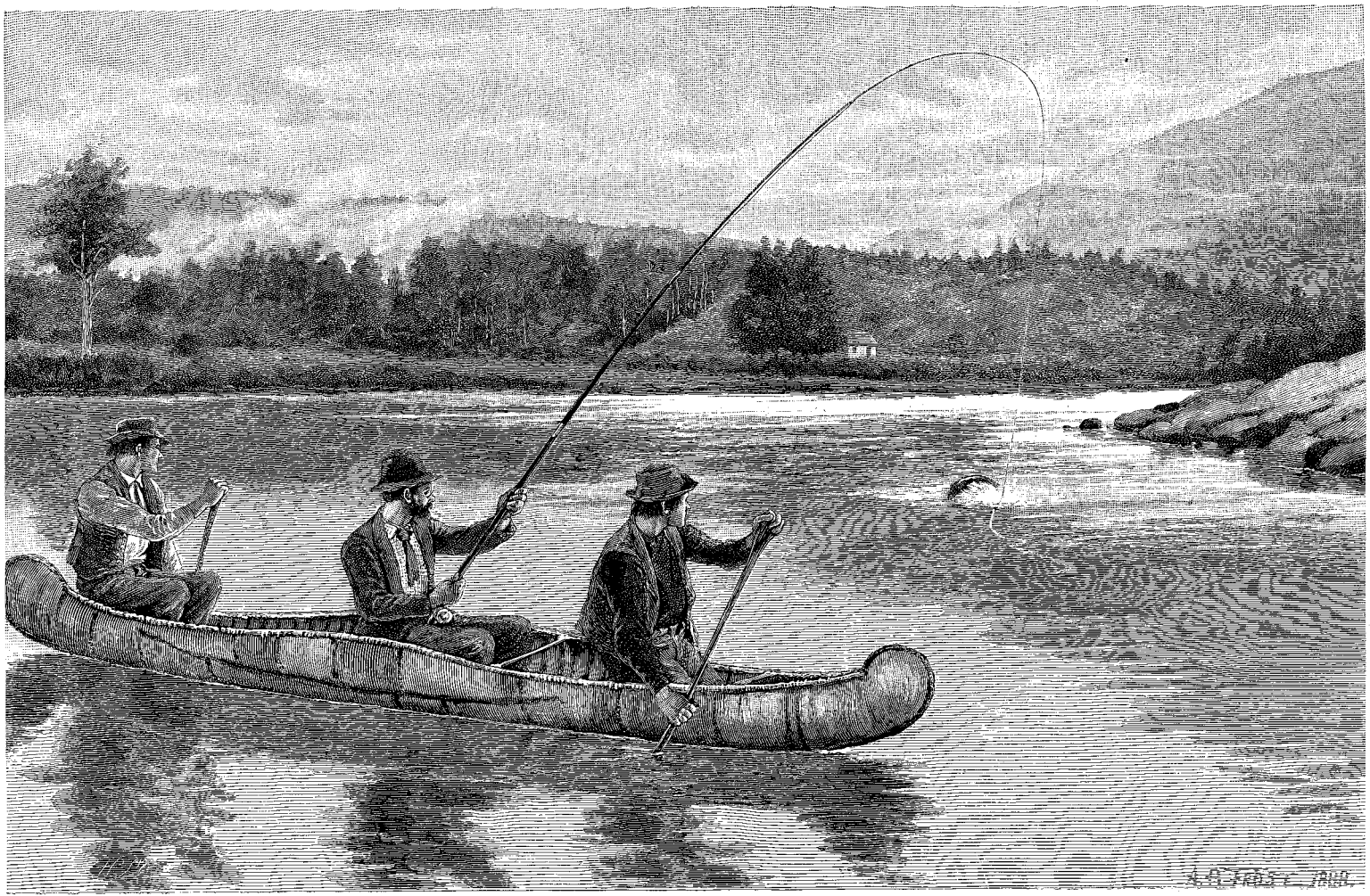

"The tough wood will stand the strain. The fish must be moved."

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upon the floating piazza in an armchair and smoke the pipe of peace, while the cool breeze blows in your face and the musical waves go singing down to the sea.

There was one feature about the boat, which commended itself very strongly to my mind. It was possible to stand upon the forward deck and do a little trout-fishing in motion. By watching your chance, when the corner of a good pool was within easy reach, you could send out a hasty line and cajole a sea-trout from his hiding-place. It is true that the tow-ropes and the post made the back-cast a little awkward; and the wind sometimes blew the fly up on the roof of the cabin; but then, with patience and a short line the thing could be done. I remember a pair of good trout that rose together just as we were going through a boiling rapid; and it tried the metal of my six-ounce Imbrie rod to bring those fish to the net against the current and the motion of the boat.

When nightfall approached we let go the anchor (to wit, a rope tied to a large stone on the shore), ate our dinner "with gladness and singleness of heart" like the early Christians, and slept the sleep of the just, lulled by the murmuring of the waters, and defended from the insidious attacks of the mosquito by the breeze blowing down the river and the impregnable curtains over the beds. At daybreak, long before Favonius and I had finished our dreams, we were under way again; and when the trampling of the horses on some rocky shore wakened us, we could see the steep hills gliding past the windows and hear the rapids dashing against the side of the boat, and it seemed as if we were still dreaming.

At Cross Point, where the river makes a long loop around a narrow mountain, thin as a saw and crowned on its jagged edge by a rude wooden cross, we stopped for an hour to try the fishing. It was here that I hooked two mysterious creatures, each of which took the fly when it was below the surface, pulled for a few moments in a sullen way and then apparently melted into nothingness. It will always be a source of regret to me that the nature of these animals must remain unknown. While they were on the line it was the general opinion that they were heavy trout; but no sooner had they escaped unseen, than I became firmly convinced, in accordance with a psychological law which is well known to fishermen, that they were both enormous salmon. No one can alter that conviction, because no one can logically refute it. Our best blessings, like our largest fish, always depart before we have time to measure them.

The Slide Pool is in the wildest and most picturesque part of the river, about thirty-five miles above Metapedia. The stream, flowing swiftly down a stretch of rapids between forest-clad hills, runs straight toward the base of an eminence so precipitous that the trees can hardly find a foothold upon it, and seem to be climbing up in haste on either side of the long slide which leads to the summit. The current, barred by the wall of rock, takes a great sweep to the right, dashing up at first in angry waves, then falling away in oily curves and eddies, until at last it sleeps in a black deep, apparently almost motionless at the foot of the hill. It was here, on the upper edge of the stream, opposite to the slide, that we brought our floating camp to anchor for some days; and here, if you please, I will try to establish some visible connection between this paper and its title by describing the capture of a Restigouche salmon in the flesh, or perhaps one ought to say, in the fish.

Let us take a "specimen day." It is early morning, or to be more precise, about eight of the clock, and the white fog is just beginning to curl and drift away from the surface of the river. Sooner than this it would be idle to go out. The preternaturally early bird in his greedy haste may catch the worm; but the fly is never taken until the fog has lifted; and in this the scientific angler sees, with gratitude, a remarkable adaptation of the laws of nature to the necessities of man. The canoes are waiting at the front door. We step into them and push off, Favonius going up the stream a couple of miles to the mouth of the Patapedia, and I down, a little shorter distance, to the famous Indian House Pool. The slim boat glides easily on the current, with a

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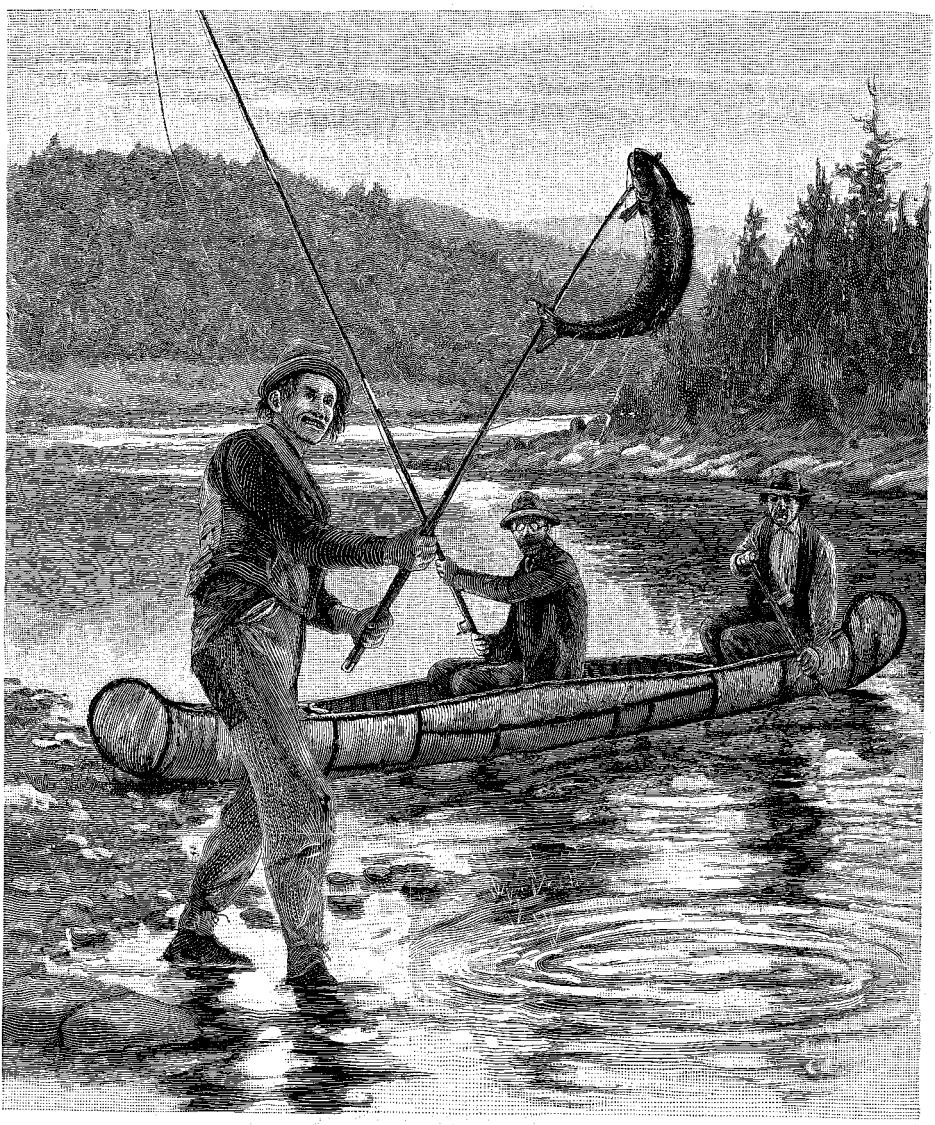

"A quick, sure stroke of the steel! a great splash! and the salmon is lifted high and dry upon the shore."

smooth buoyant motion, quickened by the strokes of the paddles in the bow and the stern. We pass around two curves in the river and find ourselves at the head of the pool. Here the man in the stern drops the anchor, just on the edge of the bar where the rapid breaks over into the deeper water. The long rod is lifted; the fly unhooked from the reel; a few feet of line pulled through the rings, and the fishing begins.

First cast,—to the right, straight across the stream, about twenty feet: the current carries the fly down with a semi-circular sweep until it comes in line with the bow of the canoe. Second cast,—to the left, straight across the stream, with the same motion: the semi-circle is completed, and the fly hangs quivering for a few seconds at the lowest point of the arc. Three or four feet of line are drawn from the reel. Third

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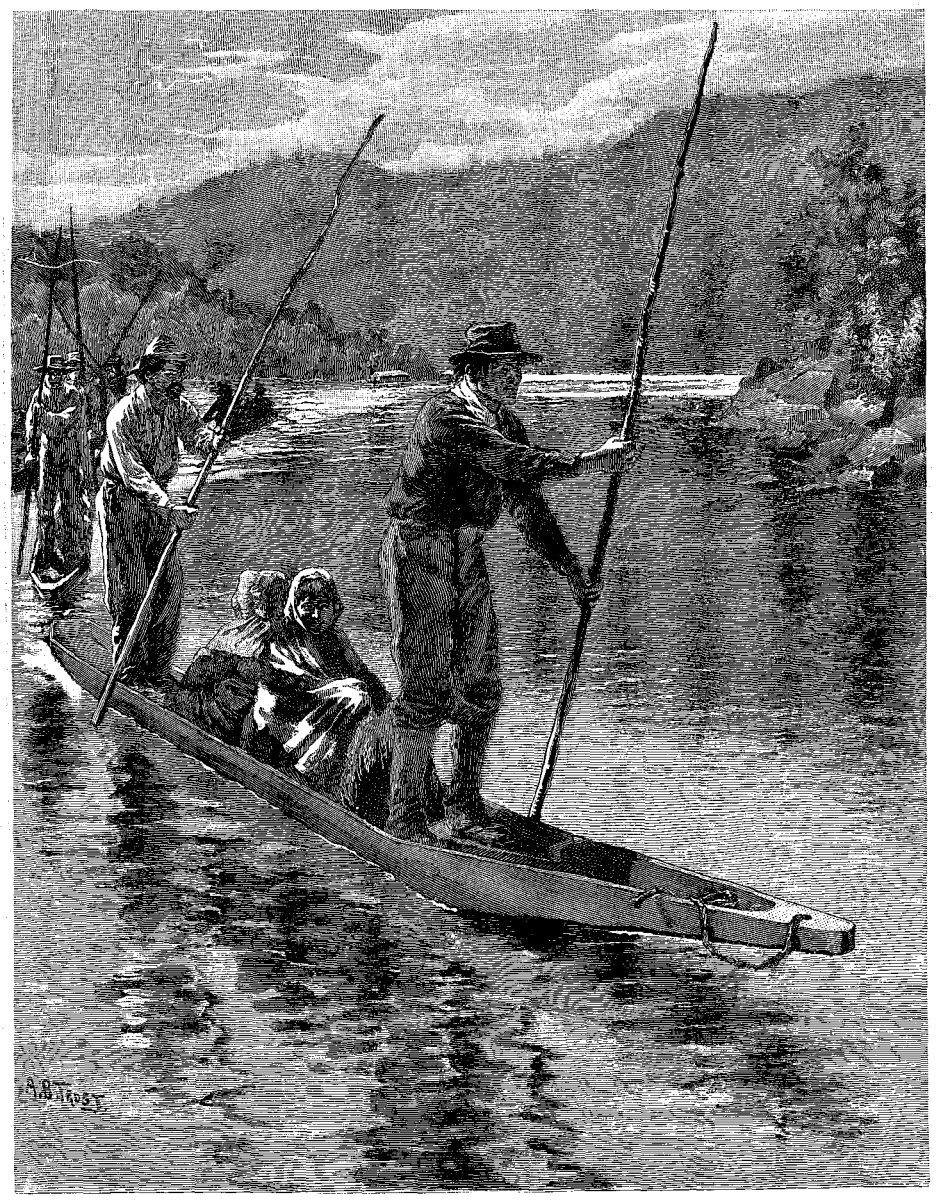

"It seemed a picturesque way of travelling, although none too safe."

cast, to the right; fourth cast, to the left. Then a little more line. And so, with widening half-circles, the water is covered, gradually and very carefully, until at length the angler has as much line out as his two-handed rod can lift and swing. Then the first "drop" is finished; the man in the stern quietly pulls up the anchor and lets the boat drift down a few yards; the same process is repeated on the second drop; and so on, until the end of the run is reached and the fly has passed over all the good water. This seems like a very regular and somewhat mechanical proceeding as one describes it, but in the performance it is rendered intensely interesting by the knowledge that, at any moment, it is liable to be interrupted by an agreeable surprise. One can never tell just when or how a

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salmon will rise, or just what he will do when he has risen.

This morning the interruption comes early. At the first cast of the second drop, before the fly has fairly lit, a great flash of silver darts from the waves close by the boat. Usually a salmon takes the fly rather slowly, carrying it under water before he seizes it in his mouth. But this one is in no mood for deliberation. He has hooked himself with a rush, and the line goes whirring madly from the reel as he races down the pool. Keep the point of the rod low; he must have his own way now. Up with the anchor quickly, and send the canoe after him, bowman and sternman paddling with swift strokes. He has reached the deepest water; he stops to think what has happened to him; we have passed around and below him; and now with the current to help us we can begin to reel in. Lift the point of the rod, with a strong, steady pull. Put the force of both arms into it. The tough wood will stand the strain. The fish must be moved; he must come to the boat if he is ever to be landed. He gives a little and yields slowly to the pressure. Then suddenly he gives too much, and runs straight toward us. Reel in now as swiftly as possible, or else he will get a slack on the line and escape. Now he stops, shakes his head from side to side, and darts away again across the pool, leaping high out of water. Drop the point of the rod quickly, for if he falls on the leader he will surely break it. Another leap, and another! Truly he is "a merry one," as Sir Humphry Davy says, and it will go hard with us to hold him. But those great leaps have exhausted his strength, and now he follows the line more easily. The men push the boat back to the shallow side of the pool until it touches lightly on the shore. The fish comes slowly in, fighting a little and making a few short runs; he is tired and turns slightly on his side; but even yet he is a heavy weight on the line, and it seems a wonder that so slight a thing as the leader can guide and draw him. Now he is close to the boat. The bowman steps out on a rock with his gaff. Steadily now and slowly, lift the rod, bending it backward. A quick, sure stroke of the steel! a great splash! and the salmon is lifted high and dry upon the shore. How he flounces about on the stones. Give him the *coup de grace* at once, for his own sake as well as for ours. And now look at him, as he lies there on the green leaves. Broad back; small head tapering to a point; clean, shining sides with a few black spots on them; it is a fish fresh-run from the sea, in perfect condition, and that is the reason why he has given such good sport.

We must try for another before we go back. Again fortune favors us, and at eleven o'clock we pole up the river to the camp with two good salmon in the canoe. Hardly have we laid them away in the ice-box, when Favonius comes dropping down from Patapedia with three fish, one of them a twenty-four pounder. And so the morning's work is done.

In the evening, after dinner, it was our custom to sit out on the deck, watching the moonlight as it fell softly over the black hills and changed the river into a pale flood of rolling gold. The fragrant wreaths of smoke floated lazily away on the faint breeze of night. There was no sound save the rushing of the water and the crackling of the campfire on the shore. We talked of many things in the heavens above, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth; touching lightly here and there as the spirit of vagrant converse led us. Favonius is one of those who believe with the old Roman

"Dulce est desipere in loco."

He has the good sense, also, to talk about himself occasionally and tell his own experience. The man who will not do that must always be a dull companion. Modest egoism is the salt of conversation: you do not want too much of it; but without any everything tastes flat. I remember well the evening when he told me the story of the pet lamb of the wilderness.

"I was ill that summer," said he, "and the doctor had ordered me to go into the woods, but on no account to go without plenty of fresh meat, which was essential to my recovery. So we set out

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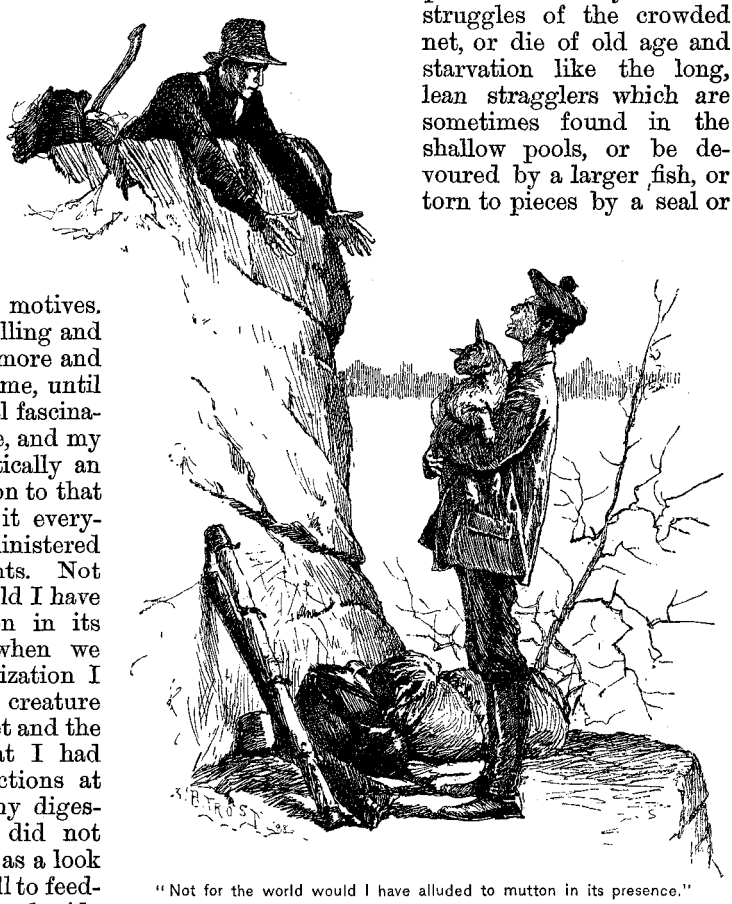
into the wild country north of Georgian Bay, taking a live lamb with us in order to be sure that the doctor's prescription might be faithfully followed. It was a gentle and confiding little beast, curling itself up at my feet in the canoe, and following me about on shore like a dog. I gathered grass every day to feed it, and carried it in my arms over the rough portages. It ate out of my hand and rubbed its woolly head against my leggings. To my dismay I found that I was beginning to love it for its own sake and without any ulterior motives. The thought of killing and eating it became more and more painful to me, until at length the fatal fascination was complete, and my trip became practically an exercise of devotion to that lamb. I carried it everywhere and ministered fondly to its wants. Not for the world would I have alluded to mutton in its presence. And when we returned to civilization I parted from the creature with sincere regret and the consciousness that I had humored my affections at the expense of my digestion. The lamb did not give me so much as a look of farewell, but fell to feeding on the grass beside the farm-house with an air of placid triumph."



"Not for the world would I have alluded to mutton in its presence."

After hearing this touching tale I was glad that no great intimacy had sprung up between Favonius and the chickens which we carried in a coop on the forecastle head, for there is no telling what inroads his tender-heartedness might have made upon our larder. But perhaps a chicken would not have given such an opening for misplaced affection as a lamb. There is a great difference in animals in this respect. I certainly never heard of any one falling in love with a salmon in such a way as to regard it as a fond companion. And this may be one reason why no sensible person who has tried fishing has ever been able to see any cruelty in it. For suppose the fish is not caught by an angler, what is his alternative fate? He will either perish miserably in the struggles of the crowded net, or die of old age and starvation like the long, lean stragglers which are sometimes found in the shallow pools, or be devoured by a larger fish, or torn to pieces by a seal or an otter. Compare with any of these miserable deaths the fate of a salmon who is hooked in a clear stream and after a glorious fight receives the happy dispatch in the moment when he touches the shore. Why, it is a sort of euthanasia. And since the fish was made to be man's food, the angler who brings him to the table of destiny in the cleanest, quickest, kindest way is, in fact, his benefactor.

There were some days, however, when

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our benevolent intentions toward the salmon were frustrated; mornings when they refused to rise, and evenings when they escaped even the skilful endeavors of Favonius. In vain did he try every fly, in his book, from the smallest "Silver Doctor" to the largest "Golden Eagle." The "Black Dose" would not move them; the "Durham Ranger" covered the pool in vain. On days like this, if a stray fish rose it was hard to land him, for he was usually but slightly hooked. I remember one of these shy creatures which led me a pretty dance at the mouth of Patapedia. He came to the fly just at dusk, rising very softly and quietly, as if he did not really care for it but only wanted to see what it was like. He went down at once into deep water, and began the most dangerous and exasperating of all salmon-tactics, moving around in slow circles and shaking his head from side to side, with sullen pertinacity. This is called "jigging," and unless it can be stopped, the result is apt to be melancholy. I could not stop it. That salmon was determined to jig. He knew more than I did. The canoe followed him down the pool. He jigged away past all three of the inlets of the Patapedia, and at last in the still, deep water below, after we had labored with him for half an hour, and brought him near enough to see that he was immense, he calmly opened his mouth and the fly came back to me void. That was a sad evening, in which all the consolations of philosophy were needed.

Sunday was a very peaceful day in our camp. In the Dominion of Canada the question "to fish or not to fish" on the first day of the week is not left to the frailty of the individual conscience. The law on the subject is quite explicit, and says that between six o'clock on Saturday evening and six o'clock on Monday morning all nets shall be taken up and no one shall wet a line. The Restigouche Salmon Club has its guardians stationed all along the river, and they are quite as inflexible in seeing that their employers keep this law as the famous sentinel was in refusing to let Napoleon pass without the countersign. But I do not think that any of these keen sportsmen regard it as a hardship; they are quite willing that the fish should have "an off day" in every week, and only grumble because some of the net-owners down at the mouth of the river have brought political influence to bear in their favor and obtained exemption from the rule. For our part, we were nothing loath to hang up our rods, and make the day different from other days. In the morning we had a service in the cabin of the boat, gathering a little congregation of guardians and boatmen and people from a solitary farm-house up the river. They came in *pirogues*—long, narrow boats hollowed from the trunk of a tree; and as they pushed off on their homeward journey, the black-eyed, brown-faced girls sitting back to back in the middle of the boat, and the men standing up and bending to their poles, it seemed a picturesque way of travelling, although none too safe.

In the afternoon we sat on deck and looked at the water. What a charm there is in watching a swift stream! The eye never wearies of following its curls and eddies, the shadow of the waves dancing over the stones, the strange, crinkling lines of sunlight in the shallows. There is a sort of fascination in it, lulling and soothing the mind into a quietude which is even pleasanter than sleep, and making it almost possible to do that of which we so often speak, but which we never quite accomplish—"think about nothing." Out on the edge of the pool, we could see five or six huge salmon, moving slowly from side to side, or lying motionless like gray shadows. There was nothing to break the silence except the thin, clear whistle of the "sweet-wea-thèr," and as the sun began to sink, the silver, bell-like notes of the "lost Kennedy" warbling to himself far back in the woods. These are almost the only bird-songs that one ever hears on the river, unless you count the metallic "chr-r-r-r" of the thievish king-fisher as a song. Every now and then one of the salmon in the pool would lazily roll out of water, or spring high into the air and fall back with a heavy splash. What is it that makes salmon leap? Is it pain or pleasure? Do they do it to escape the attack of another fish, or to shake off a parasite that clings to them, or to

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practise jumping so that they can ascend the falls when they reach them, or simply and solely out of exuberant gladness and joy of living? Any one of these reasons would be enough to account for it on week-days; but on Sunday I am quite sure they do it for the trial of the fisherman's faith.

But how should I tell all the little incidents which made that inland voyage so delightful? Favonius was the ideal host, for on water as well as on land, he knows how to provide for the liberty as well as for the wants of his guests. He understands also the fine art of conversation, which consists of silence as well as speech. And when it comes to angling, Izaak Walton himself could not have been a more profitable teacher by precept or example. Indeed, it is a curious thought, and one full of sadness to a well-constituted mind, that on the Restigouche "I. W." would have been somewhat at sea, for the beloved father of all fishermen passed through this world without ever catching a salmon.

At last the days of idleness were ended. We could not

> "Fold our tents like the Arabs,
> And as silently steal away;"

but we took down the long rods, put away the heavy reels, made the canoes fast to the side of the house, embarked the three horses on the front deck, and then dropped down with the current, swinging along through the rapids, and drifting slowly through the still places, now grounding on a hidden rock, and now sweeping around a sharp curve, until at length we saw the roofs of Metapedia and the ugly bridge of the railway spanning the river. There we left our floating-house, uncouth and motionless, like some strange water-monster, stranded on the shore. And as we climbed the bank we looked back and wondered whether Noah was sorry when he said good-by to his ark.

OF LOVE AND DEATH.

By Maybury Fleming.

What tho' the green leaf grow?
'Twill last a month and day;
In all sweet flowers that blow
Lurks Death his slave Decay.

But if my lady smile
There is no Death at all;
The world is fair the while—
What tho' the red leaf fall?

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THE CENTRE OF THE REPUBLIC.

By James Baldwin.

SECOND PAPER.

VII.

NO other single influence has conduced more largely to the development of the States which we are considering than the attention paid, both at the beginning and of late years, to the cause of popular education. Scarcely, indeed, were the ridge-poles securely fastened upon the roof of his cabin, before the pioneer from beyond the Alleghanies began to consider the means of providing for the education of his children. The desire uppermost in his mind, after he had secured a home and a reasonable assurance that food and clothing would not fail, was that his posterity might be blessed by the possession of a broader and more liberal culture than had ever been within his own reach. Hence, prominent in the early State Constitutions we find passages like the following: "Knowledge and learning generally diffused through a community being essential to the preservation of a free government, and spreading the opportunities and advantages of education through the various parts of the country being highly conducive to this end, it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to provide by law for the improvement of such lands as are, or hereafter may be, granted by the United States to this State for the use of schools, and to apply any funds which may be raised from such lands, or from any other quarter, to the accomplishment of the grand object for which they are or may be intended."

What lands were those thus referred to as having been granted to the State by the United States? As early as the 20th of May, 1785, Congress had passed an act providing for the disposal of certain portions of the public lands. By one of the most important provisions of that act it was ordered that one square mile of land in every township should be devoted to the maintenance of free schools and to the general diffusion of knowledge throughout the community. Thus, one thirty-sixth part of all the lands within the Northwest Territory, amounting in the aggregate to more than four million acres, was dedicated to the cause of popular education. This is the first instance in the history of the world of so generous a provision for the maintenance of schools, long before the schools were needed. This magnificent endowment became the nucleus of a school-fund for each State—a fund which, under careful management and by additions from various sources, has grown to be a very important factor in the economy of the commonwealth. In 1876 the school-fund of Indiana, the smallest of the five States as regards area, amounted to nearly nine million dollars—a sum greater by two million dollars than the fund at that time possessed by any other State in the Union. And yet, such was the reputation of the Hoosier State for illiteracy, that at the Centennial Exposition, when some of the school-work of Indiana children was placed on exhibition, there were many educated people who seriously inquired of the State agent whether there really were any good schools in that benighted land! In 1884 the combined school-funds of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin amounted to twenty-seven million two hundred and seventy-four thousand dollars—more than two-thirds as much as that of all the other States of the Union taken together.

Yet, notwithstanding the early and wise provisions made for the advancement of popular education and the diffusion of knowledge, there were for many years no public free schools. It

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was a long time before the school lands could be profitably sold and the funds accruing from their sale rightly utilized. In one or more of the States the law provided that no disposal of these lands should be made prior to the year 1820; and it was not until even thirty or forty years later that all were finally made productive. During a period, therefore, of more than half a century they were of but little actual value to the public-school system, and stood only as so many secured promises of a future endowment. It must not be supposed, however, that in the meantime there were no schools, or that the people were entirely indifferent about the education of their children. The truth of the matter was far otherwise, although it must be confessed that in many localities the diffusion of knowledge was attended with difficulties, and did not receive the encouragement which was its due.

If the State had not sufficient funds to support a system of free schools, it had at least, in some instances, the power to provide for the building of school-houses in which instruction could be given to such as were willing and able to pay for it. But how was this possible when there was no money in the treasury and the poverty of the people was such as to preclude the idea of raising it by direct taxation? In some of the States this problem was solved by making every voting citizen a builder. It was directed by law that in each school district a school-house should be erected, large enough to accommodate all the children of school age residing within its limits. It was further ordered that in the construction of that building every male inhabitant over twenty-one years of age should labor one day in each week until its completion; or, if he preferred, he might pay, "in lieu of such labor, any plank, nails, or glass" that might be needed. In case he neglected to work and refused to pay the equivalent, he was to be fined "thirty-seven and one-half cents for every day he so failed."

These primitive school-houses were, of course, very rude affairs, built of round logs, and with as little expenditure of time and money as the law would allow. It was required that they should be eight feet high from floor to joists, and that they should be provided with such furniture as was absolutely necessary for use in the schools. The floors were of roughly hewn puncheons; a great fireplace and chimney, built of sticks and clay, often extended entirely across one end of the room; the seats were long slabs with legs driven into them; there were no desks, but a narrow shelf against one of the walls afforded the larger pupils an opportunity to write; and blackboards were inventions not yet introduced into the Western country. Close to the place where the master sat, there were usually two long pegs driven into the wall for the purpose of supporting a choice assortment of hickory switches; for the rod was then regarded as the most effective and convenient means of securing obedience. Those were the days of the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," happily known no more in either Indiana or her sister States.

For years and years, the cause of education moved but slowly. Poverty and the daily struggle with adverse circumstances; the constant demand for more laborers; the necessity and difficulty of first providing sufficient food and clothing—these were the causes which tended to breed a lack of interest in book-knowledge. It was not so much disinclination as utter inability that prevented a more hearty support of educational measures. The schools, as I have already remarked, were not free schools. But in some localities, as in Michigan, a fund was raised by direct taxation, and provisions were made whereby the children of the very poor should receive instruction without cost; by thus placing education within the reach of all, it was hoped that the public would eventually "be benefited by genius and talent which would otherwise have died in obscurity." All who were able to pay for the tuition of their children were obliged to do so. The school terms were of brief duration—brief because of the many necessities and restrictions of frontier life; usually there was a winter term of two or three months, and occasionally a short summer term for the benefit of the very small children. The boy or young man who was able to at-

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tend school for a few weeks during three or four consecutive years was regarded as being fortunate; great things were to be expected of one who had enjoyed such rare opportunities. The pioneer schoolmaster was not a professional teacher; on the contrary, he was usually a man of small attainments who taught simply as a temporary convenience, and during a time in which he could be doing nothing else. He was frequently chosen not so much for his scholarship as for his physical strength and his ability to manage the big boys. And the school was no paradise of delights. "How scarcely endurable was the confinement!" writes one who was a pupil in those schools half a century ago. "We had to sit on backless benches all those long days, and we wished—anxiously wished—that recess or noon or night would come. Hours seemed like ages. May no generation be so punished again!"

The branches which were taught were, of course, only the most elementary and essential. To be able to read intelligibly in the New Testament, to spell words of four syllables in Webster's Spelling Book, and to cipher to the "Double Rule of Three," was proof of a very high grade of scholarship. Geography was for a long time a branch of instruction unknown to the schools; and as the day of newspapers and railroads had not yet arrived, the ignorance which prevailed regarding the outside world was little short of astounding. It must be remembered that this was during the period which might well be termed the Dark Ages of the West—the period intervening between the earliest pioneer days of struggle and hopeful enterprise, and the later régime of railroads and free schools and substantial progress. It was during this transitional period that the illiteracy and rudeness of the people of this section became proverbial, and that the names Buckeye, Hoosier, and Sucker began to be applied derisively to the natives, respectively, of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

Yet the cause of education was by no means dead. While the free-school system thus languished in a chrysalis state, and the great plans projected by our early legislators were still void of fruition, there were, nevertheless, many strong currents of influence at work for the promotion of general intelligence and the redemption of the fair name of the West. The idea of free schools was not generally regarded with favor. But few men were so poor as to be willing to partake of the State's charities even in the matter of the education of their children. There were many who looked upon any system of public schools with suspicion, fearing lest, in the absence of definite religious instruction, the minds of the pupils should be contaminated with a spirit of godlessness and unbelief. From these and other causes, the various Churches had very early taken in hand the matter of education and carried it forward with zeal and great success. Among the French in Michigan, the Catholics had maintained parochial schools from a very early period. In 1804, Father Richard, a zealous missionary, and afterward Territorial Delegate to Congress, established at Detroit a school for girls, and also a Latin school for young men. Four years later there were six schools in Michigan under his direction and patronage. In these schools, industrial training was made an important feature; for the girls were instructed in sewing, knitting, spinning, and weaving—a knowledge of such things being regarded as of more value than mere book-learning. "Father Richard thought that his schools ought to receive public assistance, and he applied to the Legislature for the grant of a lottery franchise; but though the evils of lotteries were not so well understood then as now, his application failed of effect, and his schools continued feeble and of low grade."*

The pioneer preachers of the Protestant Churches, convinced that illiteracy was incompatible with piety and virtue, were equally zealous in promoting the cause of education among their people. In the organization and maintenance of sectarian schools none were more active or more faithful than the Methodists and the Quakers. The former established schools and academies in almost every community, and the education of their children as an imperative Christian duty was urged upon the membership

* Cooley: Michigan.

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of the Church. For more than a third of a century these schools continued to do a noble work, being gradually and finally merged into the public schools or broadened and elevated to the rank of colleges and universities.

The Quakers, whose settlements were chiefly in Indiana and Western Ohio and Southeastern Michigan, were for a long time very averse to the education of their youth by "persons not in membership with Friends." Hence, wherever their number was sufficient to make it possible, they established and supported, by voluntary contributions, a system of "Monthly Meeting Schools" over which the Society exercised a judicious control, and in which a more careful and more thorough system of instruction prevailed than was then possible in the average district school. In their "Quarterly Meeting Schools," some of which are still in successful operation, a high grade of secondary instruction was given, and a large number of enthusiastic young men and young women were fitted for the profession of teaching—a profession in which many of them afterward became distinguished. Next to the Catholics, the Quakers were also among the first to attempt the education of the Indians; and although their labors in this direction have been attended with many discouragements, they have not yet abandoned the work.

The other Protestant Churches were by no means idle. Wherever there was a sufficient number of any sect to justify the necessary expenditure, there a denominational school or academy was established. The rivalry thus existing, and the general interest thus awakened in the cause of common-school education led to many earnest movements toward the establishment of colleges and universities. The result was a large number of institutions bearing imposing titles, yet too often possessed of nothing else save that Western type of faith which not infrequently places trust in impracticable schemes. As might have been expected, many of these institutions were short-lived, and even their pretentious names have long ago perished from remembrance. Others, more tenacious of life, and perhaps more deserving of it, struggled successfully against the obstacles and sore besetments which surrounded them, and, being backed by earnest Christian men and philanthropists, emerged from the trial victorious. Of these older colleges, organized during the days of the pioneers or shortly afterward, at least thirty still survive to honor their country and to fulfil the design of their organization. Yet the Churches, not satisfied to concentrate their endeavors and their means upon a few institutions, which might thus be amply endowed, have continued to multiply their enterprises and divide their resources, until there are now in the five States nearly eighty colleges and universities under denominational control. The influence of these institutions cannot well be estimated; but its vastness may be in part comprehended when we learn that more than ten thousand young men and young women are to-day receiving instruction in their halls.

In the meanwhile, however, the States themselves were also active in making endowments and providing for non-sectarian colleges, to be supported in part, if not altogether, from the funds in the public treasury. The Continental Congress had by the same Ordinance whereby lands were granted to the public schools ordered that "not more than two complete townships shall be given perpetually for the purposes of an university, to be laid off by the purchaser or purchasers, as near the centre as may be, so that the same shall be of good land, to be applied to the intended object by the Legislature of the State." In accordance with this provision, Ohio University was established at Athens in 1809, and the first movement toward giving due prominence to State universities was inaugurated. In Michigan, as early as 1816—twenty years before the admission of that State into the Union—the plan of a great university was formulated. This plan was the result of the joint labors of Father Richard, the Catholic priest already mentioned, and the Rev. John Monteith, a zealous but liberal Presbyterian clergyman. It resulted in the adoption by the Territorial Legislature of "An act to establish the Catholepistemiad, or University of Michigania." This act was revised in 1821, and the name of the institution

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was changed to the University of Michigan. The other States, although somewhat more tardy in their action, did not fail to follow a similar course: Indiana University was founded at Bloomington in 1828; Illinois College was founded at Jacksonville in 1830; and the University of Wisconsin at Madison in 1849. Other State institutions and some private non-sectarian colleges have been established at a later period, swelling the entire number of colleges and universities in this section to ninety—nearly one-fourth the entire number in the United States. The State universities are, as a rule, liberally patronized and supported, and take rank among the best educational institutions in America. For example, the University of Michigan has at the present time an enrolment of more than fifteen hundred students, and offers advantages for study and instruction scarcely equalled, and certainly not excelled, by any of the older universities of the Eastern States.

It must, of course, be acknowledged that among the ninety colleges and universities in this section of the Union there is to be found more or less of that which is crude and superficial, and in some instances a grade of instruction but little superior to that afforded in a well conducted high school. Yet, whatever may be said in derision of these "fresh-water" colleges, they have been instruments of incalculable good in forwarding the intellectual development of the West. Aside from the fact that a large number of the most influential men of the nation have been directly benefited by their instruction, they have from their organization been centres of influence whence have emanated rays of intelligence enlightening entire communities and through them exerting no small influence upon the moral and social character of the people at large. Moreover, many of the Western colleges were from the beginning the advocates of new methods and the exponents of new ideas in education. Their very freedom from conservatism —the outgrowth of Western contempt for ancient ruts—created and set in motion a leaven of thought and discussion which overflowed sectional boundaries and infected the more slowly plodding institutions of older States with new doctrines, and infused into them a new life. For example, at Oberlin College in Ohio, founded in 1833, the theory of the coeducation of the sexes was for the first time in the world's history practically demonstrated, and proved to be not only practicable but in many instances advantageous. It is unnecessary to comment upon the fact that, within little more than half a century, the experiment there inaugurated so successfully has overturned some of the cherished ideas of older institutions, and has in a measure revolutionized the educational systems of the world.

It was in a Western college that the election of studies in the higher classes, and the multiplication of courses to meet the diverse wants and capabilities of different students, first found encouragement. It was there that the fact was first recognized and given due consideration that the same course of study would not prepare young men for all the occupations of life, and that the time spent in acquiring a knowledge of certain branches was, in many instances, lost time and would better have been devoted to studies of a more practical value.

It was in the West that the position of the State university as the head of a system of public instruction was first practically recognized. The dependence of the colleges upon the public high schools, and of the high schools upon the elementary schools, was emphasized and made more plainly apparent by a systematic gradation of studies whereby the work of one department merged naturally and easily into that of the next higher. Long before the East had begun to recognize the importance of manual training, there were Manual Labor Institutes and schemes for education in handicraft in operation in the West. These radical deviations from the old order of things were, of course, in many instances, mere crude experiments, imperfect and unsatisfactory in their immediate effects, but bearing rich fruits in the after-time. In studying the history of the people of this section, and in considering the indebtedness of the entire country to Western influences, the importance of these movements in

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the field of higher education should not be underrated.

But, as has been already observed, while the energies of both Church and State were thus directed to the establishment of colleges and universities, the system of common schools, so liberally provided for in the beginning, was permitted to languish undeveloped. This neglect was due partly to a misconception of the true scope and objects of the free schools, partly to sectarian prejudice and narrowness, and partly to the ill-management of the officers to whom the control of the public funds had been intrusted. Moreover, that the colleges and other higher schools of learning should receive the first earnest attention and patronage of Church and State, was but following the common order of development. Strange though it may seem, educational institutions do not, at first, grow from below upward, but in the contrary manner. In every country the earliest public efforts for the advancement of education have been expended in the foundation of colleges and universities; then, at a later period, as the necessity of a more general diffusion of knowledge becomes recognized, the common schools are perfected, as the necessary basis of a complete system. In this respect, as well as in many others, the West has compressed within the limits of half a century the experiences and phenomena which in older countries extended through many ages and were the results of a slow and tedious process of alternate growth and repression.

The public-school system in the West, when once the long dormant germ was fully matured, was a plant of rapid, though substantial, growth. But little more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the awakening began and the true value and importance of the free school became generally recognized. In nothing else has there ever been a more wonderful or more noble progress. The log school-houses have vanished, to give place to handsome, often elegant, frame, brick, and stone edifices. Instead of the rudeness and discomfort which characterized the district school of the earlier day, every necessary convenience is at hand to give pleasure to the pupil and lend assistance to the teacher. The pride of every village is its school building and its efficient public school, in which every child may receive, free of cost, the best instruction that is anywhere afforded. There are to-day in the five States more than fifty thousand school-houses in which schools are maintained from three to ten months every year. The value of these buildings, with the grounds, is considerably over eighty millions of dollars, which is more than one-half that of all other public school property in the Union. Nearly three millions of children annually receive instruction in the public schools; while more than eighty-five thousand teachers, a large number of whom have been trained especially for their work, are employed as instructors. The total amount expended each year for the support of these schools somewhat exceeds thirty-two millions of dollars, or more than eight dollars for each child of school age within the States.

As to the character of the instruction given, it is sufficient to say that it is nowhere excelled. Not New England with her school system two centuries old, nor New York with her wealth and splendid advantages, can exhibit better methods of teaching, or better results, than can be found in the towns and cities of any of the five States under discussion. Quite recently, also, the country district schools have made wonderful advancement, and in some localities rival in thoroughness the more favored graded schools of the towns. The public high schools have long ago, by the very excellent quality of the instruction given in them, supplanted in most cases the private and sectarian academies, and rendered the support of such institutions unnecessary. In some of the States they are the authorized preparatory schools for the universities and other State institutions. The high school at Ann Arbor, Mich., "annually," it is said, "for the ten years preceding 1884, graduated an average number of pupils, with full preparation to enter upon a regular university course, greater, it is believed, than is fitted for college in any other public school in the country."

In no other section of the United States is so much attention paid to the

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professional training and education of teachers. Institutes for instruction in the most advanced methods of education are held annually in every county, and these are attended by all the teachers. In some of the States, township institutes are also required by law; and attendance upon them is made obligatory. Besides these—and indeed of far greater importance and value—there are numerous Normal and Training Schools, some controlled by the State, some by town or city corporations, and some by private individuals, which have been established for the thorough, systematic, and philosophic teaching of teachers. In Indiana alone there are twelve institutions of this kind, in which more than seven thousand five hundred men and women annually receive instruction and professional training. The teachers are also banded together in innumerable associations and reading circles—township, county, and State—for purposes of mutual aid and improvement. One result of all this activity is that the teachers of these States are always to be found in the van of progress. No new theory of education, no improved method of instruction, no valuable text-book on any of the common school branches, no foundation principles of pedagogics, that they are not acquainted with and able to apply or discuss. It cannot be denied that they are prone to the riding of hobbies, and that their enthusiasm sometimes carries them beyond the bounds of wise discretion, yet as a rule they constitute an element of progress in the State and community whose presence cannot be ignored and the value of whose labors cannot be overestimated. Their influence upon educational methods and movements throughout the country can be best illustrated by noting what the West has done in a general way toward revolutionizing or improving the system of public-school instruction.

It was in the West that the idea of graded schools was first completely formulated and made practically successful. It was in the West that the superintendency of schools—county and city—was first generally recognized as essential to the success of the system. It was in the West that the earliest and some of the ablest expounders of the "new education," in this country, attempted the practical application of their theories. While yet the country was but half settled and the public-school system little more than a promise, a former pupil of Pestalozzi introduced the methods of that reformer into the private schools of the lower Wabash Valley. Long before a "new departure" had been discovered in the schools of Quincy, and heralded to the world as the beginning of a great reformation, the self-same methods, there so highly eulogized, were being practically demonstrated in scores of cities and towns in the West. And it is to the progressive spirit of the West, which permeates and vivifies every department of public or private enterprise, that almost all other reforms and improvements during the past quarter of a century have been in some measure due.

VIII.

Progress in literature and in the cultivation of literary tastes and habits is not to be expected in a newly settled country. The men who hew down forests or subdue the stubborn sod of the prairies have little time and few opportunities for improving their minds by reading or study. Their energies must be directed toward supplying the pressing needs of the hour; and matters which seem to have but little immediate practical value must of necessity be postponed or ignored. A general prosperity in material affairs, and the leisure which that prosperity makes possible must be secured before any considerable attainments in literature, science, or art can be hoped for.

There was little in the environments of the early settlers in the Ohio Valley to encourage a taste for the cultivation of letters—there was very much to discourage and repress. The pioneer's library was usually limited to the Bible, a few religious tracts, and a medical almanac. He who had, in addition to these, a copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," or some stray volume of poems, was indeed a fortunate man, with little else in the way of books to be desired.

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As has been in all primitive communities, there was a tendency toward the cultivation of poetry. Old ballads, bits of rhyme, stray pieces of doggerel, when they could be had, were carefully preserved, or copied and passed from hand to hand. Verses of a mournful or semi-religious cast were especially cherished by the hard-working farmers' wives; and young girls on Sundays, or during their brief respites from labor on week-days sometimes amused themselves by expressing their favorite thoughts in the shape of rude rhymes. Some of these verses were occasionally deemed worthy of special preservation, and were long kept as mementos and keepsakes by the families or friends of the writers. At a later period an occasional volume of poetry found its way to the printer, and thence, bound in boards or cheap leather, to a limited but appreciative circle of readers. The poems of Mary Louisa Chitwood, of Indiana, which possessed not a little genuine merit, were read and admired in many Hoosier homes; and the anti-slavery verses of the young Quakeress, Elizabeth Margaret Chandler, which breathed the true spirit of poetry as well as of philanthropy, may be regarded as Michigan's first contribution to the world of letters. It can hardly be doubted that there were "mute, inglorious Miltons" hidden forever from the world's ken in the great Western clearings. In every neighborhood there were seers of visions and dreamers of dreams who with more favorable surroundings might have been poets or philosophers or leaders of men.

As a matter of course, no book was read more than the Bible; for the pioneers were pre-eminently religious. Their preachers were controversialists of the original stamp, never so happy as when demolishing the arguments of an opponent, or proving the falsity of every dogma not in harmony with their own teachings. Their popularity depended both upon their pugnacity and upon their ability to preach long sermons. A sermon requiring three hours for its delivery was proof positive not only of great scholarship, but of unimpeachable piety; and such was the faith and resignation of the hearers that they would permit no criticisms upon this part of the preacher's methods. Rival sects had little charity for one another. Each defended its own favorite practices and attacked those of others from every available rallying point; and the press was early made the vehicle for the refutation of heresies or the confusion of an opponent. It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that scraps of controversial literature obtained circulation and were highly prized by those whose sentiments they echoed. Indeed, there were men who felt themselves moved to write religious books; and the period of expectation which followed the first years of privation and trial gave rise to a feeble native literature of a peculiar theological cast. To this literature belong such works as "The Voice of One Crying in the Wilderness," * and numerous pamphlets and tracts, single copies and fragments of which are still preserved as heirlooms and curiosities. These primitive volumes are of no intrinsic value; yet, should we compare them with much that was written in New England during its theological period, we should find in them nothing which need cause their authors serious disquietude.

Twenty years later, when the country had fairly entered upon its present career of progress, and when the privations of pioneer times had been almost forgotten, there sprung into existence a more vigorous class of controversial writings. But few peoples have ever attained to a high state of enlightenment without first having passed through some such stage of religious disputation or of controversial literature. It seems to be an experience peculiar and necessary to young commonwealths, as certain diseases are peculiar to growing children. Rival preachers met at a country schoolhouse, or at a village church, and held long disputations upon some question of faith or some matter of difference in church practice. Their arguments, which one must suspect were often intolerably dull to the hearers, being written down and separately edited, were afterward printed for circulation among

* The Voice of One Crying in the Wilderness—being an Essay to extend the Reformation. By Francis Whitefield Emmons, Emmaus, Ia. (Indiana). Printed at Noblesville, 1837. Copyright given to the Public.

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their respective friends and adherents. Some dozens of volumes, having a very limited circulation, but still occasionally seen upon the shelves of certain ministers of the Gospel, were thus brought into existence. To the same period belong, also, a number of theological works bearing enigmatical titles similar to the following:

Collectanea: a Collection and Exposition of Things Relating to the Two Adams. A Christadelphian Work.

The Conflict of Ages Ended; a Succedaneum to Beecher's Conflict of Ages.

Within the decade immediately preceding the war a surprising number of works like the above were written and published in the West. A few were honored by production from a city press, but the most were printed in country towns, and their existence was as brief as it was obscure. Such writings merit mention, not because of any literary merit, but as illustrating the phases of intellectual and moral growth through which the people of the West —much in the same way as those of older countries—have successively passed.

But the early literature of this section was not exclusively theological. The Hon. Isaac Blackford, Judge of the Supreme Court of Indiana, compiled and published eight volumes of Reports, so carefully written, so comprehensive, and so practical, that they are now regarded by jurists the world over, not only as valuable works of reference, but as the most trustworthy authority on many matters of doubt or dispute. This was perhaps the only work of really permanent value produced during the period of settlement. A few local histories, and some stories of Western adventure, complete the list.

When, at length, railroads came, and the telegraph, and a net-work of iron began to be spread all over the country, a new direction was given to the thoughts and aspirations of the people. Hitherto, communication with other States had been difficult, and little was known of what was transpiring in distant parts of the world. The mails had been by no means frequent in their visits, nor were they very heavily laden with the news of the day. A boy on horseback, riding over the road once a week with a small package of letters in a mail-bag, had been the limit of the mail-service at most of the post-offices. During the earlier days the rates of postage had been very high—being regulated according to the distance—and the expense of letter-carriage was always paid by the receiver, not by the sender; hence there was not much correspondence between the settlers and their friends in the older States. But now, when the mails arrived daily and communication with the most distant points was a matter of only a few days, the life of the people was, in a manner, changed. The influence of the cities and larger towns began to be felt. The weekly newspaper became a welcome visitor in many homes. An increasing curiosity was aroused concerning the doings of the rest of the world; books of travel and adventure were eagerly sought and as eagerly read and discussed; the itinerant book-agent with his stock of literary wares became a well-known and not always an unwelcome caller at the doors of the farm-houses. The period of the "renaissance" had indeed come to the Western people.

The popular demand for reading matter and for the means of acquiring general information rapidly increased, and developed into a craving not more for knowledge than for the mere pleasurable excitement of becoming acquainted with books. The public schools, as we have already noted, had but lately begun to assume their proper place and functions; and their influence but heightened the general awakening. As a consequence, in some of the States hundreds of small public libraries were established. The formation of township libraries as a part of the grand system of popular education placed books of the very best class within the reach of every person who wished to read. Most of these libraries have long ago disappeared—the prey of petty thievery and final neglect—but the good which they accomplished, just at the time when their aid was most needed, can never be overestimated. Many a young man who afterward attained success and perhaps achieved distinction in some of the higher walks of life was awakened to nobler aspirations and endeavors

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through the reading of books thus made accessible to him.

In Indiana, during this same period of literary awakening, if we may apply that term, nearly two hundred libraries, known as Workingmen's Libraries, were founded in different parts of the State. The funds for the purchase of these libraries were provided by one William Maclure, a wealthy Scotch philanthropist, who bequeathed what was then considered a very large fortune for their support. It was Maclure who had endeavored to establish manual labor schools in the West, forty years before the subject of hand-training had become a matter for inquiry and discussion in educational circles; and through his influence the methods of Pestalozzi had been made known also in this country a quarter of a century previous to their general acceptance by the more progressive teachers.

Through the influences and aids which have been enumerated, the people of the West became a reading people, and the diffusion of knowledge among the masses remained no longer an unsolved problem. The great political questions which about this time began to press forward for solution increased the general desire for knowledge. Newspapers representing every phase of political opinion found their way into the remotest country places, and if they did nothing more, they stirred up thought; and when the crisis of war came, the people of the West were as a body able to act intelligently, and ready to act promptly. The war seemed not in the least to check the progress of intellectual growth, but rather to hasten it, by presenting new subjects for thought and by opening up wider fields for action. The men of these States, coming into contact with citizens of other sections, were able to measure their own strength by comparing it with that of others; they discovered by practical experiment what was the probable extent of the attainments within their reach, and their faith in the West grew stronger than ever before. With the return of peace, grand projects were set on foot and carried to successful realization. The idea of popular education received new encouragement; the public schools and colleges, as we have already shown, at once advanced to the front, and took rank among the most efficient in the world; and the taste for good reading, already awakened, was fostered and directed to the attainment of important results.

There are now being published in this section more than three thousand newspapers and other periodicals, the aggregate circulation of which, per issue, is over seven million copies. In addition to these indigenous publications, the periodicals devoted to literature, art, and religion, the more famous political organs, and the great magazines of New York and Boston, find liberal patronage —so liberal, in fact, that we may safely place the aggregate circulation of all classes of periodicals at nearly fourteen million copies per issue, or one copy for every man, woman, and child in the five States. But, that the reading of a large proportion of the people is not confined to matter of an ephemeral kind, we have ample proof. There are now in this section more than twelve hundred public libraries, containing over three hundred volumes each, to say nothing of perhaps a triple number of smaller but valuable collections. Besides these, there are innumerable large private libraries, and libraries belonging to clubs and associations. All these cannot fail to exercise an important influence in favor of mind and heart culture, and the advancement of liberal and enlightened ideas.

In the cities and larger towns, societies for literary culture and enjoyment have for many years been maintained by persons of leisure and the younger class of professional men. Perhaps none of these are more famous or have done more valuable work than the Detroit Young Men's Society, which at different times enrolled among its members some of the ablest and most famous statesmen and jurists of this country. Within a more recent period, the organization of literary clubs and reading circles has extended, not only into the towns, but into the smaller villages and numbers of country communities remote from any of the great educational centres. The character of the work accomplished by these associations varies, of

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course, with the tastes, capabilities, and desires of their members; but, as a rule, they eschew that which is simply frivolous or superficial, and devote their energies to the study of subjects requiring thought and patient investigation. I have before me the programmes for the current year of a large number of associations of this kind. I take them up hastily and at random. The first is that of a Woman's Reading Club in a small town in the midst of a rich agricultural region; and the subject to which its members devote the entire year's study is United States history, with a series of readings and discussions on matters relating to the science of government. The next is the programme of a certain Afternoon Club—also a society of ladies—and indicates subjects for the consideration of its members which are of a more ambitious cast, such as "Socrates and the Socratic Method," "Bacon's Philosophy," "Goethe," "Dante," "Swedenborg." The third—still another woman's club—contains a plan for a year's work on the history of Anglo-Saxon England, including the reading of "King Lear," "Cymbeline," and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." The fourth comes also from a country town remote from any college, and is the programme of the Spencer Class, a society of gentlemen and ladies who have devoted one evening of each fortnight to the study of the "Data of Ethics" and Schlegel's "Philosophy of History." Then follow the cards of numerous Shakespeare Clubs, some located in the cities, but more in country places, and all seeming to be deeply interested in the pursuit of knowledge concerning the bard of Avon and his works. Next I find the circulars of certain Browning Clubs and Browning Societies, some of which have devoted months and years to the enjoyable reading and study of their favorite author, and are still continuing the work with ever-increasing ardor. These are simply illustrations of the kind of study and the character of the reading which is being done in this year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight all over that country which but a short time ago was an uncultivated wilderness. Nor is this all. There are numerous professional associations whose members are pursuing certain prescribed courses of reading for the purpose of intellectual improvement and culture. Prominent among these latter are the Teachers' Reading Circles, organized under the auspices of State educational associations, and controlled by them through the agency of committees and boards of local managers. At the present time these circles have an aggregate membership of more than fifteen thousand persons, and these are engaged in the systematic study of such works as Green's "History of the English People," Taine's "English Literature," or Sully's "Psychology." Examinations are held at stated times, and certificates or diplomas are awarded to such as complete the prescribed course of reading in a manner satisfactory to the board of managers.

While these movements have been going on in the direction of mental improvement and literary culture, the West has produced not a few original thinkers and writers of its own, and has done much toward the upbuilding of our national literature. There are numbers of individuals who, either being natives of the West or writing under the influence of long residence there, have made valuable and permanent contributions to the literature of America. In the department of prose fiction, the number of Western writers is by no means small, and includes some of the most celebrated novelists of to-day. Of poets and versifiers, the name is legion; nor is their work altogether confined to productions of an ephemeral character; genuine poems of a sterling character, including two recent translations of Virgil, attest the character of Western taste in poetry. Of historians, at least a dozen might be named, the authors of works of every shade of scholarship from a history of American literature to a discussion of the claims of Columbus as the true discoverer of America. Of writers on philosophy and ethical subjects, a brilliant array of names might be presented. Of contributors to the literature of education, no other section of the Union can boast so many and so able. Of scientists, many of the most notable in America are or have been residents of these States, and have accomplished a

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large part of their work while there. In the field of literary criticism, there is an increasing number of able writers. The mere mention of the names of men and women in the West who have enriched our national literature by their contributions would exceed the limits of this paper. Enough has been said to show that the trend of thought, even in rural communities, is in the direction of enlightenment, refinement, and mental culture. Should the present rate of progress continue for another quarter of a century, who can say whether the East or the West shall occupy the first position as regards intellectual attainments, the triumphs of literature, and the graces of social life?

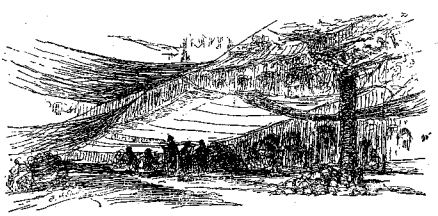
IX.

Several years ago, the Hon. William H. Seward, in a speech before a Western audience, ventured the prediction that "power would not much longer linger on the narrow strip between the Atlantic and the slopes of the Alleghanies, but that the commanding field would soon be in the upper Mississippi Valley, where men and institutions would speak and communicate their will to the nation and the world." The centennial anniversary of the passage of the Ordinance respecting the Northwestern Territory witnesses the fulfilment of that prediction. That section of our country which one hundred years ago was regarded as barely worth the attention of our national legislators, has become the most important element in the superstructure of our government. In respect not only of position, but of wealth, of natural fertility, of political influence, of intellectual strength, of literary promise, it may well assume the right to be regarded as the Centre of the Republic.

MORNING IN VENICE.

By Bessie Gray.

'Gainst the dusk-gold of morn's candescent sky
Strike dome and campanile, sharp and clear,
Jangling sweet bells on the still city's ear.
Strange scents of musk and myrtle hover nigh;
The frail pomegranate-blossoms, hanging high
Above the dark canal, drop straight and sheer,
Drift on, a crimson fleet, then disappear.
High-heap'd with sun-kiss'd fruits, the boats go by
With cadenc'd oar to the gay market-place,
Where purple, bloomy grapes, for very stress
Of swollen sweetness, burst and spill their wine;
Where bronzèd melons lie, in shade and shine,
And the Sea City's definite impress
Glows in swart splendor from each dusky face.



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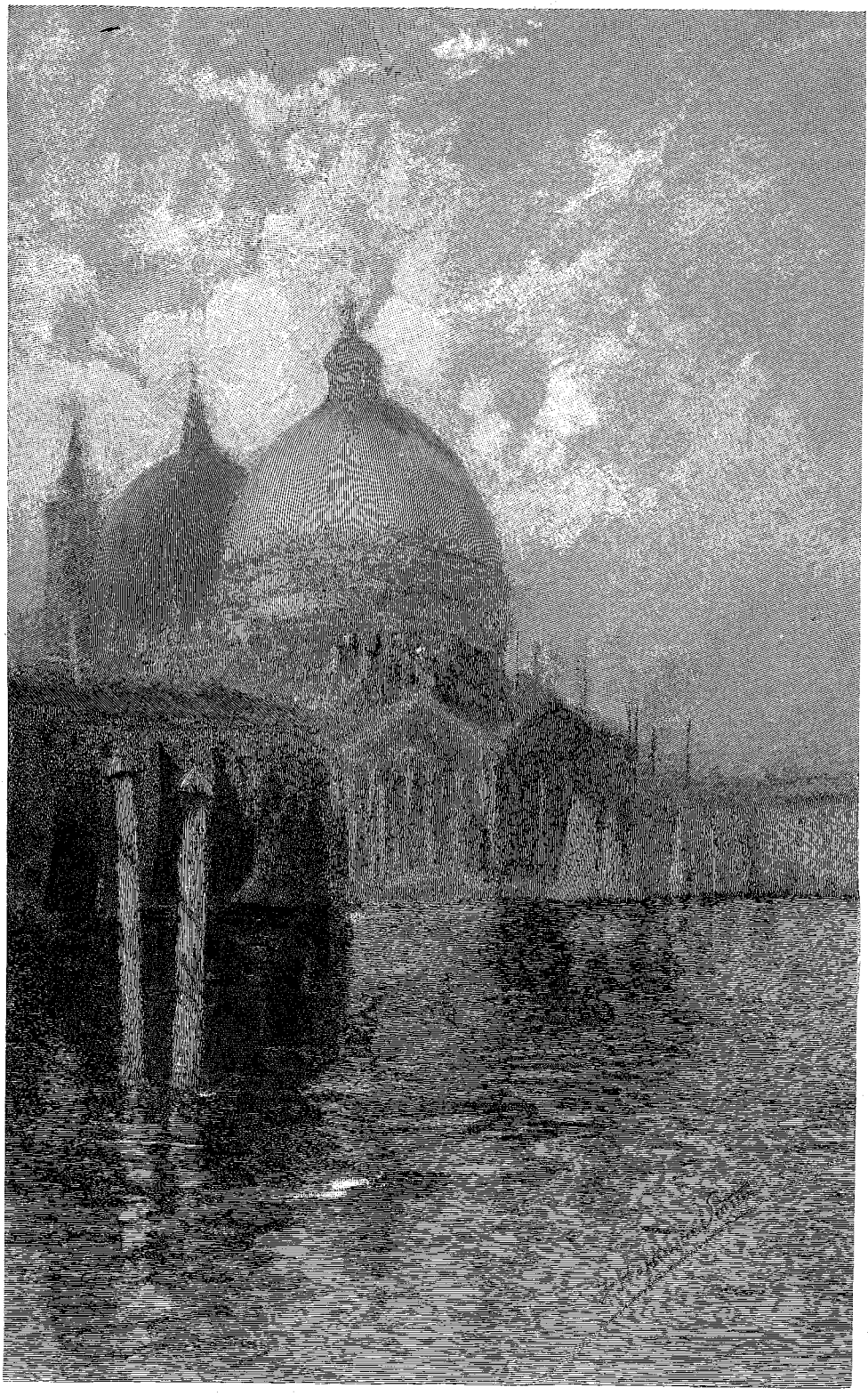

Morning in Venice.

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THE DECORATION OF VASES.

By William P. P. Longfellow.

THE whole subject of decoration is made difficult for us and its practice confused by a loose habit in the use of the words decorate and decoration. In strictness, to decorate is to add beauty to something by adding to it ornament, or perhaps color, and implies something to be decorated. It is an inconvenience to have no better name than trinket, knick-knack, gewgaw, for a thing that exists for its prettiness alone; and so we stretch the more reputable word to cover such things. So, also, people speak of decorating a slab of wood or stone by painting or carving something on it, when the slab, if it exists only for the sake of what is on it, is no more decorated by this than the painter's canvas is decorated by his picture. Let us use the word now in its true sense, by which decoration exists for the sake of the thing to which it is applied. The distinction concerns us, for neglect of it has led decorators into serious faults. It is easy, in the desire to do something called decorative, to think only of the charm of what we are doing, without regard to the thing to which we are doing it. This is a besetting sin of amateur decorators, and we have to acknowledge that many clever professional artists, painters, and sculptors, who have lately been tempted into decorative work, must, in this aspect, be regarded as amateurs. There is an army of their followers who are not professional, but have a certain artistic interest and capacity. These do work which often pleases by its native feeling, but necessarily lacks the command of color and effect which the skilful painter can give, while both together are apt to disappoint by poverty in decorative material and ignorance of decorative law.

It is easy to be misled by forgetting that pictorial and decorative qualities are distinct — not irreconcilable, but never to be confounded. A picture exists for itself and is supreme. A decoration, existing for the sake of the thing to which it is applied, is subordinate. You may paint a picture on a towel, but it does not decorate the towel; it simply turns it into a canvas, and makes a very poor towel of it. The result is not artistic, but incongruous. The like distinction holds between independent sculpture and ornamental carving. In both arts, it is true, the two kinds, the

Fig. 1.—From Audsley's Keramic Art of Japan.

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independent and ornamental, run into each other. It is as hard to draw the line between them as between the animal kingdom and the vegetable; but the distinction is just as real, though the classes touch at their boundary and interlace. Mural painting, for instance, is both pictorial and decorative. It cannot be treated like easel painting, for the pictorial qualities must be restrained to make room for the decorative—it must be so painted as to be becoming to the flat wall and look like part of it, whereas the easel picture is made to give distance, and is isolated from the wall by a strong frame. How far in any kind of work the pictorial element may prevail, and how far the decorative, is to be determined by that sense of harmony and fitness which is the artistic conscience, and like the moral conscience needs the enlightenment of discipline. The beauty of a fine vase should be respected by its decorator, who should not by his painting or carving contradict or override it, but enhance it. The Seltzer jug which the young lady amateur elects to decorate, and which has no beauty, is properly to be looked at, not as a decorated object, but as a picture-frame, in which aspect we must regard it as far from satisfactory.

Fig. 2.—From Audsley.

Briefly, then, in applying sculpture or painting to any object, the pictorial or sculpturesque elements and the decorative should be proportioned to the independent importance of the object. If the object has beauty, the office of decoration is to bring out that beauty, not to divert attention from it. If it has beauty of shape, the decoration is to be of a kind to ally itself to that and emphasize its excellence; its greatest offence is to seem hostile and unsympathetic to it. It has been the fashion lately to use natural forms for decoration, especially plants and flowers. It is a wholesome thing to draw and paint plants, if it is done with faithfulness. They are good for ornament if they are used in a way that suits them and the thing to which they are applied, but this is not to be accomplished by simply throwing them at it. A painter once said to me: "After all, there is no way in which you can arrange a handful of flowers so well as by simply dropping them on the table, and letting them lie as they fall." This is true enough, if you are looking merely for natural ease of arrangement, and want to make a picture of the flowers for their own sake, taking your chance of an

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unlucky juxtaposition. But this is not decoration, nor do flowers applied in this manner become the object that wears them. The form that is chosen for ornamental use must give up something of its freedom, must be seen to regard, as

Fig. 3.—From Audsley.

it were, the looks of the thing that it ornaments. It is like a woman's dress. The finest gown does not look well unless it fits the wearer, and, what is more important, the wearer does not look well in it. We all know persons whose clothes look, in the common phrase, as if they were pitchforked on to them, and this is just the fashion in which a great deal of decoration is applied. The real aim being pictorial, the decorations are put on wherever there is room for them, and the result has the dowdiness of an elaborately ill-dressed woman. Natural forms are the most troublesome in this respect: they have a stubbornness which makes them refuse to adapt themselves readily to the figure of anything else. The surfaces of almost all decorated objects, and especially those of vases, are so curved and modelled that they distort by foreshortening whatever is laid upon them. There are portions of their surface where this distortion is excessive, and breaks of continuity which dislocate and ruin any natural form that crosses them. One might think that these conditions would hardly need insisting on, yet they are constantly violated.

There is, however, a whole arsenal of forms which men have invented for these uses, and which therefore are suited to them. The supply is inexhaustible: new ones can be added as fast as decorators have the skill to invent them. A circle or a cusp, a rosette or an anthemion is not injured by foreshortening, or by bending over the shoulder of a vase. Whereas a leafy spray, still more a human or animal figure, loses all its charm by distortion, these simpler forms are only varied into new and harmonious shapes. Their serried arrangement gives a series of closely related forms which offer a new charm, like skilful variations on a melodic theme. Such material, therefore, makes a better decorative design than finer natural forms. A flat

Fig. 4.—From Lau's Die Griechischen Vasen.

plaque may be painted with pretty much any kind of subject, being not a decorated object, but a picture, and to be judged as a picture. Most vases have portions of comparatively flat surface where decorative restraints are not severely felt, and where natural forms,

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Fig. 5.—From a Vase in the Munich Collection.

carefully chosen and applied, may be used with more or less of the freedom of pictorial treatment. Other parts of their surface, sharply modulated or narrowly limited, require a strictly decorative handling, and from these such forms must be banished. Some—many Chinese and Japanese vases, for instance—with simple shapes and little or no articulation, lay but little constraint on the decorator, at the same time that they give small scope for his decorative skill. Others, like Greek vases, with carefully articulated forms and sharply defined divisions of surface, hold him severely to his task, while they stimulate the best exercise of his power.

Carefully decorated antique vases will prove that these distinctions have been felt by their painters (compare Figs. 7,

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9, 14, and 20), and a little consideration will show that the tendency of decorators nowadays is to ignore them. Enthusiasm

Fig. 6.—From Audsley.

for the Oriental arts, especially for the Japanese; admiration of their color, sympathy with their freedom, have, I think, especially misled us Americans, who have no tradition to steady us. It is dangerously easy to confuse the application of a foreign art, as where we divert the decorative forms and methods of a Persian rug to a dinner-plate or a stained window: to emulate its excellences is not so easy. We can catch the negative qualities of the Japanese artists—their disregard of symmetry, their nonchalance, neglect of the qualities of abstract form, insensitiveness to proportion—but we cannot sit down at our tables and emulate offhand their superb draughtsmanship, their wonderful skill in rendering the essential and eliminating the non-essential, their exquisite naturalism, charm of color, union of elegance and ease. Moreover, we have taken our lessons mostly from the lower stratum. We are flooded with cheap and hasty productions from Kioto, Tokio, and other cities where the Western commercial spirit is replacing the native artistic conscience. The pottery, of which we get enormous quantities, has, for the most part, no shape to speak of; and though it is painted with a survival of skill which is far beyond what we can command for like work, there is the least possible relation between the ornament and the object to which it is applied.

But if we look back at the earlier and more careful work of Japanese potters, we shall find that they were as careful of the laws of real decoration as the Greeks themselves. They never cared so much for pure form as the Greeks, and in this, therefore, they have never succeeded so well. Fondness for naturalism and for picturesqueness of treatment has always been more or less their characteristic, and here is the most conspicuous of the differences between

Fig. 7.—The Vase of Sosibios.

Greek art and Japanese. But it is interesting to note that in the kind of art which we are considering, the system of design has been very much the same, and the order of changes much alike in spite of great divergence of character. In both the development ranges from an early period of formalism to a late one of freedom,—with the Japanese to one of great license. In both, at the finest period, neither freedom nor formality has been absolute master. I

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think we may safely say that the culminating point of every naturally developed art, following a time of severe formality, has been a time of restraint, marked by an even balance between orderliness and freedom, and that the smothering of order in freedom is always a sign of decadence. American art, it is true, is at present in an access of extreme freedom, and yet we hope that it is on its way to-

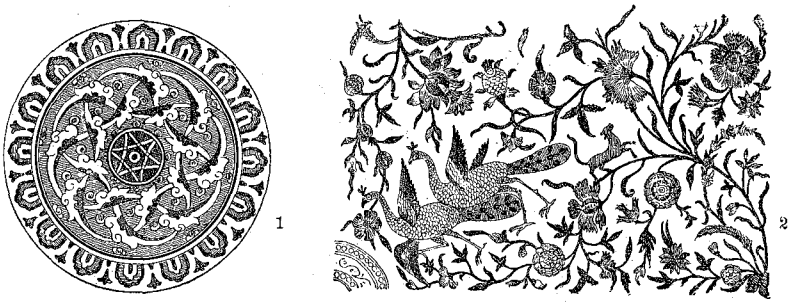

Fig. 8.—From Racinet's Ornament Polychrome.

ward its culmination, not falling away from it. But our art, which has its beginning necessarily in eclecticism, and not in spontaneous invention or primal tradition, cannot be said to follow the line of natural development. The natural steps may be reversed in its career; the conditions of its nurture are abnormal, and we watch its growth with the same solicitude with which we follow the development of a foundling, deprived of nature's sustenance and brought up on the bottle.

If we examine two of the four illustrations of Japanese vases here given (Figs. 2 and 3), and compare them with the Greek examples, we shall see that the distribution and application of the decoration are essentially the same. I think we can see that the Japanese cared a little more in proportion for his adornment *per se*, and the Greek a little more for his vase, or that the Japanese thought more of its pictorial aspect and less of its shape than the Greek. Nevertheless, the one was as careful as the other to limit his pictorial adornment to the broader surface, where the representations would be least distorted. Obviously the principal decoration was entitled to the principal place, but this is not all. It will be seen that the margins, the junction of members, the positions where curvature is abrupt and the applied ornament liable to great foreshortening, are covered with forms of a very different kind, which do not suffer, but rather gain, by their disposition (Figs. 2 and 3).

Fig. 9.—From a Vase in the Museo Archeologico, Florence.

While the broader surface of the body of the vase is in each case covered with a free representation of natural forms, the articulations of the rim and foot,

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or the base line, where in Fig. 3 there is no foot—even the union of the body and neck, though this is not articulated—are scrupulously defined by conventional ornament so chosen that it adapts itself to the swell or contraction of the outline. The springing lines about the base, the drooping fringe upon the neck, mark the upright tendency of the vase: the radiation given to these lines by foreshortening enhances the effect of the modelling; the perspective crowding of the ornamental forms against the outline, right and left, gives a charming variety to their arrangement, and displays the shape of the vase by accenting its roundness. The strong band about the throat of the Satsuma vase (Fig. 2) is needed to bear out its inordinate neck. It has also, I suspect, a *raison d'être* in the survival of a band which in other vases of the same ware marks the attachment of two rings in place of handles, these being themselves, as I again suspect, survivals of the rings attached to bronze vases for a similar purpose. We may notice also the care which is taken in the Satsuma vase to introduce a transition from the severity of the conventional ornament to the freedom of the picture by interposing the cusped line at the bottom, and the more marked band of like character at the junction of the neck.

Fig. 10.—From Moses.

Fig. 6 shows a jar of a more archaic type, on which there are no natural forms, but only conventional ornaments carefully adjusted to its lines. The effect of the whole is curiously Egyptian in color, treatment, and detail. Fig. 1 gives the opposite extreme of looseness in treatment. It is a modern counterfeit Satsuma jar, and very well represents the phase of Japanese art to which we are most accustomed. The painting is excellent in its kind, and the kind is that which is most often taken for a model. The forms have no relation whatever to the vase, except that they are laid upon it. If they could be stripped off they might be just as appropriately laid upon any other piece of a whole dinner-set. The jar, to be sure,

Fig. 11.—From Englefield.

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has no form to speak of, and so is not subject to much injury from the contempt with which its shape was treated. For clear judgment we need to distinguish between the picturesque quality of the painting and the feebleness of the decoration. We may ascribe to the painting, imperfectly shown here, the excellences of Japanese draughtsmanship—freedom, directness, sureness, and picturesqueness of drawing, and charm of color. Considered as a decoration, as a clothing for the vase, it is effeminate and insipid. The two together do not make a design. But for the single effort at adjustment shown in making the picture re-enter into itself as it comes round the jar, it might as well be snipped out of a sheet of printed gelatine and glued to it. We buy such things and look at them with satisfaction, pleased with their skill and picturesqueness, and sinking their decorative shortcoming, as we forgive the peacock's voice for the splendor of his plumage. But when we are considering what true decoration is, or are looking for models to imitate, we owe ourselves an account of the shortcomings.

Even the Oriental nations to whom we should be least inclined to look for severity of example have the same lesson for us. For instance, if a Persian artist has to design a stuff amenable

Fig. 13.—From Lau.

to the scissors, he may allow himself the full license of all-over ornament (Fig. 8,[2]). But if he has in hand a plate, with its firmly circumscribed outline, its rim and its hollowed centre, this is the way in which he adapts his ornament to it (Fig. 8,[1]).

Let us now look at the decoration of Greek vases. The principles I have been discussing are applied even in the very old, so-called archaic style. Indeed, when men first began to paint their pottery their single aim was to set it off to the best advantage, and they

Fig. 12.—From Lau.

learned to decorate well before they learned to draw well. In Figs. 16 and 17 we see the base already set off by a radiating ornament like the corolla of a flower, which asserts the swelling form and upward spring of that part of the vase. The likeness to the Japanese vases we have examined cannot be overlooked. This ornament varies in detail, and is most persistent, by virtue of its special appropriateness, enduring from the earliest period till the latest, when the spread of the black glaze obliterated all painted ornament. It is apparently derived from Egypt, and may be seen springing about the bottom of the shaft of the lotus columns, in a form which curiously resembles the lower ornament on the Japanese bottle (Fig. 3). In the late carved vases it is usually replaced by a reeding or fluting (Figs. 7, 18, and 19), which still follows and illustrates the meridian lines of the body as they spring from the foot, and gives buoyancy to the form.

The most important articulation or

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division is the junction of the neck, and to this, accordingly, the decorator gives

Fig. 14.—From Lau.

special care. Just as it has been the instinct of women in all ages to clasp their necks and wrists with necklaces and bracelets, and to put girdles about their waists, so the decorator seized upon the articulations of his amphora or his lekythus as the natural resting-place of his ornament. The shoulder, where the body of the vase is gathered in and the great change of form occurs, is again the place where the meridian lines become of value. Accordingly there is a common disposition to surround it with a band of radiating ornament which spreads downward over the shoulder, and marks these lines as they have been marked at the base (Figs. 9 and 19). Naturally this drooping ornament is not given the same elastic spring as that at the base. Here again there is an analogy to the natural tendency of women to lay about their necks a spreading collar of lace, or a necklace of beadwork or pendants, which falls over the bust and shoulders. The shoulder ornaments of many amphoræ so resemble the forms of antique necklaces and collarets as to suggest that the painter copied upon his vase the same ornament with which he adorned his mistress, and with something of the same affection. Fig. 20, repeated from a previous article, is a charming example of this collar decoration.

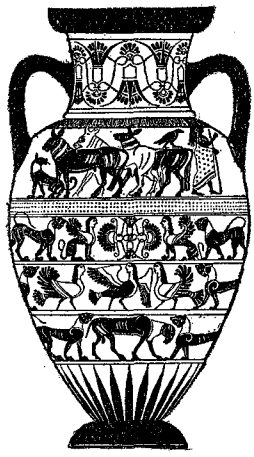

Fig. 16.—From Lau.

We should not fail to notice also the further office of these two radiating bands, in leading the eye, one upward and the other downward, to the middle surface of the vase, so turning attention

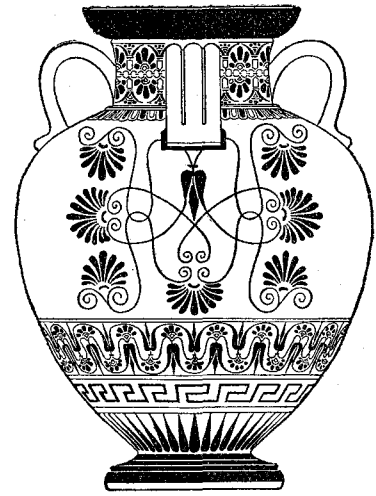

Fig. 15.—From Lau.

to the central picture, which is presumably the most important part of the artist's work, and concentrating the interest of the whole in the dominating part. It is an excellent quality in a border to be so designed as to turn attention to the thing which it encloses, and this is a reason why borders with radiating lines are very becoming, when there is a central decoration or picture to be set off, while running borders are most telling when they surround an unoccupied centre. But there is often a distinct banded ornament running in a cincture about the shoulder of the vase, as if to bind it firmly together. This may mark, especially in later vases, the level at

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which the handles are set on, as in Figs. 7, 12, and 13. Such bands are often used in other positions, whenever the design seems to need strengthening or support, and is almost universal, till a very late period, as a base or standing ground for the figures which form the central picture. In this last position the fret was used to typify the solid ground, and implies a landscape view (Figs. 5 and 12), while the scroll, or wave ornament, as is well known, was the accepted type of the sea, and accompanied a sea picture, or a scene in which the divinities of the sea were present. But apparently this typical usage was not established till a somewhat late period, and often gave way to purely decorative considerations.

Fig. 17.—From Lau.

The neck itself was naturally set apart for a special ornament. This is apt to be a dense band of anthemion symmetrical about a central line, the elements of which point alike upward and downward (Figs. 11 and 21). It has given German critics an opportunity to argue that this double direction of the ornament is to indicate the double function of the neck in the inpouring and outpouring of liquids. The explanation commends itself to the spirit of philosophy; but the artistic mind does not work in this way nowadays, and I doubt if it ever did. It is safer to explain the form by the purely artistic consideration that it connects the members above and below.

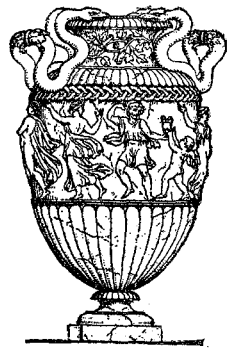

Fig. 19.—From Moses.

In later vases we often find the neck ornamented with close cinctures of laurel, ivy, or other wreaths (Figs. 20, 23), or with free palmetto ornament (Fig. 23), or with a group of figures (Figs. 13, 14).

In the late Apulian wide-mouthed amphoræ, or high craters, it became the fashion to apply a panel-ornament of rich and complicated scroll work (Fig. 35). We may stop to notice how awkwardly, in Figs. 4 and 13, the panel with its acute angles emphasizes what is the fault in the shape of the vases, the sharp bulge in the curvature at the widest point, an effect which would be modified, but not lost, in a perspective view. The disposition, which showed itself during the transition from red vases to black, to present the picture on the body in a squarish panel with a red ground while most of the vase was black, was a natural step in development, but perhaps not the happiest. Yet there was endless variety and an opportunity for much vigor and richness of effect, when once the parti-colored division was accepted, in disposing and proportioning the masses of light and dark; and many of the vases decorated in this way are among the most elegant as well as the richest in effect that have survived to us. Fig. 14 is a good example, though our drawing is unhappily incomplete.

Fig. 18.—From Moses.

Fig. 20.—From Moses.

From a very early period it was the habit to distinguish the foot, rims, and handles by covering them with the black varnish in which the ornaments were painted, and this covering was contin-

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ued in most cases, unbroken, down to the latest examples. It was the most nat-

Fig. 21.—From Lau.

ural treatment for parts which by their position required to be the strongest, for every one feels how much stronger the dark parts of any structure seem to the eye than the paler parts. This habit has been ascribed to an early desire to imitate the aspect of metal work, and to suggest the strengthening of the clay by reinforcing the blackened members with bronze. However this may be, the natural desire to make these slenderer parts look strong, and the artistic impulse to emphasize the limiting members of the design are justification enough for the method. In some vases, where the rim, the handles, even the foot, are left bare, or covered with light ornament, as we see in Fig. 22, it is with some sacrifice of decision in the effect of the design. It is only the elaborate florid vases that seem to give reasonable temptation, by the lavish scale of their orna-

Fig. 23.—From Moses.

ment, to carry it out to these members. We see this in Fig. 5, where the pervading richness is carried out to the architectural decoration of the rim. But even here the foot is kept plain—it is indeed so small that if it were not left as a solid mass it would count for nothing—and still the charm of the outline and the sumptuousness of the effect do not prevent us from wishing that there were some contrast of plain surface at the top. The forms of the handles and

Fig. 22.—From Lau.

the rim do show here, by the way, as the handles do in many vases, the influence of what Germans call *Metallotechnik*: they might have been more elegant if they had been of purely plastic design, but at least they lend themselves well to the general contour of the vase.

The attaching of the handles was always a critical matter. We have seen in the previous article * that the beauty of contour was much influenced by it: in the decoration pains was taken to make their adaptation as close as possible. To this end a special ornament was used to unite the handle to the body, either springing from it or radiating about the junction. It was commonly a group of palmettos and buds grouped on winding stems (Figs. 15, 24, 25), sometimes a single anthemion planted like a seal (Fig. 26) just

* See "The Greek Vase," in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for April, 1888.

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at the bottom of the handle. The same purpose led the designers of the carved vases occasionally to shape the handles into a vine-stem whose branching twigs clung to the bowl and encircled it as in the Warwick vase (Fig. 27). But this conceit over-reached itself; for the handles, neatly fitted to the vase though they are, simulating a foreign growth and a different substance, look always ready to pull away from their enforced union. As to the serpent handles, the less we say for them the better.

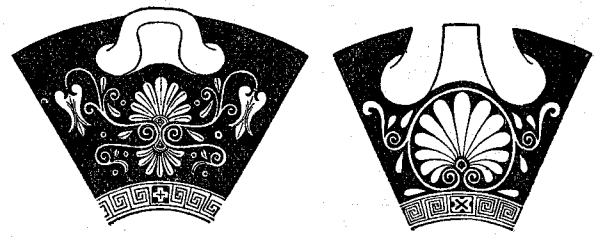

Fig. 24.—From Lau.

If we turn to vases of the simplest form, the shallow cup or patera for instance (Fig. 10), we shall find the conditions less complex, but carefully regarded. The decoration here is extremely well done. The limit of the design and the outline of the bowl are firmly defined by a border. In a purely decorative design the centre would naturally be marked either by a central ornament or by the radiation of the ornament about it, but in pictorial treatment this is impracticable. Nor, properly speaking, is there any up and down in a circular disk, such as we have here, to justify covering it with a figure composition, which shows properly in only one aspect. But an excuse is found in the position of the handles, otherwise useless, which are planted directly on the rim, as our drawing indicates. They fix a horizontal axis, a horizon as it were for the picture; and that, I suspect, was the real motive for transferring them to that position, which is not specially becoming to the shape of the bowl. The figure composition itself is remarkably compact—adjusted to its space with wonderful skill. No more of the ground is shown than is necessary for due relief to the figures. They indeed slightly transgress the border here and there, a liberty which does not displease when the lines of the figures are as obedient to their limit as these, but rather emphasizes by its freedom the power of the composition. When, however, this is done for the sake of doing it, as we constantly see it nowadays, it becomes a stale and wearisome trick. This density of composition, a peculiar gift of the Greeks, and as noteworthy in their ornament (Figs. 28, 30), is one of the chief characteristics of their unrivalled power of design. It gives vigor and richness, like close harmony in music, and is really as difficult to manage. But the very closeness makes it imperative that the design should be firmly circumscribed. If the outer wreath of laurel leaves were suppressed, the composition would seem ready to fly asunder. A radiating border, such as the shape of the dish invites, would not be tense enough to hold the design together, nor would a loosely knit running border; but the wreath here used is firm enough for its office. Its analogous use will be seen in several other vases among our illustrations.

Fig. 25.—From Lau.

Fig. 26.—From Lau.

If we examine Greek pottery in historical sequence, we see the surface gradually overspread, in the course of centuries, with a covering of black glaze or varnish. It would be courting disaster, in view of the precarious condition of chronology, to offer fixed dates. It is enough for us here that the artistic

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development, from its first systematically formed style to its final decline, may be roughly included within five centuries from the seventh to the second

Fig. 27.—The Warwick, from Moses.

B.C. The first style, which has endured the various names of Corinthian, Doric, Egyptian, Phœnician, and from the Germans of *Asiatisirend*, or Asiaticized, is represented by the Dodwell vase in our last number and Figs. 16, 17, 29 in this. The black coating has made its appearance on the foot, rim, and handles; the decoration in the same tint, enhanced with red or violet, and sometimes white, consists mostly of animals, Asiatic in type and arrangement, set about the whole vase in horizontal bands, the spaces between them filled up with rosettes and flowers, one of the signs of a period when Greece had not yet escaped the domination of foreign ideas. Presently a more artful distribution was hit upon. Broad black bands began to appear, dividing the surface into two or three contrasting zones. A pictorial group of human figures supplanted the processions of animals and occupied the wide middle surface. Finely designed conventional ornament bordered the pictures and marked the divisions, in girdles of enrichment, or grouped about the handles (Figs. 15, 21, 22). The black coating prevailed, and the pictures were soon confined to panels left in the color of the clay. This

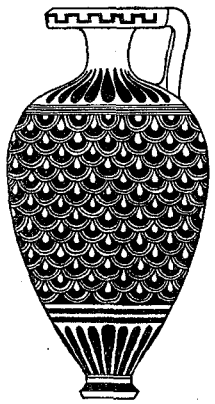

Fig. 29.—From Lau.

was the period of what are called black-figured vases. The figures were still drawn in black with archaic awkwardness, but the ornament was developed with exceeding richness and beauty (Figs. 21, 32, 34).

Then there came over the painting a change as great as the change from a photographic negative to a positive. When the painter acquired knowledge and freedom in drawing the figure it was natural that black silhouettes crossed by a few scratched lines should cease to satisfy him. What the great painters were doing all this time we do not know; but the vase-painter, though he drew his outline with freedom and precision, seems never, through this period, to have accepted spaces enclosed by an outline for his faces, limbs, or draperies, as we do. He would not see

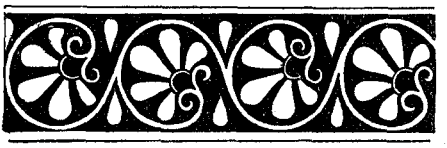

Fig. 28.—From Lau.

things in outline only, but as masses of color.* So when he would distinguish the faces and limbs of his women by greater fineness from the black silhouettes of the men, he did not leave them in the color of the clay, but filled them in with white; he would color the hair and beards of old men white or red, while the faces were black. The change was made by drawing the figures in outline first; and then, apparently because he could not forget his silhouette, or from mere pleasure in the opposition of masses of tint, the painter filled in the ground solidly about them with the black glaze. This was an absolute metamorphosis. Instead of black silhouettes on a ground of red clay, the paintings became at once pictures in red on a black ground, and the artist was free to add to his figures and objects as much detail as he chose to give. He himself seemed also to be transformed. His drawing, stiff and archaic before, be-

* A marked exception to this habit appears later in the Attic white lekythi (Fig. 31), in which a white ground is laid for the whole picture, and figures are sketched upon it, often in mere outline, as we sketch them nowadays.

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came free, natural, and graceful, his attitudes varied and picturesque, his composition skilful. The draughtsmanship of the red-figured vases of this period, called by the English the Fine Period, is remarkable; considering the technical exigencies of the work, the best of it is astonishing.

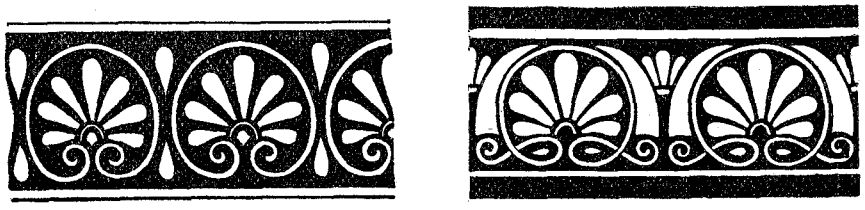

Fig. 30.—From Lau.

The vase was by this time turned from a red one to a black one: the glazed coating had taken possession of it. At first a band or two of red was reserved, to be covered with lines of black ornament (Figs. 9, 13, 14), but these soon disappeared, and all the ornament was enclosed like the figures. This was laborious, and the purely ornamental part of the work, probably abandoned to an inferior hand, soon deteriorated. The quantity of ornament diminished, the figure composition was simplified, till we find only a black vase with one or two freely treated figures in red on the sides, and at last the glaze overspread the whole, pictures and decorations disappeared, and there was an end of vase-painting.

Before the final eclipse there was a revival in what are called the florid vases, especially characteristic of the colonies in Magna Græcia. They were very large, sometimes four or five feet high, covered with an elaborate composition, or juxtaposition, of figures, and sumptuous in red, yellow, orange, and white on their black ground. The profile of the great craters or amphoræ of this period (Fig. 5) is often very fine; their decoration is overcharged and has lost many of the characteristics which give what we call style to the best Greek work; but, in all their exuberance, clearness and propriety in the distribution of the ornament and its due relation to the vase were never lost sight of.

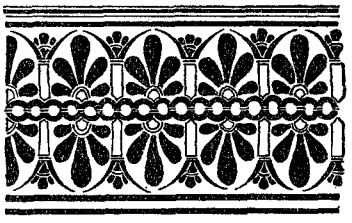

Fig. 32.—From Lau.

Behind all theories of decoration the decorator's treatment of his pottery depends really on how much he cares for it. The jar as it comes from the kiln has nothing to commend it but its form. If that is poor and uninteresting, he will not labor hard to display it. If it has beauty that he cares nothing for, he will still take no pains to set it off. The Greek artist loved his vase: he showed his admiration by his treatment of it. He fitted a dainty garment to it, and hung a fair collar about its neck. Our contemporary decorator looks on a vase with the tenderness which a bill-sticker feels for the fence on which he posts a play-bill. Forms delicately modelled and articulated are rather an impediment than an incitement to him. He prefers the flattest surfaces and the plainest shapes, as the bill-sticker takes more pleasure in a wide spread of tight boarding than in the finest architectural façade.

Fig. 31.—From Lau.

There is no reason to denounce him with severity. His work is often very

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clever and pleasing, as clever as if it were decorative: it is only misplaced. Being out of place it suffers, and the

Fig. 33.

object to which it is applied suffers also. It should be confined to plaques, panels, and other positions or objects for which such treatment is suited. Forgetting this, he looks about for any object which gives him a convenient and conspicuous lodgement, and settles on the vase as a fly lights on a plaster cast. Here, for instance, is a design (Fig. 33) made for publication, and offered as a model. It is called a decoration for a jar; but the artist had no particular jar in mind. It might as well be a design for a tidy or a splasher. The lines which he has laid about it have no value, and it does not fit anything. It is not a decorative design, but only a drawing of a bunch of pansies, cut off square at the bottom because it must stop. This sort of design has made its way everywhere. We may see in our finest churches, even in the august series in Memorial Hall at Harvard College, windows resplendent with exquisite color, which yet, when we study them, seem to be designed by the yard and clipped to fit their frames. You cannot design a decoration for a vase in general. Such things are like the cuts which cheap newspapers keep on hand, and label as portraits of whatever notorious person comes uppermost. They fit nothing and are used for everything. Behind the shortcomings of the so-called decorator lies his indifference to the thing to be decorated, and the root of this indifference is, I am convinced, a lack of sensibility to the qualities of form.

And so we are brought back to the thoughts with which we started at the beginning of these papers—the importance of the study of pure form. The art of this century has made in some respects a marked advance beyond that of the last. The study of landscape, which is its special prerogative, while it has helped to nurse our preference for the picturesque over the formal and severe, has wonderfully enlarged the palette of our painters, and so of our decorators. We of this day need not be too shamefaced to claim what belongs to us. The enthusiasm for color of the present generation, reacting from the pallor of the generation before, is without a parallel since the Renaissance. We may dare to say, I think, that the history of the Occident, so far as we know it, does not show so great a mastery of color as that of the best modern artists, except in the great Venetian colorists—and in the Dutch painters, who learned their color by much the same schooling as we —to which we may add that the range of to-day is much wider than that of

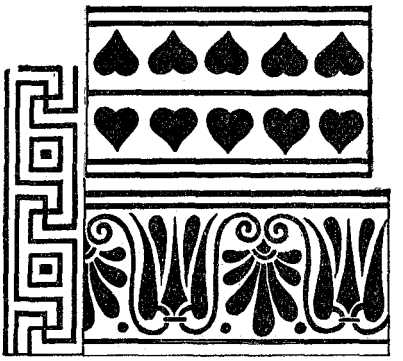

Fig. 34.—From Lau.

either of these. Americans have their share in this attainment. In certain kinds of decorative work the best men here have done things of which, so far as color goes, there is reason to be proud, and even some things which we have a right to believe have not been equalled

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elsewhere. Also, the sense for color of the army of amateur decorators has gained wonderfully within a few years. But this improvement in color of our painted decoration, of our stained glass, of the work of our Societies of Decorative Art, makes their shortcoming in other respects the more conspicuous. There is a tinge of the barbaric in it. It wakes the kind of admiring dissatisfaction with which one always sees art that supplements conspicuous beauties with conspicuous defects. When we go below the best of it, and look at the things which fill the common shops and attract cheap buyers, we are disheartened, and long to barter the gaudy ugliness of our day for the quiet ugliness of our fathers'. Of course the present condition of things will not last. As color becomes popular it also becomes vulgar in any people which has not a hereditary instinct for it. Since every excess begets reaction, the anxiety of the artist who loves art in its completeness, who delights both in color and form, must be lest the present excess should beget a reaction beyond bounds in the other direction. Already there are symptoms of the change. Rich as we are in the United States, it is not likely that we shall give over decorating: the danger is that in the weariness of satiety we shall revolt from color, throw away one incomplete art for another as incomplete, and exchange an art of color without form for an art of form without color. No artistic earnestness can in these days stem the full tide of fashion when once it sets in. The way to preserve the good qualities which we have been for some time past sedulously developing, and to bring them to bear thoroughly good fruit, is to engraft upon them the missing qualities of form before it is too late.

Fig. 35.—Florid Ornament. From Lau.

ARRAIGNMENT.

By Helen Gray Cone.

"Not ye who have stoned, not ye who have smitten us," cry
The sad, great souls, as they go out hence into dark,
"Not ye we accuse, though for you was our passion borne;
And ye we reproach not, who silently passed us by.
We forgive blind eyes and the ears that would not hark,
The careless and causeless hate and the shallow scorn.

"But ye, who have seemed to know us, have seen and heard;
Who have set us at feasts, and have crowned with the costly rose;
Who have spread us the purple of praises beneath our feet;
Yet guessed not the word that we spake was a living word,
Applauding the sound,—we account you as worse than foes!
We sobbed you our message; ye said, 'It is song, and sweet!'"

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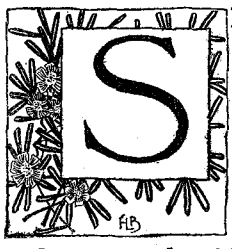
FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CULTIVATOR OF THISTLES.



PRING had come. Theatres were fuller, the opera not so full; dancing parties were less frequent, and there began to be talk of races and of country parties; it was no longer a rule without exception that the men wore dress suits who were dining at Delmonico's. Besides this, there were also the green buds, and the crocuses, and the twitter of the birds in Central Park.

Arthur Holyoke looked like the spring, as he sauntered down the steps of his lodgings with a light stick and betook himself, swinging it, to that temple of a modern Janus, the railway station. Ah, you may talk to me of rialtos and bridges of sighs, of moonlit pavilions and of temples, court-rooms, and shrines; but the great stage of humanity, of catastrophes, partings, and *dénouements*—is it not now the railway station? Here the jaded head of a family, tired of struggling, beheads himself by abandoning his middle-aged wife and her six children; here Jack, fresh from college, goes down to that country party where he shall meet Jill, and proposes to her, the very next night but one, on the piazza above the tennis-ground. Here mamma comes home, or papa goes away; or we leave for India, or Grinnell Land, or school. This is the portal to pleasant long vacations, and to dreary working days; here Edwin and Angelina begin their new life, and murderers escape; and old men come home.

Arthur had gained decision, alertness in his manner; he wore a spring suit of a most beautiful delicate color; if he had luggage, it was all disposed of, and he looked like a poet hovering above earthly cares. In the one hand he held an *Evening Post*, in the other a cigarette; and as he took his seat in the parlor-car he opened the one and lit the other in a manner that betokened his content with himself, and, consequently, with the world. For he was going on a week's visit to La Lisière, the country-seat of the Levison-Gowers, at Catfish-on-the-Hudson.

Arthur looked about to see if any of his fellow-guests were on the train; but there was no one who looked like a likely member of so select a party as all of Mrs. Levison-Gower's were known to be. One man alone seemed possible—a broad-shouldered fellow of middle age, whose suit of rather larger check and somewhat sturdier way of carrying it bespoke him English. The other members of the party were a maiden with a gold ornament at her neck and a pot-hatted and paunchy personage with a black coat and tie—both quite impossible. Arthur gave them up and buried himself in his newspaper.

At Catfish he alighted, and standing with his luggage, on the outer platform, looked about him inquiringly. A groom, who was standing by a pretty little dog-cart with a nervous horse, touched his hat. Arthur walked up to him. "Can you tell me how to get to Mrs. Levison-Gower's?"

"Mr. Holyoke?" said the groom, touching his hat again. "This is to be your horse, sir," and placing the reins in Arthur's hands, he lifted the leather trunk and overcoats in behind. Arthur got in front and the horse started at a jump, the groom catching on as they turned. "Beg pardon, sir—first turn to the left, sir," said he, as Arthur held in the horse and hesitated at the first dividing place of roads. Thus directed, they soon came to a high stone gate, clad with ivy, each post surmounted by a stone griffin which Arthur recognized as belonging to the Leveson-Gower arms. (The American family, said Mrs. Gower, spelt it with an i.) Through this they passed and by a lodge with a couple of

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children at the door, who courtesied as he drove by; and then through quite a winding mile of well-kept park and green coppiced valley. At last they reached the house; in front of it was a level lawn and terrace bounded by a stone balustrade, and beneath this lay the blue Hudson and the shimmering mountains beyond.

Arthur was given a small room, in the third story; but it had a view of the river and a comfortable dressing-room; from the window of which he caught a view of a most glorious sky as the sun went down behind the purple mountains. This passed the time very pleasantly; for it took him only a few minutes to dress, and he had a certain delicacy about appearing below, while it was yet sunlight, in his dress suit. The scene even suggested a short poem to him, the gradual fading of one mountain-crest after another as the sun left them all in turn; something about the sun of love illuminating and then leaving purple and ashen-gray the successive ages of man. But the clangor of a gong interrupted his first stanza; and he went down-stairs.

Here, too, they were admiring the beauties of nature. Several of the guests were assembled on the lawn-terrace before mentioned, and talking in subdued tones about the scenery; among them two or three lovely women, flaunting their fair heads in evening dress and laces. Arthur recognized Miss Farnum, and Mrs. Malgam, and who was that lovely creature in the corner with Charlie Townley? A most radiant and perfect blonde, whose yellow hair was luminous in the twilight. He would ask his hostess. She was standing in the corner of the terrace, leaning over the stone balustrade and looking into the still depths of the forest beneath; a man was beside her. She turned as Arthur approached, and held out her hand frankly to him.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Holyoke," said she. "Mr. Wemyss I think you know."

Arthur did know Mr. Wemyss; and admitted as much to that indifferent gentleman. "A beautiful place you have here, Mrs. Gower," was all he could think to say.

"Perfect," added Wemyss. "Look at that mountain—not the first one, but the second, half lost in the gloom, beyond the bay of bright water—I have rarely seen a mountain placed with more exquisite taste."

"You are very kind," replied Mrs. Gower with a slight smile. "I think I may say, with Porthos, that my mountains are very fine—'mon air est très-beau,' you know."

"Tell me, Mrs. Gower," said Arthur, "who is the lady talking with the man I do not know; the dark man, with broad shoulders?"

"Don't you know him? That is Lionel Derwent, the great English traveller—writer—soldier—socialist—what shall I say? And she is Mrs. Wilton Hay. You must indeed know her, for you are to take her in to dinner. Shall I introduce you?"

Mrs. Hay was one of those apparent and obvious beauties of whom all young men are rather afraid. How could his poor attentions content so experienced a shrine? Still, it was in a state of rather pleasurable panic that he went up to her, was presented, and made his due obeisance. Mrs. Hay did not snub him; her mission was to fascinate; and from this and other points about her, Arthur divined that she was English. English beauties are less coy than ours, and more eager to please; all professional manners must be equable. And even Mrs. Flossie Gower's photographs were not sold on Broadway; though perhaps she sighed for that distinction.

"I am told I am to have the pleasure of taking you in to dinner," said Arthur. Mrs. Hay had dazzled him a little, and he could think of nothing better to say.

"What a pity you had to be told!" laughed she. "It would be so much nicer if one could choose partners, you know. It's almost as bad as marriage, isn't it? All the spontaneity of the companionship is destroyed; and you haven't any escape—at least, until after dinner." Now, this was a clever device of the siren by which she bound Arthur to her band of adorers for the whole evening. He was nothing loath.

"Marriage!" he answered vaguely. He started to tell her she would rob the grave of its terrors, let alone matrimony;

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but it seemed rather sudden. So he laughed; and swore to himself as he felt that he had laughed sillily. Was he such a country-boy as to be afraid of this woman because she was handsome and he saw it?

Dinner was announced; so he offered her his arm and said nothing until they were seated. Then they both looked around; and it was the occasion for those whispered confidences about the general *coup d'œil* and the appearance of their fellow-creatures which form so quickly the little bonds of mutual likes and dislikes.

And, truly, it is a fine and a suggestive sight—a dinner party—custom cannot stale, to the thoughtful guest, its infinite variety; however age may wither it. For are not here collected, in one carefully arranged bouquet, the single flowers of our vast society? The newest varieties, the brightest tints and rarest hybrids. Here are twelve of the few who have wealth to bloom and give fragrance, leisure to cultivate, develop, and adorn; they are fretted with no cares until the morrow; their duty but pleasure, to be happy their one endeavor, to please and to be pleased. I am afraid to say how many folk have labored that this hour should be a pleasant one to these; shall we say, a thousand? The table is snowy and sparkling; about it sit these six men, whose chief virtue seems conformity, those six women, whose merit seems display. They do not eat, they dine; a daily sacrament of taste and studied human life. So, far above the cares of earth, feast leisurely the careless gods—do they not?

Who are our gods and goddesses? Well, first, there is Mrs. Levison-Gower; she is in gray silk and silver, *pétillante* with *esprit* (how does it happen that she always makes one go to the French for epithets?). On the right, a certain Lord Birmingham, who looks bored; next him, majestic Kitty Farnum. Then John Haviland; then Mrs. Malgam; then Caryl Wemyss at the end, looking irritable. (Mr. Gower was away.) On his right, Mrs. Wilton Hay (black velvet is her dress, without lace or collar, from which her blond neck bursts, like a hothouse bud)—then Arthur; next him, little Pussie Duval and a stranger; beyond him, Miss Marion Lenoir, a dinner beauty, and Lionel Derwent, on his hostess's left, and scowling at Lord Birmingham. Five—yes, six beautiful women; half a dozen picked men. A veritable round table, with women's rights, in this castle by the storied river. "Tell me, who is that next you—a fine-looking man?" said Mrs. Hay.

"I believe his name is Van Kull," said Arthur, indifferently.

"Oh, indeed?" said she, with interest; and honored our old acquaintance with her eyeglass. "I heard he was such a favorite with the Prince." And as we have not seen Kill Van Kull for some years, a hint as to his past would not be amiss. Only, you mustn't refer to his recent past, beyond the last two months. The fact is, Van Kull had a way of disappearing, under complicated circumstances; but as he always returned alone, after a few months, society pardoned it. Particularly when he came back with a man, a lord, or fresh from a visit at Sandringham—New York tries hard to be virtuous; but what can it do when an offence is condoned by London?

"I tell you, you should read your Bibles," broke in a voice, very penetrating, though deep and ringing, like a heavy bell. The sentiment seemed *mal à propos;* but the voice was Lionel Derwent's, and it continued speaking without the slightest tremor of consciousness that it was producing a sensation. "You are none of you Christians—not one." Derwent was addressing Mrs. Gower; but, in the sudden silence, his remark seemed addressed to the entire company. The remark did not seem to offend anybody, coming from so handsome a man with so sweet a voice; but there was quite a little chorus of shocked dissent.

"Do you suppose," said Derwent, gravely, "that the Christian church, when it reorganized society, meant—this sort of thing?" And with a sweeping glance, that was as definite as a wave of the hand, but not so discourteous, Derwent indicated the table and its brilliant occupants. No one seemed quite ready to defend herself, as there manifested; as for the men, they sat all withdrawn from the fray, with the feeling that, as they made no religious pre-

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tences, it did not concern them. Perhaps Miss Lenoir's reply served the purpose as well as any other.

"But surely, Mr. Derwent, we are all church members," said she, simply.

"The church itself is not Christian," said he, as simply. "I doubt if it ever has been, since it got established in Rome, it or its Eastern and Western successors. The fact is, the only two high religions of the world have both rested on the abnegation of self: the Buddhist, by quietism and annihilation; the Christian, by action and sacrifice. But the Jews and Mahometans founded their ethics upon the development of self, upon visible rewards, slaves and flocks and herds, personal aggrandizement; and these things they obtained by wars of conquest, by the church militant, as rewards of the holy zeal that made converts by physical victory. Then Christ came; and it was his only work to remove this idea, to change this life, not as a king of a victorious people, but as a vessel of divine spirit. But this one work and faith of Christ, this only thing that made his teachings new, regenerative of the world, is just alone what all our churches, Protestant and Catholic, unite in evading, in dodging, in interpreting away. The one thing they will not follow Christ in is his unselfishness."

"But we cannot all be saints and martyrs," said Mrs. Gower.

"If we were all Christians, there would be no martyrs," said Derwent.

"I think," said Wemyss, softly, as if he were studying the painting of a fan, "I think that Mr. Derwent is historically right. Such was undoubtedly the pure doctrine, the face of the pale Christ as it first appeared, palsying the hand of art and civilization, unnerving the arm of war, bleaching life of all color and flower, whelming the sunlight of Greece in the pale artificial cloister, quenching the light of the world in an unsane, self-wrought asceticism.

'When for chant of Greeks the wail of Galileans
Made one whole world moan with hymns of wrath and wrong.'

We may know the gods are but a beautiful fancy; but it would almost prove a devil's existence, that humanity had hardly found itself at peace with itself in a fair and fertile earth, fanned by sea-winds and warmed by summer suns, when some devil's instinct made it fashion for itself a cruel fetich, oppress its brief mortal hours with nightmares of immortal torture, curse itself with grotesque dreams of Calvaries and hells." And Mr. Wemyss snuffed at the rose-bud in his hand, as a Catholic might sprinkle holy-water.

"But, my good sir," answered Derwent, and his voice rang with the disdain of the athlete for the æsthete, "Christ has not taken from you the flowers of the field nor the breezes of the sea, although his curse be on your factories and mints, your poison-stills and money-mills, your halls and courts and prisons. He has given you the soul of a man for the life of a dog. Any pig may possess, an ape can dress itself in trinkets; but only souls can dream, think, do, be free. Assert your souls in freedom, not weight them down with things. Think you that beauty, glory, love, and light come from possessing tangible objects?"

Caryl Wemyss made no reply; but raised a glass of Yquem to his lips and sipped it slowly. The rest were not in it at all, as Van Kull good-naturedly whispered to Pussie Duval. In his simple way, Kill Van Kull suspected that he would some day be damned; but he took it in good part. John Haviland made answer. "You, too, think Christianity is communism?" said he.

"Not necessarily that," said Lionel Derwent; "and much more than that. The New Testament makes no direct attack on property but as the root of other evils. Property would be harmless, if it did not foster the self-idolatry; this is the true curse. Even that poor cynic, La Rochefoucauld, saw that *amour-propre* was the principle on which our social fabric rests. The truth is, that the moment you have counters, everybody makes getting counters all the game. Now, the true game is emulation of the soul, or, even, of the body; of the real self, not the factitious one. Let us have healthy bodies, brave men, heroes, and poets; beautiful women, kind hearts,

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noble souls; not dukedoms and visiting-lists, landed-estates and money-appraisals. If diamonds are intrinsically beautiful, wear them, paste or real; but do not wear them because they are things difficult for the country curates' daughters to get. But flowers are prettier, after all. And even then, it is the beauty, not the trinket, we are right to seek. God made a woman's neck; the devil made the diamonds upon it."

"It is a far cry from the New Testament to women's fashions," said Mrs. Wilton Hay, maliciously. Mrs. Hay was a hunting woman and followed the hounds; and her neck had frequently been praised in the society newspapers. But Derwent took the reminder in good part.

"True," said he, simply; "and I say our churches do not dare to preach the words of Christ, but awkwardly fashion them into parables and symbolisms; in effect, they say, 'Christ said it, but did not mean it.' The Roman church, too, enriches itself; but this is nearer Christ, for she gives a part away. But our dissenting churches encourage their director-deacons, and produce-exchange elders, in taking what they can unto themselves, and even whitewash their methods for ever so slight a share of the plunder. But when Christ made that remark about a rich man, a camel, and the eye of a needle, he meant a needle's eye, and not a paddock-gate. And when he said, 'Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor,' he meant now and here, not in some future state of civilization, nor yet by charitable devise. And when he said, 'take no thought for the morrow—for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also—and your father knoweth you have need of these things,' he had in mind both the future course of stocks, and the necessity of brownstone fronts and widows' life-assurance. But our churches imply to us, 'Christ was a good man; but he was no political economist. He did not foresee these things. Life has grown a more complex art than he could comprehend.'"

Mrs. Gower had shown signs of rapidly increasing distress throughout this harangue; and now she gave the signal for the women to depart. "It is so interesting!" whispered Mrs. Malgam, as she swept in front of Derwent. "Do tell me more about it after dinner." Derwent bowed; and the six men resumed their seats; Van Kull and Birmingham talking horse; Arthur and Wemyss near Haviland and Derwent.

"I do not object to your conclusions, Mr. Derwent," began Wemyss, languidly, "but to your remedy. Christianity is so far from being this, that it is the cause of that decadence we both see. And what more natural than that Christianity, having destroyed civilization, should perish, like another Rienzi, in the conflagration itself has kindled?"

"And I," said Haviland, impatiently, "object not to the remedy, but to your conclusion. That, I take it, is communism. Now, communism is no part of Christianity."

"Neither," said Derwent, "is property. Christ, from his principle of non-resistance, admitted property in others; but his own disciples were to do without it. There have been two great religions—religions in the true sense religion, transcendental faiths, looking from this world to the next—and each was followed by a so-called religion which was really not religion, but looked to this world alone. Both the two religions aimed at the annihilation of the individual; the Buddhist by passive abnegation, the Christian by active emulation in the doing of good to others. The one is the negation of self; the other is its apotheosis. Therefore, Christianity has naught to do with property, which is the accentuation of self, by aggrandizement, by appendages. Christ recognized persons, not personages. Christianity came with a commercial civilization, and as an antidote to it. It was the Jewish religion which asserted a divine recognition of property; which set up an earthly kingdom, which had to do with flocks and herds and landed estates. And, later, Islam came, with wars and conquests. So the Jews never recognized the Messiah; they looked not beyond into the next world."

"And as a compensation," interposed Wemyss, "they seem likely to obtain all that there is of this. But we are told that finally the Jews, too, shall become Christians—which lends a terror

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even to the millennium." There was a general laugh; of which Derwent seemed to be unconscious.

"So the gospels," Derwent added, "recognize no property save in the soul. This is what we are adjured to preserve, though we lose the whole world beside. A man's truth and love, his sense of goodness and beauty, his courage and his pity, are his alone. Even his body is only his secondarily, and temporarily; his broad acres, his trees and rivers, are no part of him at all."

"But it remains property—even if you sell it all and give it to the poor," said Haviland.

"Not if they give it over again to whomsoever has immediate need," answered Derwent. "In this broad world there is room for all; and there are fruits in plenty, ample food, and raiment always ready. Let each one take what he needs, and have no fear of getting no more when these are gone. Why, the labor of all men for some few minutes a day will suffice to bring them all things they can need and use. Property is unnecessary. But they are like rude children at a public feast: each one fearing that he shall not get enough, they trample one another forward, and the foremost few lay hands upon it all."

"No one of us who thinks," said Haviland, "would object to communism if it were practicable. But I must have an overcoat, or a roof, or a horse; is anyone coming along who prefers my coat, my roof, to his, or to none, to take it? And, in the second place, men are not unselfish enough to work, even those few minutes a day, that all humanity may live."

"They are, if they have souls," said Derwent. "And if not, we are beasts; and let us perish like them. And as for the first objection, it is a trivial one, soon forgotten in practice. There will naturally grow up an unwritten respect for one's personal belongings; so far as it is necessary that there should be. If a man needs a coat so much as to filch mine, it is better he should have it. Free men will no more stoop to take a neighbor's coat, or roof, or hat, than a prince will steal a pocket-handkerchief. And as to great values like statues, paintings, libraries, they are for all the world, and not to be monopolized by a vulgar money-maker. He truly owns a picture who enjoys it; not he who buys it. The pleasure in these, by divine law, is not selfish, not individual; only when a man loses himself in the contemplation of a beautiful picture does he really enjoy it, really make it his; it is of as little moment who has the title to the canvas and frame, as it is who owns the wide prairies and the mountains that the poet roams over. So there need be no vulgar property in these things; and they are all that is worth enjoying. As to exotics, and waste land, and dozens of houses, and yachts, and palaces, and game-preserves—these are social crimes."

"Exactly," said Wemyss, with a well-bred sneer in his inflection. "You wish, like all the rest, to abolish civilization. All communists hate excellence; because they do not themselves excel. They say, since we cannot all be princes, let us all be savages."

"What they say, Mr. Wemyss," cried Derwent, fiercely, "is this: Instead of the vulgar democracy of crass possession, let us have the noble aristocracy of merit, mind and soul. Let no man excel by owning the souls and bodies, the waking and the sleeping, the getting up and the lying down of his fellow-men. And this whether it be done directly, by chattel slavery, or more secretly and dangerously, by corporate control, monopoly of land, monopoly of that fateful thing that men call capital. Money is the devil's counters; a treasure accursed, thrice cursed when welded into the ring of power, like that fabled Rhine-gold, which only he may win who for it lays aside all love, both human and divine. Let men enjoy the light of the earth, the noble teachings of art and letters, the health of the body and the freedom of the soul; but these without the virus of self-appropriation. It is this that makes barbarism; it is not civilization. Look at your Yankee money-grubbers; they give, and greedily, ten thousand dollars for a common painting, which they may ostentatiously make their own; they would hesitate to give a dollar for Dante's Divine Comedy, if he wrote to-day, because—of course,

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they do not care for it—and they cannot lock it up as theirs and bar it from their fellow-men. And even if, as you insinuate, the future were to be what you call barbarism, the morning chase of the free savage after the wild creature on whom he feeds is more ennobling than the grimy greed of a stunted humanity for these counters that are worthless in themselves. I have seen Australia and Hawaii, and I have seen Sheffield and East London; and I say, better a thousand-fold the heathen savagery than such Christian civilization as are these."

"I have hitherto failed to observe, among socialists or knights of labor, or their wives," said Wemyss, dryly, "any newer or other impulse than a rising desire for these same counters that you scoff at, or the gin and brass jewellery that they may purchase with them."

"Aye," cried Lionel Derwent, "you have seen little yet but a blind, instinctive striving for the drugs and poisons you have fed them on; for the treasure you have kept, and welded to the ring of tyranny that kept them down. So, when you lift a stone from the ground, or hurl the roof from some long-lived-in Bastile of humanity, the sudden sunlight streams in, and the prisoners, poor insects that they are, crushed by a thousand years of oppression, blinded, dazzled by the light of heaven, grope vainly and mechanically for the things of earth they have been wonted to, and which want and custom and your own example have taught them, too, to prize. No, they are not better than you are, yet; not until their souls have come to life that you so long have robbed them of. But give us light and love, and the word of Christ, and we will see. But, as I said in the beginning, your priests have tortured even this to suit their ends."

"Well, Mr. Derwent, I wish you success in your mission. Civilization has got to go, one way or another; and I don't know that it matters much which. I confess that your way strikes me as rather a novel one. Most of your radical friends, however, if what you say be their true aim, show a singular predilection for atheism, free-love, and omitting their daily baths." With which climax and a slight yawn, Wemyss walked over and joined the group in the other corner.

John Haviland had for a long time been silent; but now he spoke. "I am afraid, Mr. Derwent," said he, "that I so far agree with Mr. Wemyss as to feel that three essentials of civilization are so bound up together that with leaving either one we may lose the rest—I mean, my right to my property, my right to my wife, and my right to personal liberty. The same radicalism which, on the one hand, sets up a tyranny of majority government to tell me what I shall think, what I shall eat, what I shall spend, is that which, on the other hand, tends to the age of reason and the regulation of property out of existence, and women's rights to lose themselves as women, and absolute liberty of divorce. Property and marriage and personal liberty—they go together. There is no argument for freedom but the inner light of the mind; none for monogamy but that it seems farther from the beasts; none for property but that man creates it for himself. And the age of reason, which denies a divine sanction, will yet require a divine sanction for all that it does not destroy."

"Man does not create the air, nor the ocean, nor the surface of the earth," said Derwent.

"No; and man does not hold the surface of the earth for himself, but for all humanity. Is it not better that you should make a garden of a hundred acres, than that it should lie a common waste? You hold it, not for yourself, but in general trust; sooner or later, if you fail to make the land bear fruit for all of us, it will be taken from you. If you are not a good steward for the people, you will, sooner or later, fail. Christ said, 'Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor;' but is it not doing the same thing to keep what I have, and use it for the poor?"

Derwent paused a moment; and before he could reply, Wemyss came back.

"Shall we join the ladies?" said he.

All the gentlemen got up, some hastily finishing their coffee, others taking a last whiff of their cigars.

"He paid twenty thousand," said Van Kull, hurriedly, to Birmingham. "He bought him for the Duval stables."

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CHAPTER XVII.

A DAY'S PLEASURE.

ARTHUR awoke the next morning with a confused consciousness of splendors and regret; a mood which seemed superinduced by some forgotten dream. His first perceptions, however, were of the glory of the morning and the budding, bursting season. The shade had been drawn up by a servant; and from his bed he saw through the open window mile after mile of the country-side, and beyond it the broad, gay river, wearing, like a new gown, the blue of early summer. What nests of men might be in sight were lost in the white glow of blossoms; but the birds made their presence vocal, singing in the close boughs unseen.

No man with a trace of sap left in him could lie inert at such a time; and Arthur rang the bell and asked the servant when they might have breakfast.

"There is no bell, sir," said he; "the ladies mostly breakfasts by eleven, and the gentlemen when they like. Have you found your things, sir?"

As everything of Arthur's had been laid out and brushed in most attractive order, he had; and he dressed and sought the breakfast-room. Here was no one but Mrs. Malgam, who, attired in a diaphanous material of many folds and pale tea-rose ribbons, was standing at the window like a thing bereft. But as Arthur came in, her face mantled with smiles that could have hardly "been much sweeter for the blush between." "Oh, Mr. Holyoke, I am so glad you've come," said she. "It *is* so poky, breakfasting alone."

Mrs. Malgam sat down to make the tea; and Arthur sat down beside her. "What pretty hands she has," thought Arthur; "I never noticed them before." And just as he thought this, her blue eyes fixed his, looking suddenly up from the tea. "One lump or two?" said she. "One," said Arthur, gravely.

A word should be given to Baby Malgam, as many thought her likely to be Flossie Gower's rival; that is, at some day, for as yet our heroine still distanced her. It is true, Flossie was a nobody, by birth; but so was Mrs. Malgam; but her first husband had been Mr. Ten Eyck. Flossie was rich, but so at this time was Mrs. Malgam; Flossie was no longer young, nor very pretty, while Baby's cheeks still glowed and her eyes glistened and her white teeth shone with youth and health and happiness that comes from pleasure and lack of care. Baby had been very, very poor; and now she had three houses and four horses and forty ball-dresses and a young and fashionable and careless husband and an opera-box, and the grace and *cachet* of her own to properly adorn all these things—a grace which had been almost a trial to her when, already conscious of it, she had feared it was to be never used, but born like a blossom of the fields, to die there, and not in a china vase. But now she had her china vase, and was happy, and fast forgetting the fields, and him who had wandered with her in them. And it was very cosey and charming for Arthur, to be sitting with her so prettily at breakfast.

"Is nobody else up?" said he. But he did not say it in regret; and Caryl Wemyss would not have said it at all, as Arthur thought with a pang just afterward. Mrs. Malgam smiled a little, but she said:

"Mr. Derwent has been up and disappeared long since. Mr. Haviland has gone to the city. Flossie never appears until luncheon. About the rest, I don't know."

"What are we to do to-day?" said he, by way of conversation.

"Anything we like—that is Mrs. Gower's rule. I fancy she and Mr. Wemyss will take a drive;" and she laughed a little again. "Mr. Van Kull and Mrs. Hay thought of riding. That is, Mr. Van Kull spoke of it to Mrs. Hay; and Mrs. Hay proposed it to Lord Birmingham. But I fancy his lordship will ride with Kitty Farnum." And again did pretty Mrs. Malgam laugh a little.

"Are there horses for all of us?" said Arthur.

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Gower has a way of providing for us, you see."

"In that case," said Arthur, "will not you ride with me?"

Mrs. Malgam would and did; and a lovely drive they had of it in the fresh May morning, over the range of hills

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back in the high country behind the Hudson. Mrs. Malgam's conversation was most charming, and instructive, too, to a young man; it is unfortunate that so much of its merit consisted in the manner and personality of its owner as to be quite incapable of transcription. They talked of the day; of the place; of Mrs. Gower, of Mrs. Gower's friends; of love; a good deal of himself; a little of herself; of the time for luncheon; and of the immediate future. This last topic was called up by Mrs. Malgam's asking whether Arthur was invited to the coaching party; and it turned out that Mrs. Gower had in immediate contemplation a drive in a coach-and-four from Catfish-on-the-Hudson up to Lenox. Lucie Gower was coming up from town to drive them; and Mrs. Malgam, though she had not yet received her invitation, was in hopeful expectation of one. It must be confessed that the prospect was enviable; and Arthur most ardently joined in the wish, so kindly expressed by the pretty woman who was his companion, that he might be one of the party.

Civilization has cruelly made up for making our luncheon regular and certain by depriving us often of any desire for it; but one of the brightest attractions of the upper circle of humanity, in which our hero now moved, is perhaps its return to this primitive condition. It is a pity that fresh air and idleness, cleanliness and exercise, do not necessarily bring with them health for the soul; but they bring health for this world, which is already something. Arthur and the pretty woman returned at two, impelled chiefly by a desire for food; and found others of the company, similarly inspired, already sitting at the table. Wemyss alone, whose dyspepsia seemed to be the last relic of his inherited puritan conscience, was not hungry.

"I do not know what we can do for you lovely Jills this afternoon," said Flossie. "Three of our Jacks have disappeared. Mr. Haviland and Charlie Townley are in town, and Mr. Derwent has gone to the Mills village. Pussie, where's your young man? Your acknowledged one, I mean—Jimmy De Witt?"

Miss Duval blushed and smiled. "Mr. De Witt is in town, I suppose. His address is the Columbian Club."

"Yes, dear," said Flossie, laughing. "Well, I've written to him. Then there's Sidney Sewall coming to dinner," Flossie went on, as if she were counting her chickens. Sewall was the famous editor of one of the great papers of the day.

"He's awfully clever, and improving and all that," continued the critical Mrs. Malgam; "but he's no good in the country. What's become of Mr. Derwent, did you say?"

"He's passing the day at the Mills down in the town, studying the condition of the laboring classes, I suppose. He's always doing that kind of thing."

"Much more likely he's found a pretty face there," said Van Kull. "Those cranks are all humbugs."

Miss Farnum looked at Van Kull while he spoke, and then looked about as if for someone to answer. Her eye fell upon Marion Lenoir. And Miss Lenoir was magnetized to speak.

"Oh, how can you say so, Mr. Van Kull?" she cried. "When he talks so earnestly, and fixes his eyes upon you so, they bore you through and through. I could fall in love with a man like that, I am sure."

Miss Farnum rose and walked to the window. "Yes, and he bores me through and through," Van Kull had retorted; but there was a general noise of rising and sliding back chairs, and no one noticed his little joke. Jokes were rare with this big fellow; a fact to which he owed much of his popularity.

Arthur stood at first with Miss Farnum for a minute; but she seemed unresponsive, and he was soon swept out in the wake of Mrs. Wilton Hay. The broad terrace was bathed in the pleasant May sunlight; but over the end opposite the house was a broad awning, slanted down to the stone balustrade. The great river lay still; far to the south, where the light blue vanished in the gleaming, was a solitary sail.

The air was full of the singing of birds and the fragrance of spring blossoms; it was like a scene from Boccaccio, thought Arthur, the stone terrace and the flowers, and the distant view. Caryl Wemyss seemed to have like

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thoughts. "If life were only this, how simple it would be!" said he. But even this speech was too analytical for the company in its present mood.

"It only rests with us to make it so," he added, as if expecting an answer.

"I don't see what you mean," said Mrs. Hay. And she did not. Wemyss smiled bitterly, or smiled as if he meant it so. Flossie laughed. Lord Birmingham came up and leaned over Mrs. Hay's chair; then Van Kull came up on the other side, and Arthur had to go over to Miss Farnum, who was standing alone, looking over the parapet into the deep gorge in the forest, that led down toward the river. Mrs. Malgam and the other two girls were laughing together, standing at the other end of the terrace. Miss Farnum seemed to Arthur more *blasée* than any girl he knew.

"Why does your friend Mr. Haviland come here so much?" asked she, suddenly. Now, Arthur could certainly give no answer to this.

"It is a delightful house to visit," said he. "Did you have a pleasant ride this morning?"

"I hate Englishmen and foreigners," said she, inconsequently; and just then Birmingham came up. "Lovely day, Miss Farnum," said he. "Ah, would you not like a bit of a walk? The park, down there, looks most inviting."

"I don't know," said she, listlessly. "What are the others going to do?"

"They're playing tennis, I dare say, or something like," said he. "I got off, you know."

Miss Farnum turned toward the house; and just then the others joined them. "You play, Mr. Holyoke, I know," said Marion Lenoir, "and Mr. Van Kull is such a dab at it." Van Kull looked anything but a dab at it, but rather an oddly sophisticated lamb being led to the slaughter; but then Miss Lenoir was, as she expressed it, "a tennis girl." And certainly she looked it, when Arthur met her on the lawn, her lithe young figure robed in a blue and white tennis dress, her black hair shining in a tight coil.

"Fie, what would Jimmy say?" said Mrs. Gower to Miss Duval as they passed her. "Jimmy may say what he pleases," said that young woman, with a shrug of her shoulders.

They had played several sets, and Miss Lenoir so well that she and Arthur had won most of them, when there was a ripple of excitement among the two married women, who had been sitting on a shady bench watching the game. Mrs. Gower had disappeared; Mr. Wemyss had sauntered up from time to time, to say a word and disappear again. "I do believe it's the men come back!" cried Mrs. Hay, as a carriage stopped at the door of the house.

The game came to an end; and Arthur walked back with his partner to the terrace. Charlie Townley was there, and a middle-aged man who was Mr. Sewall, as Miss Lenoir told him; and a stout man with a red face, who bore a little clumsily his introduction to Mrs. Hay, and then turned with a "Well, old fellow—what do you know?" to Kill Van Kull. It was our old friend S. Howland Starbuck. He had changed more than Van Kull, and seemed ten years older, with a bloated look in his face. Van Kull, as he stood there in his light scarlet tennis-jacket and white flannels, was still a model of manly strength, with features pale and clear-cut, and a look of race about him. Probably he had led a far worse life than simple Buck Starbuck, as his friends still called him; but his beauty was deathless, like a fallen angel's. "So good of you all to take pity on us lone women," said Flossie Gower, as she approached with Mr. Wemyss. "Mr. Sewall, thanks for leaving the administration so long unwatched. How are you, Si? Tell us what to do, Mr. Townley. Shall we take a sail?"

"A sail would be delightful, I think," said Sewall, affably. "Mrs. Hay, I hope you got safely home the other night? Lord Birmingham, I am very glad to meet you; I had the pleasure of knowing your father, the late Earl."

"Come, young women!" cried Flossie, "run and get your things on. I've ordered the launch to be ready at five."

Arthur was much impressed at the prospect of going on a pleasure-jaunt with so great a man as Sidney Sewall. He was one of those who really seem to shape the fortunes of the country; his newspaper was a political power through-

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out the land, and he made and unmade candidates at will. People of wealth and fashion were getting familiar to our hero; but the companionship of men of power was a social summit he had never yet climbed. Flossie Gower liked to get such men about her, as a child plays with chess-men.

There was a break to take them to the river; but most of the company preferred to walk. Mrs. Gower led the way with Mr. Sewall, and Arthur was close behind with Marion Lenoir. He was struck with the elaborate air of pleasure-seeking that Mr. Sewall assumed; he made himself a perfect squire of dames, for the nonce, and his talk was of other people and their misdoings. As they turned from the lower footpath-gate of Mrs. Gower's place into the main road, they met Derwent, striding homeward in his knickerbockers; and Flossie introduced him to Mr. Sewall. Then they all went on and soon came to the river, where the Gowers' pretty little steam-yacht lay at a private wharf. Derwent was full of his day at the Mills; and began talking of it to the great editor. "They are nearly all French Canadians," said he, "not Americans at all; and their wages are quite as low—except the few skilled workmen and foremen, as at Manchester."

"They were even lower last year," said Sewall, "at the time of the worst depression. The mill has really no reason for being, except the tariff; and, of course, in the bad years the laborers are ten times worse off than if there were no tariff at all. But it attracts Canadian cheap labor; and our ignorant workmen think they are being protected all the same."

"Surely, you would not abolish the tariff and wipe out the mill entirely?" said Wemyss, who had taken a seat close by. Sewall shrugged his shoulders. He was the editor of a great protectionist newspaper. "There is no use riding against a herd of cattle," said he. "If you want to lead them, you must ride their way." Arthur opened his eyes at this, for Sewall's paper declared itself the great representative of the laboring classes; but he soon found that "cattle" was a milder term than the popular editor usually applied to his constituency. "The secret of statesmanship," he went on, "in representative government, is to do nothing yourself until driven to it by the rabble, and in the meantime make capital out of the other fellow's mistakes."

"Ay," said Derwent; "but it is not the people, but the selfish middle class that rules as yet. Anarchy, even tyranny, may be the mother of men, of high thought and noble deeds; but the lights of the Manchester school are matter and greed, dry bones and death."

Sewall looked at him quizzically. "Oh, dear," said he, good-naturedly, "here's another terrible fellow who believes something!"

"But," hazarded Arthur, with a blush, "will not representatives do something, and think something, when we make our politics something more than a game for party stakes?"

"Young man," said Sewall, impressively, "this country cannot be governed without parties and organizations. And if the organizers are not paid for their trouble, they won't organize. I've never known a man with a principle that was worth his salt in politics yet; how can you expect parties to have them? This great country of ours is on the make, just now; and it doesn't trouble itself about much else." And Mr. Sewall suddenly dropped his professional tone and, turning to Mrs. Gower, resumed his air of an *homme du monde*. "Lovely country, after all, is it not, Mrs. Gower? Look at that purple twilight stealing in under the western mountains; I've just got a Daubigny with exactly that feeling in it. Only Frenchmen can paint in the half lights, the minor tones, after all."

Mrs. Gower still patronized art, though she successively had given over most of her special protections for the patronage of human life in general; but Sewall was an amateur, and was famed for his galleries, his cellars, and his orchids. Derwent looked at him from the corners of his eyes, but kept silent; meantime Kill Van Kull, Si Starbuck, and Marion Lenoir, sitting forward, had brought out their banjos and struck up a Southern melody, very soft and sweet. "What a pity we have no folk-songs," said Wemyss. "Great art is, after all,

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impossible without the nursery songs and tales of many generations, without the legends and delusions of the people."

"I am glad to find you need the people for something," said Derwent, dryly.

"But they have self-educated it away," said Wemyss. "They have driven beauty out of the world with the three Rs; and now are about to cut one another's throats for its mere goods and raw materials."

"True," said Derwent. "But is it they that have done it? or we that have taught them?"

"Speaking of the people," laughed Flossie, "there they are." And she pointed to an excursion-boat coming up the river; it was filled with a holiday party—clerks, upper mechanics, small tradesmen, and their womankind. The latter were resplendently dressed in new bonnets and bright shawls; the husbands looked dingy and jaded. Wemyss took out his opera-glass and scanned the decks for a minute or more, then laid it down wearily as if exhausted. "I have no doubt they are most of them virtuous," said he. "But they all wear glass diamonds in their ears."

"Nay," said Sewall, without cynicism, but as if merely stating an obvious fact. "There are the people." And he pointed to a huge three-decked barge, coming slowly down stream before two tugs. It was covered with long streamers; the largest bearing, in flaring white letters, "The P. J. McGarragle Association;" and on smaller ones, "6th Ward." All the decks were black with people; and all the people were waltzing to the loud rhythm of several brass bands. A few dozen of the younger men on the lower deck yelled at the little launch as it went by; they were tipsily singing an obscene song. "Mr. McGarragle has just been elected to Congress; and he is giving a free picnic to all his supporters in his district."

"You were one of his supporters, Mr. Sewall, I believe?" said Derwent, calmly. "But you are both wrong. These are the American people, if I understand them right." And he pointed to the night boat. The upper decks were crowded with men, intent on their newspapers, regardless of all else—businessmen returning to Chicago or the great lakes. And in the bow and main deck were groups of emigrants bound for the prairies; ploughs, sewing-machines, and bales of Eastern goods. The great steamer swept by them with a certain majesty; and the little yacht lay for some seconds, rolling and tossing in its wake.

It was after seven o'clock when they got back from the sail; and all the ladies hurried into the break, lest they should lose that calm leisure before dinner which a perfect toilet demands. Mr. Sewall and Lord Birmingham and Caryl Wemyss were further specially honored with seats therein; the others walked, Townley with Van Kull and Starbuck, Arthur with Lionel Derwent. "What a different man is Sewall from what one would suppose," said Arthur.

"Sidney Sewall is the most guilty criminal in America," said Derwent, vehemently. Arthur started a little at so superlative a characterization; which Derwent went on to explain. "There is a man with all the birthright of light; with the inherited instinct of truth, the training of character, the charm of breeding; with power of intellect and cultivation of the finest that your country gives; and if there is a malignant lie to be disseminated, a class hatred to be stirred up, a cruel delusion to be spread, a poisonous virus of any subtler sort ready to be instilled into the body public and politic—there stands Sidney Sewall, of all men, ready and willing to do the devil's work. And he does it with the genius of a Lucifer; and all to get his personal luxury, and his orchids and his wines, and a little power, and revenge for personal spites. Mephistopheles himself was not so quick at seeing the evil side of any human error, the wrong that may be wrought from any chance event. And yet it does not even pay; or pay any more than if he chose the good and served it with half that intellect of his that now seeks to sap his country's soul!"

Poor Arthur had not thought to reap such a whirlwind with his little conversational seed, and stood aghast.

"And he doesn't really care for money either; he knows its worthlessness, deep

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down, as well as I do. And he hasn't even, or says he hasn't, the devil's motive of ambition to make a reason for his wrong. And he's married a rich woman, like any common adventurer. I tell you I have spent years in this country of yours; and the people have a heart, and a soul, and in their clumsy way they blunder ahead upon the right. But Sewall! He has no heart, nor soul, but only stomach and cerebral matter, like a jelly-fish. In his intellectual Frankenstein way, he was once a communist; just as he might be to-morrow a dynamiter or a prohibitionist. But if to-morrow there comes to the polls a well-meaning, honest man, and against him a very figurehead of that greed and cynical materialism which bids fair to blast your country in its bud, this man will hasten to bid the people to choose Barabbas, that Cain and Abel's strife may be on earth once more."

By this time they were walking up the avenue to the house, and on the terrace they met their hostess, already dressed and waiting for them. "Ah, you philosophers!" said she. "You must make haste. By the way, you know I count upon you, Mr. Holyoke, for our coaching party! Mr. Derwent has already promised." Arthur was, of course, delighted.

"I am so glad——" he began.

"There, there," said she, "you must run and dress or you will be late to dinner. And Mr. Sewall is very particular about his dinners, I know."

After Derwent's outburst, Arthur went in to his dinner with some trepidation; but Derwent had too often dined and lodged with Arab chieftains, or other persons who had designs upon his life the next morning, to show his personal feelings in his demeanor. Arthur took in Miss Duval; and she asked him if he had been invited on the coaching party. She was going, and Mrs. Hay, and Kitty Farnum. Mrs. Malgam had not been asked, after all. "She is perfectly furious," said Pussie; "and wanted to go home to-night." And Arthur himself felt a slight pang at the absence of his fair companion, such a mitigated pang as one must feel at the exclusion of others from a paradise open to one's self.

"What men are going?" he asked.

"Oh, Lord Birmingham, and Mr. Wemyss, and Mr. Van Kull—and—and Mr. ——"

"Derwent," said Arthur. "I know."

"Mr. Derwent? dear me," said Miss Duval. "I wonder what he's going for!"

"But where's Mr. Gower?" asked Arthur.

"I don't know," said she. "He can't come, I believe. Kill Van Kull is going to drive."

"You can't fancy what terrible things Mr. Derwent has been telling us, Mr. Sewall. We quite needed you last night. He has been saying we are none of us Christians." It was Mrs. Malgam who spoke.

"We are not," said Sewall. "Christianity is a very fine thing; but, like many another, quite too fine for this world. If people could practise it, there would be no need of it; it would be heaven here and now, and a divine revelation quite superfluous."

"And are you really going to drive, Mr. Van Kull?" said Mrs. Hay. "You are such a dangerous man, I shall not trust myself with you—on the box seat." And she cast down her eyes, while Van Kull gave her one of the dark glances that made his pale face so famous.

"Would you confess as much in your paper, Mr. Sewall?" said Derwent, in answer to his speech.

"Certainly not," said the great editor. "You know the natural failing of the middle classes is hypocrisy; and we still have a large constituency with them. They like to think they are Christians, while they make their money; just as they like to have full reports of divorce cases, and call it news."

"Hypocrisy, in the end, is of all vices the one least suffered by gods and men," said Derwent.

"Quite so; and sooner or later the people will arise and wipe out the middle class in this country, and leave nothing between them and us," said Sewall, placidly. "That is why I am anxious to have my paper appeal more and more to the masses."

"But when that day comes, we—that is, the people—will destroy you, too," said Derwent.

Sewall looked again at Derwent, with

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his expression of polite curiosity, as at a misplaced mummy. "Our grandchildren, you mean," said he. "I haven't any."

"All thinking men are agreed as to the coming *déchéance*," put in Wemyss. "They only differ as to the feelings with which they regard it."

"Well," said Sewall, in a tone of finality, "we can get a good time out of this world as it is; those to come may amuse themselves as they like. What do you think, Mrs. Gower?"

"I think you are all pessimists," said she. "Surely we live in a most enlightened age; consider the progress that has been made in a few years! Why, in my grandfather's old house they hadn't even carpets. Now the very poorest can have everything."

"Everybody has a chance to make money now," said Baby Malgam. "Just think how many self-made men you meet in society!"

"You wouldn't have us go back to those days, surely," said Flossie. "Just think how narrow people were! And everybody thought almost everybody else was going to be damned. But we are growing more liberal every day."

"Ay," grunted Derwent. "We are above the revelation of Christ; but our clever women talk glibly of theosophy, and go into fashionable crazes over imported Buddhist priests."

"What *is* theosophy, Mr. Derwent?" said Marion Lenoir. "Something to do with spirit-rapping, isn't it?—or palmistry?"

"I am sure," said Mrs. Malgam, "I was always brought up to go to church; but since I've been married, Jack doesn't care for it."

"The only advantage should be, that the general smash gives us at least a chance at personal liberty. But most of these fads start in my place; and in Boston the masses are more philistine than almost anywhere," said Caryl Wemyss.

"There is some strength in Philistinism," said Sewall, curtly. "What I can't stand is the critical crowd, the cousins of the nephews of the friends of Emerson, who now talk sagely of the fine art of their boarding-house literature of the tea-table realism school—what Poe called the Frog-pond weakly school. They are too delicate to take life straight, at most they can only stomach a criticism of a critique of humanity, as we give babies peptonized preparations of refined oatmeal. Their last fad is pure government. Pure government!" repeated Sewall, with a snort of disgust.

"It is the literature of the decadence, of course," said Wemyss; "an emasculated type, product of short-haired women and long-haired men, gynanders and androgynes. I have often myself thought of writing another novel—if only for the sake of putting a great, horrid man into it. But gentlemen should all the more have courage to reassert their essence. It is an age, after all, when one may lead a full life. There is a fine passage somewhere in Zola, where the lips of two lovers are unsealed at the approach of death. So we, on the eve of the destruction of society, are free to live our lives elementally; enforced to idleness, like patricians in the fall of Rome."

"Mr. Wemyss, do you know my definition of a Boston man?" cried Sewall, who had an evident struggle to repress himself during this long speech.

"No," said Wemyss, respectfully sipping a glass of Yquem.

"An Essay at Life," said Sewall, hurling the words at Wemyss like a missile.

There was a certain pause and then Derwent was heard softly quoting Dante's "gran rifiuto."

"So there is nothing for us, you both think, but to make 'the grand refusal,'" said he, sadly. "To take no office in our human life, but wait for death; amusing ourselves as best we may."

After which, Lord Birmingham was heard saying to Miss Farnum, "I should so like to show you Noakes Park."

"No," said Sewall, taking up the thread of the conversation again, "what's the use of breaking lances on windmills? The simple fact is, that everybody wants about a hundred times his individual proportion of the world's labor; and some few fellows have got to have it, and the other ninety-nine be deprived of that little which they have. Therefore the more toys we give the rabble to play with the better. When they find them out, they'll break the toys and our heads with them."

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"I'm sure," said Mrs. Malgam, "I don't see what there is so very terrible. I like real lace shawls; but my Irish servants prefer red and green ones. And what would be the use of taking a scrub-woman to the opera? She wouldn't understand it."

"It's astonishing how soon those same scrub-women catch on," said Charlie Townley, who sat next. "I see two or three at the opera every night."

Derwent muttered something about the lust of the eyes and the pride of life; and Mrs. Gower said there was one in the box next her. "She has red arms and diamonds as big as a hotel-clerk's," said she, with a fine scorn. "But of course there must always be such people trying to get in."

"Kehew entered her; but she was scratched for the Derby," said Van Kull to Si Starbuck, who was on the other side of Mrs. Wilton Hay. "De Mora told me she was safe for the Grand Prix."

"Kehew? why, that's the very man who has entered his wife, too—at the opera," laughed Flossie.

"He's a great friend of the Duc de Mora," said Si Starbuck to his sister. "I don't see what there is bad about the old woman, and the daughter's capital fun."

"Kehew's a wonderful man," added Townley. "He turned up from some road-hotel just out of Chicago, and the next thing we knew he put through that Wabash deal."

"What a name," sighed Wemyss—"Kehew! how it expresses the sharp, lean-faced Yankee of the day, who doses his dyspepsia with whiskey-cocktails, and bores you through with his dull, soulless eyes! 'Brainy,' the newspapers call them, I think."

"But they are making the country, and they make the government," said Sewall. "It's all very well to talk about the greatest good of the greatest number; but government is going to be run in the interest of the successful man, and not for general philanthropy."

"Ah!" said Lionel Derwent, sadly. "You have done a good deal, in your country. You have done away with rank, and chivalry and the feudal system, established churches and bishops, priests and deacons—except, perhaps, the Pope of Rome. You are independent of authority and experience, and enforced respect—Aristotle's 'Ethics,' and Plato's 'Republic,' to say nothing of Montesquieu and de Tocqueville, have become 'chestnuts,' as your phrase is. 'You have eschewed a titled aristocracy and abolished primogeniture; you elect all your officers, from judges up to President; your laws run in the name of the people, instead of in the name of a prince; your State knows no religion and your judges wear no wigs!'—and for King Log you bow to King Stork; your God Baal is money, and you have lost individual liberty into the bargain."

Mr. Sewall chuckled to himself a little, but said nothing, like an Augur with a sense of humor; the collective individual liberties of the land made power, and power was his. It was left to Mrs. Malgam to respond.

"I am sure," said she, "I think money is very nice; and those who don't want it needn't get it."

"Money," said Wemyss, "gives us the very individual liberty Mr. Derwent wants."

"Money," said Flossie Gower, "is certainly necessary to get married on; else married people would have to be together all the time."

"Oh," said Marion Lenoir, "I think love in a cottage would be just charming. Do you know I saw such a lovely household last winter in Florida——"

But here Mrs. Gower gave the signal; and the men were left to their own reflections. Derwent rose abruptly, took a cigar, and walked out the open window to the terrace above the river. Wemyss and Arthur followed; and the other four were left about the dining-table.

Derwent was puffing his cigar violently, and did not speak to them; but after a minute or two he took the path leading down into the valley and disappeared in the wood. Wemyss and Arthur sat down in one corner of the terrace and lit their cigars comfortably.

"Derwent," said Mr. Wemyss, "is one of those fanatics who do more harm, from their position and education, than any leader of the proletariat. But all women rave about him; for women are all hero-worshippers."

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"Mrs. Gower has asked him to go on the coaching-party," said Arthur, secretly flattered at being thought by Wemyss worthy of hearing that gentleman's opinion. He made no reply to this, but frowned obviously. Pretty soon the others came out and joined them, and they had cognac and coffee; the ladies, too, were out on the terrace, at its other end, attracted by the beauty of the night; and gradually the two groups came together and intermingled. But it was the man's hour; and they made bold to keep their cigars, even when, as soon happened, each one joined his fair one and took to walking with her. Wemyss walked with Mrs. Gower, Birmingham with Miss Farnum, Van Kull with Mrs. Hay, Charlie Townley with Miss Duval, and Mrs. Malgam with Si Starbuck.

Arthur found himself with Miss Lenoir. She was a pretty girl, with fine black hair and gray eyes, and an ivory-like complexion; and her dress was the perfection of style and enlightened civilization. It was the most glorious night; a night made for the imaginative and idle, for those who have read the world's literature and looked at paintings, and whose women are fair ladies, bravely dressed. The great pathway of the river lay open to the dark sky, walled by ebon mountain-masses; to the east the azure shaded into blue, where the stars were sown less freely, tremulous, luminous with the rising moon. The moon's light was pleasant, too, on the figure of the pretty girl beside him; and the others, as they passed and repassed, seemed like the gay ladies of Boccaccio's garden, and looked, each pair, as if they had been lovers.

Down in the factory village, too, the night was fine; perhaps a few old men, smoking, enjoyed it, dumbly, as such people do. For these do not comment, in diaries or print, upon such things, nor analyze the moods they bring. But most of the women who were stirring made only a convenience of the moonlight, lighting the uncertain hazards of the dirty street; and the young men, smoking and drinking, were quite unconscious of it, for tobacco and whiskey had more direct action upon their consciousness, besides having a money cost, which the beauty of the night had not. But here, too, were some few young men wandering afield with young women, and perhaps upon these the moonlight had its unconscious effect. Up at Mrs. Gower's the love-making, though not inartistically done, was rather like a play; here it was more earnest. Yet, as it seemed to Lionel Derwent, there was not so much difference between these two places, laying aside mere dress and manner, as there should have been.

But to Arthur, the softness and good taste and beauty of framing seemed inspiration fit for any poet. If the evening was not one of true happiness, it was an excellent worldly counterfeit. After Miss Lenoir went in, he stayed out alone, watching the river. The other guests, successively, sought the drawing-room; and soon he heard Mrs. Hay's voice, singing a simple Scotch ballad, and singing it very well. Now, any cultivated foreman's daughter, in the factory village, would have sung in bad Italian, and not sung well.

As Arthur stood leaning over the balustrade in the terrace, he heard low voices; and looking down, he recognized, in the moonlight, Mr. Caryl Wemyss and his hostess. Their talk seemed to have come to an end; for as she rose, he seized her white hand and imprinted (as the dime novels say), with studied grace, a kiss upon it.

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COMRADESHIP.

By James Herbert Morse.

YES, he is gone, and did I say
  I loved not toil, but chose content?
His steps have hardly died away
    Ere I repent;—

Forego the sylvan neighborhood,
  The whispering boughs, the brawling stream,
And I forego the easeful mood,
    The tempting dream:

'Tis more to me—his human thought
  That glows with purpose for the Kind,
The eager eye that blanches not
    Yet is not blind;

And I will bid my soul rejoice,
  Though on a desert's burning sand,
If I may hear my brother's voice,
    And touch his hand.

Though oft I feel a breath of soul—
  A human mood, in Nature's plan,
And half divine a sentient whole,
    It is not Man.

Unanswered the enquiring eye;
  And tender love, in bliss or pain,
Its childish hands to earth and sky
    Thrusts out in vain.

A still and unresponsive thing,
  When deeply questioned by the heart
Dear Earth will smile, dear Earth will sing—
    'Tis all her art.

Nay, search the song! The instrument
  In all its shapely parts is there,
But where the soul the music lent?
    The Master—where?

I will not company with tools;
  I cannot *love* insensate song.
The Master gone—the spirit cools,
    It loves not long.

The principle within that feels,
  The secret soul that makes us fond,
Disowns dumb Nature, and appeals
    To Soul beyond.

O Man, my brother and co-heir
  In what we cannot rightly guess,
Behold, I come, thy joys to share—
    Thy pains, no less.

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GENTLEMEN.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

I.

WHAT do we mean to-day by that common phrase, a gentleman? By the lights of history, from *gens, gentilis*, it should mean a man of family, "one of a kent house," one of notable descent: thus embodying an ancient stupid belief and implying a modern scientific theory. The ancient and stupid belief came to the ground, with a prodigious dust and the collapse of several polities, in the latter half of the last century. There followed upon this an interregnum, during which it was believed that all men were born "free and equal," and that it really did not matter who your father was. Man has always been nobly irrational, bandaging his eyes against the facts of life, feeding himself on the wind of ambitious falsehood, counting his stock to be the children of the gods; and yet perhaps he never showed in a more touching light than when he embraced this boyish theory. Freedom we now know for a thing incompatible with corporate life and a blessing probably peculiar to the solitary robber; we know besides that every advance in richness of existence, whether moral or material, is paid for by a loss of liberty; that liberty is man's coin in which he pays his way; that luxury and knowledge and virtue, and love and the family affections, are all so many fresh fetters on the naked and solitary freeman. And the ancient stupid belief having come to the ground and the dust of its fall subsided, behold the modern scientific theory beginning to rise very nearly on the old foundation; and individuals no longer (as was fondly imagined) springing into life from God knows where, incalculable, untrammelled, abstract, equal to one another—but issuing modestly from a race; with virtues and vices, fortitudes and frailties, ready made; the slaves of their inheritance of blood; eternally unequal. So that we in the present, and yet more our scientific descendants in the future, must use, when we desire to praise a character, the old expression, gentleman, in nearly the old sense: one of a happy strain of blood, one fortunate in descent from brave and self-respecting ancestors, whether clowns or counts.

And yet plainly this is of but little help. The intricacy of descent defies prediction; so that even the heir of a hundred sovereigns may be born a brute or a vulgarian. We may be told that a picture is an heirloom; that does not tell us what the picture represents. All qualities are inherited, and all characters; but which are the qualities that belong to the gentleman? what is the character that earns and deserves that honorable style?

II.

THE current ideas vary with every class, and need scarce be combated, need scarce be mentioned save for the love of fun. In one class, and not long ago, he was regarded as a gentleman who kept a gig. He is a gentleman in one house who does not eat peas with his knife; in another, who is not to be discountenanced by any created form of butler. In my own case I have learned to move among pompous menials without much terror, never without much respect. In the narrow sense, and so long as they publicly tread the boards of their profession, it would be difficult to find more finished gentlemen; and it would often be a matter of grave thought with me, sitting in my club, to compare the bearing of the servants with that of those on whom they waited. There could be no question which were the better gentlemen. And yet I was hurried into no democratic theories; for I saw the members' part was the more difficult to play, I saw that to serve was

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a more graceful attitude than to be served, I knew besides that much of the servants' gentility was *ad hoc* and would be laid aside with their livery jackets; and to put the matter in a nutshell, that some of the members would have made very civil footmen and many of the servants intolerable members. For all that, one of the prettiest gentlemen I ever knew was a servant. A gentleman he happened to be, even in the old stupid sense, only on the wrong side of the blanket; and a man besides of much experience, having served in the Guards' Club, and been valet to old Cooke of the *Saturday Review*, and visited the States with Madame Sinico (I think it was) and Portugal with Madame Some-one-else, so that he had studied, at least from the chair-backs, many phases of society. It chanced he was waiter in a hotel where I was staying with my mother; it was midwinter and we were the only guests; all afternoons, he and I passed together on a perfect equality in the smoking-room; and at mealtime, he waited on my mother and me as a servant. Now here was a trial of manners from which few would have come forth successful. To take refuge in a frozen bearing would have been the timid, the inelegant, resource of almost all. My friend was much more bold; he joined in the talk, he ventured to be jocular, he pushed familiarity to the nice margin, and yet still preserved the indefinable and proper distance of the English servant, and yet never embarrassed, never even alarmed, the comrade with whom he had just been smoking a pipe. It was a masterpiece of social dexterity—on artificial lines no doubt, and dealing with difficulties that should never have existed, that exist much less in France, and that will exist nowhere long—but a masterpiece for all that, and one that I observed with despairing admiration, as I have watched Sargent paint.

I say these difficulties should never have existed; for the whole relation of master and servant is to-day corrupt and vulgar. At home in England it is the master who is degraded; here in the States, by a triumph of inverted tact, the servant often so contrives that he degrades himself. He must be above his place; and it is the mark of a gentleman to be at home. He thinks perpetually of his own dignity; it is the proof of a gentleman to be jealous of the dignity of others. He is ashamed of his trade, which is the essence of vulgarity. He is paid to do certain services, yet he does them so gruffly that any man of spirit would resent them if they were gratuitous favors; and this (if he will reflect upon it tenderly) is so far from the genteel as to be not even coarsely honest. Yet we must not blame the man for these mistakes; the vulgarity is in the air. There is a tone in popular literature much to be deplored; deprecating service, like a disgrace; honoring those who are ashamed of it; honoring even (I speak not without book) such as prefer to live by the charity of poor neighbors instead of blacking the shoes of the rich. Blacking shoes is counted (in these works) a thing specially disgraceful. To the philosophic mind, it will seem a less exceptionable trade than to deal in stocks, and one in which it is more easy to be honest than to write books. Why, then, should it be marked out for reprobation by the popular authors? It is taken, I think, for a type; inoffensive in itself, it stands for many disagreeable household duties; disagreeable to fulfil, I had nearly said shameful to impose; and with the dulness of their tribe, the popular authors transfer the shame to the wrong party. Truly, in this matter there seems a lack of gentility somewhere; a lack of refinement, of reserve, of common modesty; a strain of the spirit of those ladies in the past, who did not hesitate to bathe before a footman. And one thing at least is easy to prophesy, not many years will have gone by before those shall be held the most "elegant" gentleman, and those the most "refined" ladies, who wait (in a dozen particulars) upon themselves. But the shame is for the masters only. The servant stands quite clear. He has one of the easiest parts to play upon the face of earth; he must be far misled, if he so grossly fails in it.

III.

It is a fairly common accomplishment to behave with decency in one char-

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acter and among those to whom we are accustomed and with whom we have been brought up. The trial of gentility lies in some such problem as that of my waiter's, in foreign travel, or in some sudden and sharp change of class. I once sailed on the emigrant side from the Clyde to New York; among my fellow-passengers I passed generally as a mason, for the excellent reason that there was a mason on board *who happened to know;* and this fortunate event enabled me to mix with these working people on a footing of equality. I thus saw them at their best, using their own civility; while I, on the other hand, stood naked to their criticism. The workmen were at home, I was abroad, I was the shoe-black in the drawing-room, the Huron at Versailles; and I used to have hot and cold fits, lest perchance I made a beast of myself in this new environment. I had no allowances to hope for; I could not plead that I was "only a gentleman after all," for I was known to be a mason; and I must stand and fall by my transplanted manners on their own intrinsic decency. It chanced there was a Welsh blacksmith on board, who was not only well-mannered himself and a judge of manners, but a fellow besides of an original mind. He had early diagnosed me for a masquerader and a person out of place; and as we had grown intimate upon the voyage, I carried him my troubles. How did I behave? Was I, upon this crucial test, at all a gentleman? I might have asked eight hundred thousand blacksmiths (if Wales or the world contain so many) and they would have held my question for a mockery; but Jones was a man of genuine perception, thought a long time before he answered, looking at me comically and reviewing (I could see) the events of the voyage, and then told me that "on the whole" I did "pretty well." Mr. Jones was a humane man and very much my friend, and he could get no further than "on the whole" and "pretty well." I was chagrined at the moment for myself; on a larger basis of experience, I am now only concerned for my class. My coëquals would have done but little better, and many of them worse. Indeed, I have never seen a sight more pitiable than that of the current gentleman unbending; unless it were the current lady! It is these stiff-necked condescensions, it is that graceless assumption, that make the diabolic element in times of riot. A man may be willing to starve in silence like a hero; it is a rare man indeed who can accept the unspoken slights of the unworthy, and not be embittered. There was a visit paid to the steerage quarters on this same voyage, by a young gentleman and two young ladies; and as I was by that time pretty well accustomed to the workman's standard, I had a chance to see my own class from below. God help them, poor creatures! As they ambled back to their saloon, they left behind, in the minds of my companions, and in my mind also, an image and an influence that might well have set them weeping, could they have guessed its nature. I spoke a few lines past of a shoe-black in a drawing-room; it is what I never saw; but I did see that young gentleman and these young ladies on the forward deck, and the picture remains with me, and the offence they managed to convey is not forgotten.

IV.

And yet for all this ambiguity, for all these imperfect examples, we know clearly what we mean by the word. When we meet a gentleman of another class, though all contrariety of habits, the essentials of the matter stand confessed: I never had a doubt of Jones. More than that, we recognize the type in books; the actors of history, the characters of fiction, bear the mark upon their brow; at a word, by a bare act, we discern and segregate the mass, this one a gentleman, the others not. To take but the last hundred years, Scott, Gordon, Wellington in his cold way, Grant in his plain way, Shelley for all his follies, these were clearly gentlemen; Napoleon, Byron, Lockhart, these were as surely cads, and the two first cads of a rare water.

Let us take an anecdote of Grant and one of Wellington. On the day of the capitulation, Lee wore his presentation sword; it was the first thing Grant observed, and from that moment he had

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but one thought: how to avoid taking it. A man, who should perhaps have had the nature of an angel, but assuredly not the special virtues of the gentleman, might have received the sword, and no more words about it: he would have done well in a plain way. One who wished to be a gentleman, and knew not how, might have received and returned it: he would have done infamously ill, he would have proved himself a cad; taking the stage for himself, leaving to his adversary confusion of countenance and the ungraceful posture of the man condemned to offer thanks. Grant, without a word said, added to the terms this article: "All officers to retain their side-arms;" and the problem was solved and Lee kept his sword, and Grant went down to posterity, not perhaps a fine gentleman, but a great one. And now for Wellington. The tale is on a lower plane, is elegant rather than noble; yet it is a tale of a gentleman too, and raises besides a pleasant and instructive question. Wellington and Marshal Marmont were adversaries (it will not have been forgotten) in one of the prettiest recorded acts of military fencing, the campaign of Salamanca: it was a brilliant business on both sides, just what Count Tolstoï ought to study before he writes again upon the inutility of generals; indeed, it was so very brilliant on the Marshal's part that on the last day, in one of those extremes of cleverness that come so near stupidity, he fairly overreached himself, was taken "in flagrant delict," was beaten like a sack, and had his own arm shot off as a reminder not to be so clever the next time. It appears he was incurable; a more distinguished example of the same precipitate, ingenious blundering will be present to the minds of all—his treachery in 1814; and even the tale I am now telling shows, on a lilliputian scale, the man's besetting weakness. Years after Salamanca, the two generals met, and the Marshal (willing to be agreeable) asked the Duke his opinion of the battle. With that promptitude, wit, and willingness to spare pain which make so large a part of the armory of the gentleman, Wellington had his answer ready, impossible to surpass on its own ground: "I early perceived your excellency had been wounded." And you see what a pleasant position he had created for the Marshal, who had no more to do than just to bow and smile and take the stage at his leisure. But here we come to our problem. The Duke's answer (whether true or false) created a pleasant position for the Marshal. But what sort of position had the Marshal's question created for the Duke? and had not Marmont the manœuvrer once more manœuvred himself into a false position? I conceive so. It is the man who has gained the victory, not the man who has suffered the defeat, who finds his ground embarrassing. The vanquished has an easy part, it is easy for him to make a handsome reference; but how hard for the victor to make a handsome reply! An unanswerable compliment is the social bludgeon; and Marmont (with the most graceful intentions in the world) had propounded one of the most desperate. Wellington escaped from his embarrassment by a happy and courtly inspiration. Grant, I imagine, since he had a genius for silence, would have found some means to hold his peace. Lincoln, with his half-tact and unhappy readiness, might have placed an appropriate anecdote and raised a laugh; not an unkindly laugh, for he was a kindly man; but under the circumstances the best-natured laugh would have been death to Marmont. Shelley (if we can conceive him to have gained a battle at all) would have blushed and stammered, feeling the Marshal's false position like some grossness of his own; and when the blush had communicated itself to the cheeks of his unlucky questioner, some stupid, generous word (such as I cannot invent for him) would have found its way to his lips and set them both at ease. Byron? well, he would have managed to do wrong; I have too little sympathy for that unmatched vulgarian to create his part. Napoleon? that would have depended: had he been angry, he would have left all competitors behind in cruel coarseness: had he been in a good humor, it might have been the other way. For this man, the very model of a cad, was so well served with truths by the clear insight of his mind, and with words by his great though shallow gift of literature, that he has

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left behind him one of the most gentlemanly utterances on record: "*Madame, respectez le fardeau.*" And he could do the right thing too, as well as say it; and any character in history might envy him that moment when he gave his sword, the sword of the world-subduer, to his old, loyal enemy, Macdonald. A strange thing to consider two generations of a Skye family, and two generations of the same virtue, fidelity to the defeated: the father braving the rains of the Hebrides with the tattered beggar-lad that was his rightful sovereign; the son, in that princely house of Fontainebleau, himself a marshal of the Empire, receiving from the gratitude of one whom he had never feared and who had never loved him, the tool and symbol of the world's most splendid domination. I am glad, since I deal with the name of gentlemen, to touch for one moment on its nobler sense, embodied, on the historic scale and with epic circumstance, in the lives of these Macdonalds. Nor is there any man but must be conscious of a thrill of gratitude to Napoleon, for his worthy recognition of the worthiest virtue. Yes, that was done *like* a gentleman; and yet in our hearts we must think that it was done by a performer. For to feel precisely what it is to be a gentleman and what it is to be a cad, we have but to study Napoleon's attitude after Trafalgar, and compare it with that beautiful letter of Louis the Fourteenth's in which he acknowledges the news of Blenheim. We hear much about the Sun-king nowadays, and Michelet is very sad reading about his government, and Thackeray was very droll about his wig; but when we read this letter from the vainest king in Europe smarting under the deadliest reverse, we know that at least he was a gentleman. In the battle, Tallard had lost his son, Louis the primacy of Europe; it is only with the son the letter deals. Poor Louis! if his wig had been twice as great, and his sins twice as numerous, here is a letter to throw wide the gates of Heaven for his entrance. I wonder what would Louis have said to Marshal Marmont? Something infinitely condescending; for he was too much of a king to be quite a gentleman. And Marcus Aurelius, how would he have met the question? With some reference to the gods no doubt, uttered not quite without a twang; for the good emperor and great gentleman of Rome was of the methodists of his day and race.

And now to make the point at which I have been aiming. The perfectly straightforward person who should have said to Marmont, "I was uncommonly glad to get you beaten," would have done the next best to Wellington who had the inspiration of graceful speech; just as the perfectly straightforward person who should have taken Lee's sword and kept it, would have done the next best to Grant who had the inspiration of the truly graceful act. Lee would have given up his sword and preserved his dignity; Marmont might have laughed, his pride need not have suffered. Not to try to spare people's feelings is so much kinder than to try in a wrong way; and not to try to be a gentleman at all is so much more gentlemanly than to try and fail! So that this gift, or grace, or virtue, resides not so much in conduct as in knowledge; not so much in refraining from the wrong, as in knowing the precisely right. A quality of exquisite aptitude marks out the gentlemanly act; without an element of wit, we can be only gentlemen by negatives.

V.

More and more, as our knowledge widens, we have to reply to those who ask for a definition: "I can't give you that, but I will tell you a story." We cannot say what a thing will be, nor what it ought to be; but we can say what it has been, and how it came to be what it is: History instead of Definition. It is this which (if we continue teachable) will make short work of all political theories; it is on this we must fall back to explain our word, gentleman.

The life of our fathers was highly ceremonial; a man's steps were counted; his acts, his gestures were prescribed; marriage, sale, adoption, and not only legal contracts, but the simplest necessary movements, must be all conven-

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tionally ordered and performed to rule. Life was a rehearsed piece; and only those who had been drilled in the rehearsals could appear with decency in the performance. A gentile man, one of a dominant race, hereditary priest, hereditary leader, was, by the circumstances of his birth and education, versed in this symbolic etiquette. Whatever circumstance arose, he would be prepared to utter the sacramental word, to perform the ceremonial act. For every exigence of family or tribal life, peace or war, marriage or sacrifice, fortune or mishap, he stood easily waiting, like the well-graced actor for his cue. The clan that he guided would be safe from shame, it would be ensured from loss; for the man's attitude would be always becoming, his bargains legal, and his sacrifices pleasing to the gods. It is from this gentile man, the priest, the chief, the expert in legal forms and attitudes, the bulwark and the ornament of his tribe, that our name of gentleman descends. So much of the sense still clings to it, it still points the man who, in every circumstance of life, knows what to do and how to do it gracefully; so much of its sense it has lost, for this grace and knowledge are no longer of value in practical affairs; so much of a new sense it has taken on, for as well as the nicest fitness, it now implies a punctual loyalty of word and act. And note the word loyalty; here is a parallel advance from the proficiency of the gentile man to the honor of the gentleman, and from the sense of legality to that of loyalty. With the decay of the ceremonial element in life, the gentleman has lost some of his prestige, I had nearly said some of his importance; and yet his part is the more difficult to play. It is hard to preserve the figures of a dance when many of our partners dance at random. It is easy to be a gentleman in a very stiff society, where much of our action is prescribed; it is hard indeed in a very free society where (as it seems) almost any word or act must come by inspiration. The rehearsed piece is at an end; we are now floundering through an impromptu charade. Far more of ceremonial remains (to be sure) traditional in the terms of our association, far more hereditary in the texture of brains, than is dreamed by the superficial; it is our fortress against many perils, the cement of states, the meeting ground of classes. But much of life comes up for the first time, unrehearsed, and must be acted on upon the instant. Knowledge there can here be none; the man must invent an attitude, he must be inspired with speech; and the most perfect gentleman is he who, in these irregular cases, acts and speaks with most aplomb and fitness. His tact simulates knowledge; to see him so easy and secure and graceful, you would think he had been through it all before; you would think he was the gentile man of old, repeating for the thousandth time, upon some public business, the sacramental words and ceremonial gestures of his race.

Lastly, the club footman, so long as he is in his livery jacket, appears the perfect gentleman and visibly outshines the members; and the same man, in the public house, among his equals, becomes perhaps plain and dull, perhaps even brutal. He has learned the one part of service perfectly; there he has knowledge, he shines in the prepared performance; outside of that he must rely on tact, and sometimes flounders sadly in the unrehearsed charade. The gentleman, again, may be put to open shame as he changes from one country, or from one rank of society to another. The footman was a gentleman only *ad hoc;* the other (at the most) *ad hæc;* and when he has got beyond his knowledge, he begins to flounder in the charade. Even so the gentile man was only gentile among those of his own gens and their subordinates and neighbors; in a distant city, he too was peregrine and inexpert, and must become the client of another, or find his bargains insecure and be excluded from the service of the gods.

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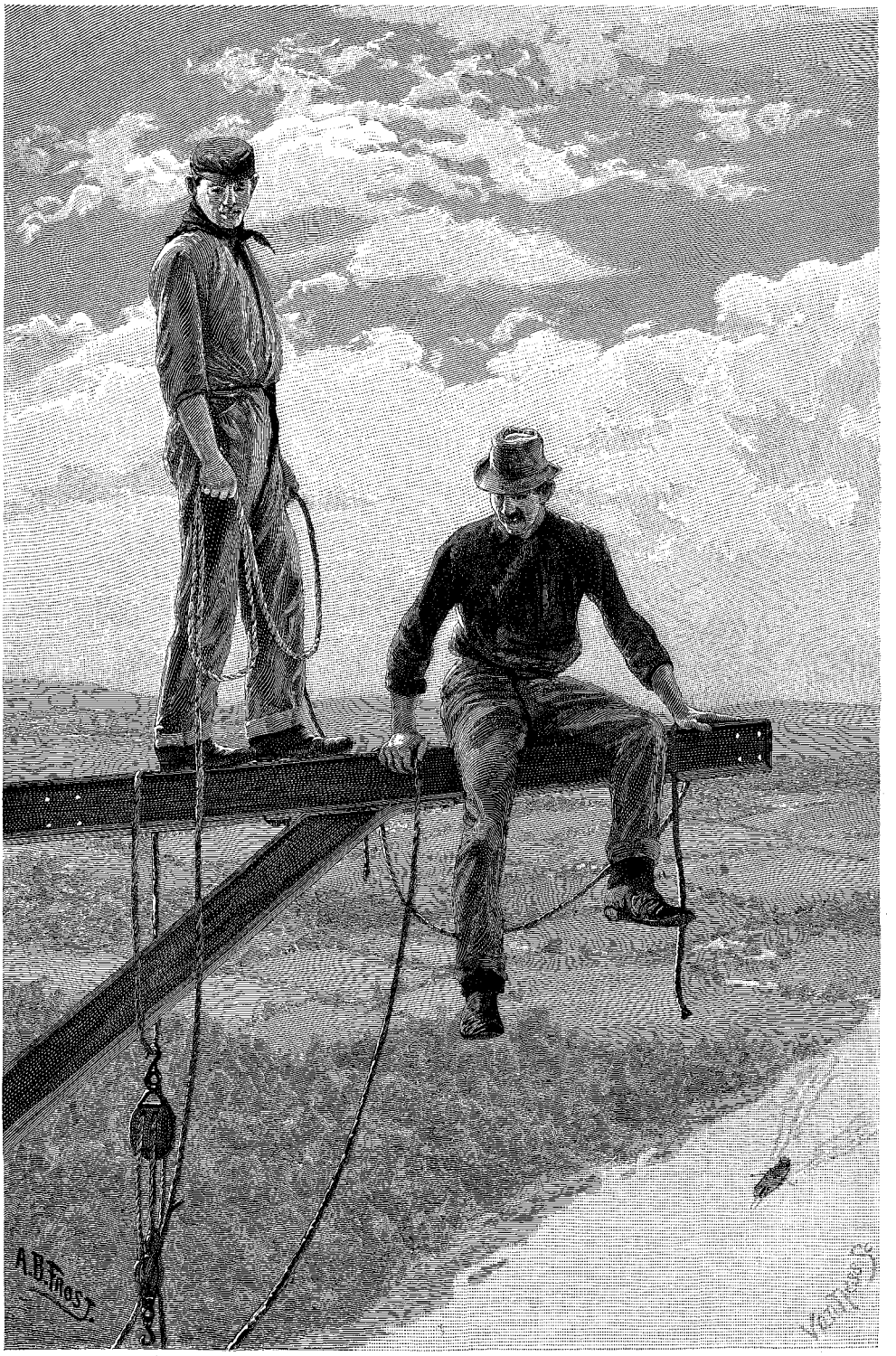

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